

## Simple Song

Noe Venable

A traveler stops at the old inn yard  
It has been so many miles and it's been so hard  
I've grown silver as a widow since then  
And now a traveler's come to see me again

He has the mouth of a river the face of a child  
But don't forget what he's hiding underneath his smile  
And that old silver splinter that he left inside of me  
Oh don't forget hmmm

I could not walk it off

Then he began and slow slowly  
I could feel his web beginning to undo me  
Slow rivers awoke in my shoulders and my legs  
Slow rivers awoke I was floating away  
And beauty is tired of playing dead  
And beauty is tired of hiding her head  
I go over to the window  
I go over to the window

I could feel the droplets hanging on the edges of my leaves  
I could feel the tears coming and I couldn't believe  
I go over to the window  
I go over to the window  
And beauty is tired of playing dead  
And beauty is tired of hiding her head  
Yeah beauty is tired of playing dead  
Oh beauty is tired so tired

So I gave up and sang along  
And rode off on the wings of a simple song