

# Hollies "Maker"

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(Clarke / Hicks / Nash)  
Days of yellow saffron.  
Nights with purple skies.  
Melting in the sunbeams  
From my maker's eyes.

Mountain-colored lilac  
In the distant haze.  
I would like to lie here,  
Timing all my days

Move past my window,  
Sunshine is shimmering  
Jack-o-lanterns glimmering,  
Giant moths are flickering around.

See, the moon is hiding  
Underneath the sea.  
Pretty soon he'll venture  
To take a look at me.

So I humbly stand here  
Beneath his golden glow.  
Doesn't he remind me  
Of somebody I know?

I must be leaving,  
Back to reality.  
Don't you just pity me?  
I could so easily stay here.

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