

MAKER

The Hollies

Days of yellow saffron.
Nights with purple skies.
Melting in the sunbeams
from my maker's eyes.

Mountain-colored lilac
in the distant haze.
I would like to lie here,
timing all my days

Move past my window,
sunshine is shimmering
jack-o-lanterns glimmering,
giant moths are flickering around.

See, the moon is hiding
underneath the sea.
Pretty soon he'll venture
to take a look at me.

So I humbly stand here
beneath his golden glow.
Doesn't he remind me
of somebody I know?

I must be leaving,
back to reality.
Don't you just pity me?
I could so easily stay here.

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