

## Four In the Morning

Cold Chisel

It's four in the morning, who knows why  
I can't sleep, and if I try  
I can't follow where she goes  
When she closes those beautiful eyes

The shadowland those silken tents are drawn across,  
The continent of heresy she wanders in  
Savoring the call to maybe this time,  
Make it permanent

I'll give up smoking one day, maybe soon  
Dogs'll give up barking at the moon  
Keeping watch across the hour  
I'll maybe one day find a tower  
And open up a lighthouse come saloon

Lookin' at her face, I can see  
The bones of an Egyptian dynasty  
The eyelids open just a crack below the lashes,  
Shining back like scimitars,  
Across the night at me

Well it's four am, who knows how far  
My rope'd run if I hired a car  
Hit each town, never stayed  
Left the motel bills unpaid  
Just defied the way they say things are

In my mind I see that final town  
Outta cash, axles in the ground  
Lying in a hostel bed  
No-one there to hold my head  
Some internal organ breakin' down

I can feel the midnight fading, all desires  
Are out there with you singing in the wires  
I wonder when the corner shop is open,  
If the wind'll drop before the dawn,  
And frost up all the tires

It's four in the morning, what can I do  
A Don Alejandros should see me through  
The hard reality is this  
I got woken with a kiss  
Once upon a time, one night with you