

Clover Tune

Mandolin Orange

You used to live untruly, so kindly
And it left; you're lying here in ruin
You cut the hand of a good friend
And you smile in all you're doing

Got a hole burning in your brain
Just north of the last line on a southbound train
Wonder why you look all over just to find a four-leaf clover
And as you pick it, it just withers away

But now you live so true
Mysterious and blue
Waking up each morning all alone
You sip black coffee but you hate the taste
And your crown of thorns weighs heavies at home

Got a hole burning in your heart
Where once before you love was overflowing
And you hate the sky for crying and you love the same sky when
it's smiling
Peeking through the blinds is your only means of knowing

Are you not your mother's son?
Once on the run for throwing stones at old windows
But you live so freely
And you walk so easy
Leaning with whichever way the wind would blow