

# Townes Van Zandt, Quicksilver Daydreams Of Maria

Well, a diamond fades quickly when matched to the face of Maria  
All the harps they sound empty when she lifts her lips to the sky  
Ah the brown of her skin makes her hair seem a soft golden rainfall  
that spills from the mountains to the bottomless depths of her eyes

She stands all around me her hands slowly siftin' the sunshine  
All the laughter that lingers down deep 'neath her smilin' is free  
Well, it spins and it twirls like a hummingbird lost in the morning  
then caresses the south wind and silently sails to the sea

As softly she wanders I'll desperately follow her footsteps  
I chase after shadows that offer a trace of her sigh  
They promise eternally that she lies hidden within them  
but I find they've deceived me and sadly I bid them goodbye

So the serpent slides slowly away with his moments of laughter  
and the old washer-woman has finished her cleanin' and gone  
but the bamboo hangs heavy in the bondage of quicksilver daydreams  
and a lonely child longingly looks for a place to belong