

Townes Van Zandt, At My Window

by Townes Van Zandt
At my window
watching the sun go
hoping the stars know
it's time to shine
daydreams
aloft on dark wings
soft as the sun streams
at days decline

Living is laughing
dying says nothing at all
baby and I are laying here
watching the evening fall

Time flows
through brave beginnings
and she leaves her endings
beneath our feet
walk lightly
upon their faces
leave gentle traces
upon their sleep

Living is dancing
dying does nothing at all
baby and I are laying here
wathing the evening fall

Three dimes
hard luck and good times
fast lines and low rhymes
ain't much to say
Feel fine
feel low and lazy
feel grey and hazy
feel far away

Living is sighing
dying ain't flying so high
baby and I are lying here
watching the day go by