

in the painted silver light  
I watched you gently move  
now, in the cold early dawn  
I long to have that vision in my head again  
conjure, as I may, my guilt won't let me sleep  
now I know what it means  
to have and to hold  
to let go and to lose

in the screaming silence  
I try to lose myself  
but there is no hiding place  
no hiding place

here they come again  
those voices, they'll be with me till the end  
maybe it helps the pain  
how would I know?

I never slow down long enough  
but, ain't life funny  
I don't know if I will ever see you again  
but, in the painted silver light  
I watched you  
and I'll keep on watching you

seven days I watched the sun come rising  
no sleep for the wicked  
seven nights I lie awake  
while my mind drifted across valley and streams  
shadows everywhere  
still I search for some kind of sign  
but, in the painted silver light  
I'll come running  
running