

The Incredible String Band, Painting Box

When the morning of your eyes comes waking through my shadows
Leaving just a trace of twilight sleep,
I whisper to the baby raindrops playing on my window,
And tell them gently this is not the time that they should weep.

For somewhere in my mind there is a painting box,
I have every color there it's true.
Just lately when I look inside my painting box,
I seem to pick the colors of you.

My Friday evening's foot-steps plodding dully through this black town,
Are far away now from the world that I'm in.
My eyes are listening to some sounds that I think just might be springtime,
With daffodils between my toes I'm laughing at their whim,

And somewhere in my mind there is a painting box,
I have every color there it's true,
Just lately when I look inside my painting box,
I seem to pick the colors of you.

Oh somewhere in my mind there is a painting box,
I have every color there it's true.
Just lately when I look inside my painting box,
I seem to pick the colors of you.

The purple sail above me catches all the strength of summer.
Fishes stop and ask me where I am bound.
I smile and shake my head and say my little ship is sinking,
But I kind of like the sea that I'm on, and I don't mind if I do drown.

For somewhere in my mind there is a painting box,
I have every color there it's true.
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