

Mahogany Dread

Hiss Golden Messenger

Well I can't go back, I know that now
But who said I wanted to?
When I cut my hair and I rode away
Yes, on that bright day
With the sun in my eyes I maybe told myself a lie
The dead are here, they never go away
So I never ask them to
The misery of love is a funny thing
The more it hurts
The more you think
You can stand a little pain
I can feel how you want the reins laid bare
Do you think it's up to me?
Oh my baby girl with a song so fair
The more she knows
The more she cries
I maybe told a couple lies
Girl of mine with silver in your hair
I still want you
It's getting hard to be easy now
A couple of kids
Mahogany dread
But happy days are still ahead

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