

In The Quiet Morning

10000 Maniacs

In the quiet morning
There was much despair
And in the hours that followed
No one could repair

That poor girl
Tossed by the tides of misfortune
Barely here to tell her tale
Rolled in on a sea of disaster
Rolled out on a mainline rail

She once walked tight at my side
I'm sure she walked by you
Her striding steps could not deny
Torment from a child who knew

That in the quiet morning
There would be despair
And in the hours that followed
No one could repair

That poor girl
She cried out her song so loud
It was heard the whole world round
A symphony of violence
The great southwest unbound