

Morning Glory

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
"Leave me alone", I wept to the hobo
"Turn into stone", I knelt to the hobo
And he walked away from my fleeting house

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