

She Might Be Waking Up

Shudder To Think

Every setting sun and every mother's daughter is one
Though I know we be but dust
Know I never lost her to one
Though I never cared

What good is the night to to me?
'Cause night wants to fall on me
You'll find the winter waking up right now

Any medicine for curing hungry lovers?
Does she never weep, my wife?
No one ever taught her
No I never cared

What good does the night do me?
For night wants to fall on me
And you'll find the winter's waking up right here

Don't you leave me here
What good is the light to me?
When lights tend to fall
She might be waking up, right