

Mary Lorson & Saint Low

"Morningless Dreamer"

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Morningless Dreamer I'm here by your side And I know
you think
you're leaving, but you're not the leaving kind/
All of this weakness I ask you to abide/Why'd you leave
your fiddle behind?
Think you wanna be a different type?
When we go away, what do we leave? When we go
away, what do we find?
The star that you were born under never stops to rest
And the horse that I rode in on ran hard and gave it up
Your window's always open; you were raised on
overexposure
And when that penicillin wind hits you, half way through
your trip,
You wonder
When we go away, what do we leave, when we go
away, what do we find?
The road, the germ, the standing too still, the going
too fast, these things will get you
The stone, the burn, the silence and the never/ the
stars in the heaven
The only one here /
the road, the germ, the standing too still/The going too
fastâ€¦!

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