The Incredible String Band, Painting Box

When the morning of your eyes comes waking through my shadows Leaving just a trace of twilight sleep, I whisper to the baby raindrops playing on my window, And tell them gently this is not the time that they should weep.

For somewhere in my mind there is a painting box, I have every color there it's true.

Just lately when I look inside my painting box, I seem to pick the colors of you.

My Friday evening's foot-steps plodding dully through this black town, Are far away now from the world that I'm in.

My eyes are listening to some sounds that I think just might be springtime, With daffodils between my toes I'm laughing at their whim,

And somewhere in my mind there is a painting box, I have every color there it's true, Just lately when I look inside my painting box, I seem to pick the colors of you.

Oh somewhere in my mind there is a painting box, I have every color there it's true.

Just lately when I look inside my painting box, I seem to pick the colors of you.

The purple sail above me catches all the strength of summer. Fishes stop and ask me where I am bound. I smile and shake my head and say my little ship is sinking, But I kind of like the sea that I'm on, and I don't mind if I do drown.

For somewhere in my mind there is a painting box, I have every color there it's true.

Just lately when I look inside my painting box, I seem to pick the colors of you.