

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.