

# Jeff Finlin, Silver Lining In The Clouds

She met me in a hollow log  
Out on Highway 43  
Yeah my head was full of smog  
My heart long washed out to sea  
She wore a smile without fear  
Her tattered scarf like a shroud  
She said I&#039;m here to set you free  
From your silver lining in the clouds&#039;

So I backstroked through my beer  
One long last lonely lap  
And as the diesel ground down the gear  
I thought man, this is a trap  
She said &#039;ask the lonely faces  
That stare upon us from the crowd  
You&#039;ll take an outbound shuttle  
Your silver lining in the clouds&#039;

So I put a quarter in the slot  
&#039;Cause they wouldn&#039;t talk for free  
But they didn&#039;t have to speak at all  
Their eyes said it all to me  
Their hearts all looked like donuts  
in the day old bakery  
And I felt very well endowed  
In my silver lining in the clouds

So I packed my briefcase full of rain  
My brass knuckles and snow chains  
Took &#039;em down and got &#039;em framed  
Made a portrait of my pain  
Now every time I doubt her  
I feel so very much ashamed  
My bloodshot picture talks out loud  
About my silver lining in the clouds

My silver lining in the clouds  
My silver lining in the clouds