

# Brass Buttons

## Poco

Brass buttons, green silks and silver shoes  
Warm evenings, pale mornings, bottled blues  
And tiny golden pins that she wore up in her hair  
Brass buttons, green silks and silver shoes  
My mind was young and then it grew  
My thoughts known only by a few  
A dream much too real to be leaned against too long  
And all the time I guess she knew  
Her thoughts still dance inside my head  
Her comb still lies beside my bed  
But the sun comes up without her, it doesn't know she's gone  
And it remembers nothing that she said  
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