

Hour That the Morning Comes

James Taylor

Mama makes the music and she makes the news
She dances all night in her golden shoes
She's high flying
Going, going, gone
She'll be halfway to Heaven by
The hour that the morning comes

And papa's kacked out with his head in his lap
Mama likes to think that he's taking a nap
'Cause he's working so hard
Working all night long
He'll be halfway to hell in
The hour that the morning comes

Like a bat out of hell in the moonlight
Like the pieces of the picture
That you broke last night
I'm sure it's going to be all right
I'll be halfway heavy by
The hour that the morning comes

Oh, look at that fool with the lampshade on
Somebody told him he was having fun
But they were wrong
Wrong, wrong, wrong
If he's fool enough he might open his eyes
When the morning comes along

Now look at that secret agent man
Sneaking out of church with blood on his hands
He's for sale
Going, going, gone
He'll be the first to know and the last to go
When the shit hits the fan

Give me a little water
Give me a little wine
You're looking at a man who's been out in the sunshine
Just a little too long
Little bit too long
But I'll be halfway home in
The hour that the morning comes