

# Halcyon Days

Bruce Hornsby

Bright light streaming in, through my window pane  
Think I'll stare at the shapes it makes  
on the floor and then stare again  
You've got your curtains drawn,  
anything I can do?  
Maybe a rose or a pillow or a picture or a funny joke just for you  
To carry you away  
Let me bring you, some tokens of esteem  
Close the door on the world, make it our own beautiful scene  
There's a darkness visible, maybe only to me  
Maybe just a dream, a time-slowness dream,  
a hole you're sinking down deep  
Comes loose at the seams, make the dream leave

Some rise by wrong  
And some by virtue fall  
And those convicting may be the guiltiest of all  
Wash it all away  
I'd love to bring you, on a silver tray,  
some halcyon days

Feel a strong gravitational pull, holding you down  
And the air feels thick, having a hard time  
moving through, moving round  
I'm hoping you may let me, help to pull you through  
You're here so you might as well let me see  
If I can do that for you  
Carry you away  
Feeling so helpless, mostly I'm a clown  
Every now and then gotten so even  
up can feel like down  
In the hour of my reflection, I've had enough of disaffection  
Like a starless sky, no light in our eyes  
Maybe change this tonight, some brighter times, some lovely rhymes

Some rise by wrong  
And some by virtue fall  
And those in judgment could be guiltiest of all  
Wash it away  
I'd love to bring you, on a silver tray,  
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Maybe just a dream, some ever-present dream, evanescent scenes  
It could seem so for me, this is for me

Some rise by wrong  
And some by virtue fall  
And those in judgment could be guiltiest of all  
Wash it away  
I'd love to bring you, on a silver tray,  
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