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 shoesMy 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 knewHer 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 saidBrass buttons, green silks and silver shoes
Warm evenings, pale mornings, bottled blues
And tiny golden pins that she wore up in her hair
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