

# Hawksley Workman, Stop Joking Around

stop joking around  
for one minute  
i'd rather cry right now  
and play the sad notes on  
the piano  
let the rest of the band go home  
cos i'll need you  
until the morning  
please be here  
until the morning  
hold my hand  
until the morning  
brings the light of day  
to our eyes  
and smell the burning leaves  
in autumn driveways  
we'll be out on the road  
'til way past supper  
and leave the lamp light low  
beside the window  
if you can mop up a waterfall  
cos i'll need you  
until the morning  
please be here  
until the morning  
hold my hand  
until the morning  
brings the light of day  
to our eyes  
just hop a train  
you hate to fly  
come see the picture of my eyes  
you want to laugh  
i want to cry  
cry cry cry  
please be here  
until the morning  
hold my hand  
until the morning  
chase my fate  
into your promised land  
please be here  
eye-e-eye-e-eye-e-eyes