

## 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