

Steve Earle "Maria"

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A diamonds fades quickly when matched to the face of
Maria

All the harps they sound empty when she lifts her lips
to the sky

The brown of her skin makes her hair seem a soft
golden rainfall

That spills from mountains to the bottomless depths of
her eyes

Well, she stands all around me, her hands slowly
sifting the sunshine

All the laughter that lingers down deep 'neath her
smilin' is free

Well, it spins and it twirls like a hummingbird lost in the
morning

And caresses the south wind and silently sails to the
sea

Ah, the sculptor stands stricken, painter he throws
away his brushes

When her image comes dancin' the sun, she turns
sullen with shame

And the birds they go silent, the wind stops his sad,
mournful singing

When the trees of the forest start gently to whisperin'
her name

So as softly she wanders I'll desperately follow her
footsteps

And I'll chase after shadows that offer a trace of her
sight

Ah, they promise eternally that she lays hidden within
them

But I find they've deceived me and sadly I bid them
goodbye

So the serpent slides softly away with these moments
of laughter

And the the old washy woman has finished her cleanin'
and gone

But the bamboo hangs heavy in the bondage of
quicksilver daydreams

And a lonely child longingly looks for a place to belong

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