

# Mellow Candle, Silversong

They take my time without question  
and fill my days with all their emptiness  
and in their drawing rooms they beg my sympathy  
but if I weep to solve their silent misery  
they save my tears to sell for silver.

The neighbours trespass on my highway  
and feed my lambs on every pavement corner  
and with their grief inside they're hiding from the rain  
but if my sun should shine too loudly on their woe  
they catch its beam to sell for gold.

They have me captured in their city  
in every living room my dust has laid me low  
and well I know the brown earth will be my best friend  
and when I'm gone they'll find another way to mend  
they'll sell my silversong for tears.