

Morning Glory

Fairport Convention

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
As I waited in my fleeting house

"Tell me stories," I called to the hobo
"Stories of cold," I smiled to the hobo
"Stories of old," I knelt to the hobo
And he stood before me and 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