

**Kristofferson Kris****"Silver"**

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Silver was a rounder with a wicked reputation  
Music was his magic and his madness rolled in one  
It's said he charmed the fairest hearts of this world's  
fairest maidens

Quick as silver mercury and slippery as a song

Winding like a river through a thirsty world of strangers  
Carving out a legend in a dream-forsaken land  
Silver took his pleasures just as freely as he gave them  
'Cause hungry eyes weren't quick enough for Silver's  
flashing hands

Then once upon escaping from the world of silk and  
shadows  
Sudden growin' sicker of the secrets and the shame  
He stumbled onto something real that beckoned like a  
candle  
And never lookin' backwards, he surrendered to the  
flame

Chorus:  
Because Hunger, is the surface, of a darkened pool of  
sadness  
Silver pale reflection of a deeper need below  
Mystery and magic are the holy forms of madness  
Sacred as the ecstasy that slumbers in your soul

Silver moved instinctively within her soft defenses  
Soon unfolding mysteries he'd never seen before  
And wakening an ancient need, she slipped inside his  
senses  
And Silver took it easy as the closing of a door

Then soon he touched the secret fears she'd hidden  
with her sorrows  
Darker than her raven hair and deeper than her eyes  
And dared to try to lead her to the sunlight from her  
shadows  
Following the line between her laughter and her lies

But Silver left his magic with the legend he'd  
abandoned  
Love had stripped him naked of illusion and it's charms  
Then one long night her changing mind took kindly to a  
stranger  
And morning found her moving in the golden  
stranger's arms

Chorus:

Because Hunger, is the surface, of a darkened pool of  
sadness  
Silver pale reflection of a deeper need below  
Mystery and magic are the holy forms of madness  
Sacred as the ecstasy that slumbers in your soul

Silver stared in silence at the tangled scene before him  
Time was burning frozen in the oceans of his eyes  
And sadly turning backwards to the world that he'd  
forsaken  
He donned the shining mantle of deception and  
disguise

Slowly, with the patience born of silent desperation  
Silver worked his way into the darkness of her mind  
Weaving through her conscience like a chance she  
might have taken  
Sadder than the shadows of the love she'll never find

And Silver's spell was stronger than the softly smiling  
stranger  
Whose star was burning smaller in the naked light of  
day  
And Silver took her hand again, a wiser man, but  
sadder  
Ready for the stranger who would steal her love away

Chorus:

Because Hunger, is the surface, of a darkened pool of  
sadness  
Silver pale reflection of a deeper need below  
Mystery and magic are the holy forms of madness  
Sworn to free the ecstasy that slumbers in your soul

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