

Gene Clark, From A Silver Phial

A refuse from a silver phial
Put her faith into the moons and stars
She said she had a mind that slept inside tomorrow
And time could only heal it's scars
She was fire on the borderline
The lion in the fall of roles
Said she saw the sword of sorrow sunken
In the sand of searching souls
Sleeping in the master's room
Seeing through his eye for gain
Keeping by his side not to be a victim
Falling in the darkened rain

SOLO

She was taken from a cruel storm
The refuse from a silver phial
Took her magic master's words and sung
And made his lower self worth while
Sleeping in the master's room
Seeing through his eye for gain
Keeping by his side not to be a victim
Falling in the darkened rain