

Night Owls

Whitehorse

Morning dreads fellow light
A lifted dawn, hungover night
Porch dwellin' dreamers who can't remember why they came
To sleepwalk
And sweet talk
To pluck your pretty petals until he loves you not
He loves me not
So feast your eyes, then they disappear
The young at heart, the insincere
The well-meaning, troublemakin' troubadours
And you toss, and you turn
You live, and you learn
Just when you thought you had it in your grasp, it flew away
It flew away
Like fireflies, fickle light, burnin' holes into the night
All the night owls want to know, oh, where did the love go?
Oh, where did the love go?

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