

(Quicksilver Daydreams Of) Maria

Townes Van Zandt

Well, a diamond 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 the mountains to the bottomless depths of her eyes
Well, she stands all around me her hands
slowly sifting the sunshine
All the laughter that linger down deep 'neath her smilin' is free
Well, it spins and it twirls like a hummingbird lost in the morning
Then caresses the south wind and silently sails to the sea
Ah, the sculptor stands stricken and the artist 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 whispering 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 sigh
Ah, they promise eternally that she lies hidden within them
But I find they've deceived me and sadly I bid them goodbye
So the serpent slide softly away with his moments
of laughter
And the the old washer-woman has finished her cleanin' and gone
But the bamboo hang heavy in the bondage of quicksilver daydreams
And a lonely child longingly looks for a place to belong

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