

## **Tim Buckley**

### **"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 passed it by  
And I waited in my fleeting house

Before he came, I felt him drawing near  
And as he neared, I felt the ancient fear  
That he had come to wound my door and jeer  
But I waited in my fleeting house

"Oh, tell me stories", I called to the Hobo  
"Stories of old", I smiled at the Hobo  
"Stories of cold", I wept to the Hobo  
And I waited 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, it's just too high a climb"  
And he stood before my fleeting house

"Then you be damned", I screamed to the Hobo  
"Turn into stone", I wept to the Hobo  
"Leave me alone", I knelt to the Hobo  
But he walked away from my fleeting house

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