

## **Incredible String Band "Painting Box"**

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When the morning of your eyes comes waking through  
my shadows  
Leaving just a trace of twilight sleep,  
I whisper to the baby raindrops playing on my window,  
And tell them gently this is not the time that they  
should weep.

For somewhere in my mind there is a painting box,  
I have every colour there it's true.  
Just lately when I look inside my painting box,  
I seem to pick the colours of you.

My Friday evening's foot-steps plodding dully through  
this black town,  
Are far away now from the world that I'm in.  
My eyes are listening to some sounds that I think just  
might be springtime,  
With daffodils between my toes I'm laughing at their  
whim,

And somewhere in my mind there is a painting box,  
I have every colour there it's true,  
Just lately when I look inside my painting box,  
I seem to pick the colorus of you.

Oh, somewhere in my mind there is a painting box,  
I have every colour there it's true.  
Just lately when I look inside my painting box,  
I seem to pick the colours of you.

The purple sail above me catches all the strength of  
summer.  
Fishes stop and ask me where I am bound.  
I smile and shake my head and say my little ship is  
sinking,  
But I kind of like the sea that I'm on, and I don't mind if  
I do drown.

For somewhere in my mind there is a painting box,  
I have every colour there it's true.  
Just lately when I look inside my painting box,  
I seem to pick the colours of you.

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