

Brass Buttons

Gram Parsons

Brass buttons, green silks and silver shoes
Warm evenings, pale mornings, bottle of blues
And the tiny golden pins that she wore up in her hair
Brass buttons, green silks and silver shoes
My mind was young until she grew
My secret thoughts known only by the few
It was a dream much to real
To be leaned against too long
All the time I think she knew
Her words still dance inside my head
Her comb still lies beside my bed
And the sun comes up without her
It just doesn't know she's gone
Ooh, but I remember everything she said
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And the tiny golden pins that she wore up in her hair
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