

## Morning Glory

## Blood, Sweat & Tears

I lit my purest candle  
Close to my window  
Hoping it would catch the eye  
Of any vagabond who had passed it by  
And I waited in my fleeting house

Before he came  
I felt him drawing near  
Asked him in  
I felt the ancient fear  
That he had come to my door and jeered  
And 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  
In 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 hard a climb  
And he walked away from my fleeting house

Then you'll 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

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