

Tom Verlaine, Days On The Mountain

(Verlaine)

Falling silent again
Silent again
It turns like a key
Turns like a key in a lock
Turning at last
Turning

We spring one too many leaks
One too many leaks
Taking on too much water

It comes as no surprise
No surprise,
We're wearing thin
We're wearing.
There's that old house of colours again.

Just a trickle from a rock
Your hidden spring
Just a trickle from a rock
And there's the River Joy.

Dancing again

Well those days on the mountain
I remember so well
like walking around in the ring of a bell.
Yeah those days on the mountain I remember so well.
Our clothes? Our clothes always clean
there's nothing to tell,
Those days on the mountain
I remember so well
Like walking around in the ring of a bell
Walking around in the ring of a bell.