

# Mourning Morning

Just Jack

Morning light don't scratch my eyes  
Just let me wash up on the shore  
I used to have the strangest dreams  
But they don't come here anymore  
My duvet's laid out like an atlas with stains to mark the borderlines  
Indentations in my pillow I hope won't fade with time

Smoke the roach left in the ashtray on which I choked the night before  
Stub my toes on dirty clothes, like mountain ranges on the floor.  
I pick my way through crusty dishes and their greasy chemistry  
I washed two cups and then remember that you've left already.

I let you go so reluctantly and I can still hear your lazy symphony  
And just when I think I found my calling, it's another mourning morning

They say the devil's in the detail  
I'm gonna blind my eyes instead  
I put my memories in a landscape where only reckless angels tread  
I watch the fingerprints you left like a secret code upon my skin  
And I remember when you told me a gilded crown won't make a king

I really want you to stay, but I know you have to go  
I really want you to stay, but sometimes it doesn't show  
I really want you to stay, but I know you have to go  
I really want you to stay, let the conversation flow  
I really want you to stay, but I know you have to go  
I really want you to stay, but sometimes it doesn't show  
I really want you to stay, but I know you have to go, have to go again

I let you go so reluctantly and I can still hear your lazy symphony  
And just when I think I found my calling, it's another mourning morning

I really want you to stay but I know you have to go Have to go again