

PAINTING BOX.
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1) When the morning of your eyes comes waking thru' my shadows
Leaving just a trace of twilight sleep,
I whisper to the baby raindrops, playing round my window
and tellx them gentley this is not the time that they should weep.

++ For, somewhere in my mind there is a painting box,
I have every colour there, it's true,
just lately when I look inside my painting box
I seem to pick the colours of you.

2) My Friday evening footsteps, plodding dully thru' this black town,
all far away now, from the world that I'm in,
my eyes are listening to some sounds that I think just might be
spring time,
with dafodills between my toes, I'm laughing at the wind.....

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3) The purple sale above me, catches all the strength of summer,
fishes stop and ask me were I'm bound,
I smile and shake my head and say, "My little ship is sinking,
but I kind of like the sea that I'm in, so I don't care if I
do drown.....

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Words and Music by : Mike Heron.

(Paradox Music. B.M.I.)

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