

Bruce Hornsby, Halcyon Days

Halcyon Days

Bright light streaming in, through my window pane
Think I'll star at the shapes it makes
on the floor and then stare again
You've got your curtains drawn,
anything I can do?
Maybe a rose or a pillow or a picture or a funny joke just for you
To carry you away
Let me bring you, some tokens of esteem
Close the door on the world, make it our own beautiful scene
There's a darkness visible, maybe only to me
Maybe just a dream, a time-slowng-down dream,
a hole you're sinking down deep
Comes loose at the seams, make the dream leave

Some rise by wrong
And some by virtue fall
And those convicting may be the guiltiest of all
Wash it away
I'd love to bring you, on a silver tray,
some halcyon days

Feel a strong gravitational pull, holding you down
And the air feels thick, having a hard time
moving through, moving round
I'm hoping you may let me, help to pull you through
You're here so you might as well let me see
If I can do that for you
Carry you away
Feeling so helpless, mostly I'm a clown
Every now and then gotten so even
up can feel like down
In the hour of my reflection, I've had enough of disaffection
Like a starless sky, no light in our eyes
Maybe change this tonight, some brighter times, some lovely rhymes

Some rise by wrong
And some by virtue fall
And those in judgment could be guiltiest of all
Wash it away
I'd love to bring you, on a silver tray,
some halcyon days

Maybe just a dream, some ever-present dream, evanescent scenes
It could seem so for me, this is for me

Some rise by wrong
And some by virtue fall
And those in judgment could be guiltiest of all
Wash it away
I'd love to bring you, on a silver tray,
some halcyon days