

Chris Robinson

"Fables"

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A rosewater tear you cry
On a black horse you ride
Ride past us all
Like wreckage on the shore
The circle and the tamborine
Nothing is what it seems
But round and round
We all go

Like the chaos of the angel
And a song to ease her soul
I'm not interested in fables any more
And all those bright eyed children at the gate
With sparkle minds and dealing weight
They're not interested in fables any more

Stage fright on open night
But you remembered every line
And when the curtain fell
They pulled down the sky
A Pale blue dusk kicked up behind
With horizons on your mind
As you go on and on and on your way

Like the chaos of the angel
And a song to ease her soul
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They're not interested in fables any more
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