

James Taylor, Hour That The Morning Comes

Mama makes the music and she makes the news, she dances all night in her golden shoes.
She's high flying, going, going, gone.
She'll be halfway to Heaven by the hour that the morning comes.

And papa's knocked out with his head in his lap.
Mama likes to think that he's taking a nap
cause he's working so hard, working all night long.
He'll be halfway to hell in the hour that the morning comes.

Like a bat out of hell in the moonlight,
like the pieces of the picture that you broke last night.
I'm sure it's going to be all right,
I'll be halfway heavy by the hour that the morning comes

Oh, look at that fool with the lampshade on. Somebody told him he was having fun.
But they were wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong.
If he's fool enough he might open his eyes when the morning comes along.

Now look at that secret agent man sneaking out of church with blood on his hands,
he's for sale, going, going, gone.
He'll be the first to know and the last to go when the shit hits the fan.

Give me a little water, give me a little wine,
you're looking at a man who's been out in the sunshine
Just a little too long, little bit too long.
But I'll be halfway home in the hour that the morning comes.