

Tom Waits, In The Morning

He'll wear your heart and you will wear his ring
and you'll go rolling down a mustard hill
Play a lullaby on a fishbone harp
ride away on the gray mare's tail

In the morning
In the morning
In the morning when I/you rise
In the morning
In the morning
In the morning I/you will be my/your true love's bride

Weave a rosemary wreath in your auburn hair
and you'll be the envy of all the girls
He'll wear your heart - and you will wear his ring
and you'll go rolling down a mustard hill
Play a lullaby on a fishbone harp
ride away on the gray mare's tail

In the morning
In the morning
In the morning when I/you rise
In the morning
In the morning
In the morning I/you will be my/your true love's bride

Oh the blood of the lamb is in the well
and it runs from the crack along the wedding bell
Perhaps a wind has blown the barrel from its mark
I heard the bird but could not hit it in the dark
I have bought and sold my only love
and my rifle, it has let me down

In the morning
In the morning
In the morning when I/you rise
In the morning
In the morning
In the morning will I/she ever be his/my bride?