

# Tim Buckley, Morning-Glory

I lit my purest candle close to my  
Window, hoping it would catch the eye  
Of any vagabond who passed it by,  
And I waited in my fleeting house  
Before he came I felt him drawing near;  
As he neared I felt the ancient fear  
That he had come to wound my door and jeer,  
And I waited in my fleeting house  
"Tell me stories," I called to the Hobo;  
"Stories of cold," I smiled at the Hobo;  
"Stories of old," I knelt to the Hobo;  
And he stood before my fleeting house  
"No," said the Hobo, "No more tales of time;  
Don't ask me now to wash away the grime;  
I can't come in 'cause it's too high a climb,"  
And he walked away from my fleeting house  
"Then you be damned!" I screamed to the Hobo;  
"Leave me alone," I wept to the Hobo;  
"Turn into stone," I knelt to the Hobo;  
And he walked away from my fleeting house