

Level 42

"A Kinder Eye"

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In his widowed years of longing, in his windowed room
of light

He lay the oil upon the canvas, brought sweet memory
to life

His speckled beard a brush of color

His spotted hands both grace and speed

I was the boy who came with evening to sweep his
floors and bring his tea

To the world he was the master, his landscapes filled
the gallery halls

But now he painted only portraits, unframed upon his
private walls

Subjects sitting-walking-laughing in playful flight or
soft refrain

A thousand forms and colors but every face the same

Across the page the moving hand of history bleeds
(Across the ages)

For a kinder eye to see us, not as we are but as we
dream

A winter's night when I arrived there, he looked so tired
and near the end

And as I cleaned his bench and brushes, I wished out
loud to be like him

He said that art was only longing, trying to do what
can't be done

And though he'd signed a thousand paintings, still he'd
never finished one

As I finished up my sweeping, in his sleep he spoke her
name

I looked again at all the portraits, each and every face
the same

Not as she was in pain or sorrow but in timeless beauty
seen

As she served his noble dream

Across the page the moving hand of history bleeds
(Across the ages)

For a kinder eye to see us, not as we are but as we

dream

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