Morning Glory (with Deirdre & Louise Rutkowski)

This Mortal Coil

I lit my purest candle close to my window.
Hoping it would catch the eye of any vagabond that passed it by.
And I'm waiting in my fleeting house.
Before he came, I felt him drawing near.As he neared, I felt the ancient fear.
That he had come to wound my door and jeer.
And I waited in my fleeting house.
"Tell me stories," I called to the hobo."Stories of cold," I smiled at the hobo.
"Stories of old," I knelt to the hobo.
And he stood before my fleeting house.
"No" said the hobo, "No more tales of time.""Don't ask me now to wash away the grime."
"I can't come in 'cause it's too high a climb."
And he walked away from my fleeting house.
"Then you be damned!" I screamed to the hobo.

Songwriters
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