

Bishop Allen, Quarter To Three

Whenever light shines down on misery
It can only make things worse
On the day we met she burned so bright
I was lucky as a gypsy curse

Well she was blushing like a wedding day
With her eyes so sharp and black
And her gentle little smile was the color of blood
And she's never ever coming back

Now let me tell you I've been up since a quarter to three
And I've been pacing back and forth through the hall
I've been thinking 'bout the first time she took my hand
And I don't understand it at all

Whatever hopes I once kept safe and sound
In a locker underneath my bed
Whatever hopes I once kept to myself
Are drowned out and dead

Because she sounded like a symphony
When she simply said my name
And the long blue days that once were hers
Are long now just the same

In the hallway hangs a photograph
On her hand, a diamond ring
She mailed it with a little note
She nailed it to the edge of my wing

I have burned out every sympathy
And the house is still and black
But now I've seen my misery
And she's never ever coming back