

## The Hollies

### "Maker"

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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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