

Lloyd Cole, Morning Is Broken

you used to be mean
you used to be cruel
but you were laughing then
and it was no accident
where did the mean man go
is he chasing his shadow
is he unhappy to report
that the gentleman he found is a terrible bore

you know it all
you've got all the answers
but if that's the case
what's with the long face
it's very easy to be brave
with your good foot in the grave
it's very easy to be cold
when there's no one in the world you want to know
it's very easy to be suave
when you're on your guard
like you always are

the sun goes down and now the shadows arise
and morning is broken as you mourn your life
you smile at your neighbors as you lock your doors
you face up the mirror, mister pimp or whore

is it hard to let go
at the foot of the rainbow
just to be informed
that the chase was your reward
here have a crock of gold
keep it for when you're old
like a week on tuesday
hey wise man say
it's very easy to be brave
with your good foot in the grave
it's very easy to be cold
when there's nowhere in the world you want to go
it's very easy to be suave
when you're on your guard
like you always are

the sun goes down and now the shadows arise
and morning is broken as you mourn your life
you smile at your neighbors as you lock your doors
you face up the mirror, mister pimp or whore
the sun goes down and now the shadows arise
and morning is broken as you mourn your life
you smile at your neighbors as you lock your doors
the morning is broken, mister pimp or whore

put me in the ground
put me in the ground
come on put me in the ground
the morning is broken
(the morning is broken as you mourn your life)
come on put me in the ground
(the sun goes down and now the shadows arise)
come on come on put me in the ground
(the morning is broken as you mourn your life)
the morning is broken
the sun goes down and now the shadows arise
and morning is broken as you mourn your life