

Halcyon Days

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So wake up hope,
It's dark and lonesome,
I can hardly, hardly get open my eyes,
It ain't lonely, I'm holy,
So he comes home, she's hating him some,
He can hardly, hardly stand up in his home,
Oh the aching, now now

In a stream of purest thought,
Nothing's lost that can be caught,
It's tender to behold,
As the past melts away,
I'll shore up holes as they give way,
Halcyon days of pages old

Them kneecap words, they're crushing him down,
It gets harder and harder to get over them now,
He can fight, it ain't over,
So was he wrong and hoping it right,
He can hardly, hardly blame him so
Oh the hurting, now now

It's tender to behold, ooh..
Tender (to be...) to behold

I wish I could...

Oooh...
It's tender to behold,
It's tender to behold