

Eileen Rose **"Silver Ladle"**

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Oh can you hear me?
Am I moving in my own way?
Faith is a cradle
Then the wind blows
And the bough breaks

I'm hard at work breeding devils
A martyr, oh, do that real good
I harbor jealous angels
Bound in glamor to my wrist

Time is a cruel thing
It's a cold rain on a slow day
Fate like a flower
'Til the wheel turns and the veil fades

The forest grows violet rivers
The dead fall throws back our laughter
Tomorrow taps my shoulder
Add a memory to my list

Oh, Mother help me
You were singing
I was dreaming
Hope plays a banjo
Is a bell shape
Does you real good

I found her own reckless ocean
I found her own golden shadow
I found her silver ladle
Holding water to my lips
Golden water to my lips

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