

Silver (The Hunger)

Kris Kristofferson

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

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

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

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