

Cowboy Junkies, Darkling Days

The beautiful is not chosen.
The chosen becomes beautiful.
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Please do not forsake me now,
Sparkling gone
With darkling says
I drift at times I know it's true
But I always drift on back to you.

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The chosen becomes beautiful.

I have never tired of
Manna falling from above
When conscious thought
Meets careless heart
And two lost souls find one fresh start.

Lie me upon the earth
Feel it's curve beneath our spines,
Soon we'll follow it around,
One lost soul
Finally found.

The beautiful is not chosen.
The chosen becomes beautiful.

These are known as darkling days
Rhyming schemes gone askew
Crackling gifts of light and air,
Exploding words,
Ours to share.

The beautiful is not chosen.
The chosen becomes beautiful.