

## Morning Hollow

Sparklehorse

In the silver morning hollow  
Trembling and getting old  
Smelling burnt oil of heaven  
About ten years, too big to hold  
She don't get up when I come into the room  
She don't run through the fields anymore  
Built a fire in the kitchen  
Made her bed by a stove  
Took a walk to the graveyard  
But she didn't want to go  
She don't worry all them murders of crows  
Even though they was always out of reach  
She don't get up when I come into the room  
She don't run through the fields anymore