

# Darkling Days

## Cowboy Junkies

The beautiful is not chosen  
The chosen becomes beautiful  
The beautiful is not chosen  
The chosen becomes beautiful Please do not forsake me now  
Sparkling gone with darkling days  
I drift at times I know it's true  
But I always drift on back to you The beautiful is not chosen  
The chosen becomes beautiful I have never tired of  
Manna falling from above  
When conscious thought  
Meets careless heart  
And two lost souls find one fresh start Lie with me upon the earth  
Feel it's curve beneath our spines  
Soon we'll follow it around  
One lost soul finally found The beautiful is not chosen  
The chosen becomes beautiful These are known as darkling days  
Rhyming schemes gone askew  
Crackling gifts of light and air  
Exploding words ours to share Ours to share the beautiful is not chosen  
Ours to share the chosen becomes beautiful  
Ours to share the beautiful is not chosen  
Ours to share the chosen becomes beautiful  
Ours to share the beautiful is not chosen  
Ours to share the chosen becomes beautiful

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