

Crystallia Daydream

John Hartford

Words have cut my flesh,
And the lash upon my brain is now forgotten
And the lead that hardens in my system melts, and sweet emotion turns to gold,
All the things now past are strangely worth it,
My yesterdays are buried deep and cold,
There's nothing that worth learning, and there's nothing I can't look to I can think of,
And there's nothing said or written or recorded, or remembered I should know,
Except the music of your pale voice singing,
That loosens up the muscles of my soul,
Right now I'd give the world that hangs around me like a circus,
And know I'd never rise or walk or stand,
This could last forever and a weekend, and I'd die of happiness beneath your hand
Sun is smiling out on miles of emptiness in all direction,
The light caress of yellow hair lied flat upon my belly in the sand,
And my skin is marching off in endless drumbeats, as you trace its empty canyons with your hand,
The hours go flashing by like the blinking of an eyelid, and the insults and sorrows of the day before are dead
and gone for good,
And tomorrow is a promise somehow pending, but everything unsaid is understood
Right now I'd give the world that hangs around me like a circus,
And know I'd never rise or walk or stand,
This could last forever and a weekend, and I'd die of happiness beneath your hand

IF YOU COULD PUT MY FULL NAME IT IS "Tucker Robinson-Neff"

Lyrics submitted by Tucker Neff.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>