

# Gram Parsons, Brass Buttons

Brass buttons, green silks and silver shoes  
Warm evenings, pale mornings, bottle of blues  
And the tiny golden pins that she wore up in her hair  
Brass buttons, green silks and silver shoes

My mind was young until she grew  
My secret thoughts known only by the few  
It was a dream much to real to be leaned against too long  
All the time I think she knew

Her words still dance inside my head  
Her comb still lies beside my bed  
And the sun comes up without her, it just doesn't know she's gone  
Oh, but I remember everything she said

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