

Hold the Morning

Hey Marseilles

Thank you for the invite
To dance on golden streets
Leave the broken skyline
And charcoal cloud debris
I would likely join you if I weren't busy
But tonight my confession list is long

I will sit back, relax, and hold my head to the sun
Sit back, relax, and hold my head to the sun.

We will sing to thunder
Clap as the earth shakes
Hug under a hurricane
As we bypass the fiery lake

I will read my scripture in Dostoevsky
Change my television to twenty three
I will sit back, relax and wait for what's coming to me
Sit back, relax and hold my head to the sea.

We will leave our sails on trees
While chariots swing by the breeze
Lift our lamps unto the streets
May all the kings and soldiers see

Our lives are lonely enough without destruction
Calm your cares and families
And I will hold the morning for you

Take the time for townships and classics to be read
Finding all the soft skin that will fit in a feather bed
Let me spread my paper and sleep for centuries
The door will be there if you choose to return
I will sit back, relax and watch the mountaintops burn
Sit back, relax and wait for my voice to be heard.

We will leave our sails on trees
While chariots swing by the breeze
Lift our lamps unto the streets
May all the kings and soldiers see

All our lives are lonely enough without destruction
Calm your cares and families
And be part of division
All our lives are lonely enough without destruction
Calm your cares and families
And I will hold the morning for you
And I will hold the morning for you.