

Townes Van Zandt, The Velvet Voices

I'll play upon my violin
Until the mountains ring
Of lonely laughter blindly thrown
Across an endless arc of strings
And the skies are sad
They're dancin' to a silent symphony
And the velvet voices all shall join
The singing

The hall is filled to every corner
By a tinkling hint of chimes
A melody careens and crumbles
Leaving just a trace behind
A rhythm ??? faintly fails
The silver on it's wings
And the velvet voices all shall join
The singing

The cymbals flash, the drums they crash
The trumpets rise to song
The brass baton plucks bits diamonds
From a glittering wall of almost dawn
The crystal chords they slash the wind
In humble majesty
And the velvet voices all shall join
The singing