

## (Quicksilver Daydreams of) Maria

Steve Earle

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