

# So Black, So Bright

[Kim Taylor](#)

Maude has got old wringed on her fingers  
Tells her story gives you diamonds free  
Little of this, of that and a scent off her tangerine tree

She spoke grace, walked her shoes, talked for miles  
Spoke and your face would brighten, smile  
Stars came down, tried to savor her skin  
The moon went round, letting demons in

What if I'd had my pockets runs dry  
What if I saw my first child die  
What if I weren't all right  
What if I held the night  
So black, so bright

Maude would lose track of summer and winter  
She'd pour her corn whiskey back, up across skies  
Thread her days, her clothes, gave up blind beautiful eyes

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Lyrics submitted by Isabella.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>