

Noe Venable, Simple Song

A traveler stops at the old inn yard
It has been so many miles and it's been so hard
I've grown silver as a widow since then
And now a traveler's come to see me again

He has the mouth of a river the face of a child
But don't forget what he's hiding underneath his smile
And that old silver splinter that he left inside of me
Oh don't forget hmmm

I could not walk it off

Then he began and slow slowly
I could feel his web beginning to undo me
Slow rivers awoke in my shoulders and my legs
Slow rivers awoke I was floating away
And beauty is tired of playing dead
And beauty is tired of hiding her head
I go over to the window
I go over to the window

I could feel the droplets hanging on the edges of my leaves
I could feel the tears coming and I couldn't believe
I go over to the window
I go over to the window
And beauty is tired of playing dead
And beauty is tired of hiding her head
Yeah beauty is tired of playing dead
Oh beauty is tired so tired

So I gave up and sang along
And rode off on the wings of a simple song