

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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