

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 lieThe 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 painI 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 liesGirl 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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