

Whitehorse "Night Owls"

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morning dreads
to follow light
lifted dawn
hungover night
porch-dwelling dreamers
who can't remember why they came
to sleep walk
and sweet talk
to pluck your pretty petals
until he loves you not
he loves me not
so feast your eyes
and they'll disappear
the young at heart
the insincere
the well meaning
trouble-making troubadours
and you toss and you turn
you live and you learn
just when you thought you had it in your grasp
it flew away
it flew away
like fireflies
fickle lights
burning holes
into the night
all the night owls want to know
oh where did the love go
oh where did the love go

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