

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