

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