

(Quicksilver Daydreams of) Maria

Steve Earle

A diamonds fades quickly when matched to the face of Maria
All the harps they sound empty when she lifts her lips to the sky
The brown of her skin makes her hair seem a soft golden rainfall
That spills from mountains to the bottomless depths of her eyes Well, she stands all around me, her hands slowly
sifting the sunshine
All the laughter that lingers down deep 'neath her smilin' is free
Well, it spins and it twirls like a hummingbird lost in the morning
And caresses the south wind and silently sails to the sea Ah, the sculptor stands stricken, painter he throws away
his brushes
When her image comes dancin' the sun, she turns sullen with shame
And the birds they go silent, the wind stops his sad, mournful singing
When the trees of the forest start gently to whisperin' her name So as softly she wanders I'll desperately follow
her footsteps
And I'll chase after shadows that offer a trace of her sight
Ah, they promise eternally that she lays hidden within them
But I find they've deceived me and sadly I bid them goodbye

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