

Morning Glory

This Mortal Coil

I lit my purest candle close to my
Window, hoping it would catch the eye
Of any vagabond who passed it by
And I waited 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