

Blood Sweat & Tears; "Morning glory"

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(L. Beckett, T. Buckley)

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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