

One of These Mornings

TV Girl

One of these mornings
It won't be long
You're gonna look for me, child
And I'll be gone
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What does it mean
Ooh, tell me what does it mean
To live free
Anyways
When you're stuck in this body
When you're stuck in this house
Or stuck in your ways
A bird in a cage stuck with its prey
Making the same mistakes
But that's okay
'Cause you could change your hair and change your life
You could change your mouth, your nose, your eyes, your skin
You could change into a 20 year old dead beat
Drop acid in a warehouse somewhere and abandon your kid but

I heard it said though they never told
You see it in their eyes and you know it's true
How we could stand here in the same painted room
But our eyes would be different hues

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I meant to tell you
Thought that I told you
That heaven is a boardroom
It's a place on earth between saved and withdrawn
With immaculate reception
And you can tell me again how you preferred sensitive men
But how you could make an exception
And how pagans and virgins and whores were down on the floor
On all fours, eyes glazed over in genuflection
But what if you're just too fucked up to ascend
And what if your halo is bent so far that it touches your head
And sharpens the edge?
And what if the word on high was passed down
Written on stone and crossed out in pen but

I heard it said though I didn't hear
Sorry, kid, I just can't forget
You can't wash your sins when they're caked on so thick
If you did, there'd be nothing left

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