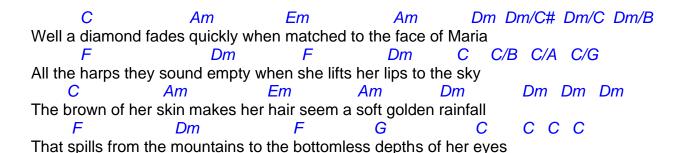
## Quicksilver Daydreams of Maria by Townes Van Zandt (1968)



Well, she stands all around me her hands slowly sifting the sunshine All the laughter that lingered down deep 'neath her smilin' is free Well, it spins and it twirls like a hummingbird lost in the mornin' And caresses the south wind and silently sails to the sea

Ah, the sculptor stands stricken and the artist he throws away his brushes When her image comes dancin' the sun she turns sullen with shame And the birds they go silent the wind stops his sad mournful singin' When the trees of the forest start gently to whisperin' her name

So as softly she wanders I'll desperately follow her footsteps And I'll chase after shadows that offer a trace of her sigh Ah, they promise eternally that she lies hidden within them But I find they've deceived me and sadly I bid them goodbye

So the serpent slides slowly away with his moments of laughter And the old washer woman has finished her cleanin' and gone But the bamboo hangs heavy in the bondage of quicksilver daydreams And a lonely child longingly looks for a place to belong