

Pocket Full Of Rocks

"Brass Buttons"

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Brass buttons, green silks and silver shoes
Warm evenings, pale mornings, bottled blues
And tiny golden pins that she wore up in her hair
Brass buttons, green silks and silver shoes

My mind was young and then it grew
My thoughts known only by a few
A dream much too real to be leaned against too long
And all the time I guess she knew

Her thoughts still dance inside my head
Her comb still lies beside the bed
But the sun comes up without her, it doesn't know she's
gone
And it remembers nothing that she said

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