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## Sweat & Tears Blood "Morning Glory"

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I lit my purest candle Close to my window Hoping it would catch the eye Of any vagabond who had passed it by And I waited in my fleeting house

Before he came I felt him drawing near Asked him in I felt the ancient fear That he had come to my door and jeered And I waited in my fleeting house

Tell me stories, I called to the hobo Stories of Cold, I smiled to the hobo Stories of old, I knelt to the hobo And he stood before me In my fleeting house.

No. said the hobo No more tales of time Don't ask me now to wash away the grime I can't come in 'cause It's too hard a climb And he walked away from my fleeting house

Then you'll be damned I screamed to the hobo Leave me alone, I wept to the hobo Turn into stone, I knelt to the hobo And he walked away from my fleeting house

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