

Gallery Row

Michael Martin Murphey

I saw your shadow in the window down on Gallery Row
Past a weeping old fountain and the vendors below
With their drums and bright trinkets and bedazzling stones
And their pastel palettes mixed with silver and bones

And I wonder if you're ever on the streets all alone
Do you notice how they stare at the ringlets in your coal
Black hair or pastels in the rivers of blue
Icy peaks and emerald trees that I fell into

I had a vision of the ancients forged in heavenly fires
Like the kivas where they sweat out their earthly desire
With the coyote and the eagle in the sand painting flow
And it was all mixed with your spirit... down on Gallery Row
Gallery Row
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The one thing about art I want to understand
Am I supposed to find love in it however I can?
Well I just want to find you somewhere in every brush stroke
But you hide behind the canvas like a phantom in the smoke

Are you a spirit in this gallery like every other ghost?
Well, wherever you are, I raise my glass up in a toast
To the all the restless painters and sculptors who got lost
In capturing your image without counting the cost

Chasing shimmering lights glancing off the glass
To the stairs by a cathedral where the cameras flash
At the maze of St. Francis and the painted window
Where you hide out in the evening tide... down on Gallery Row
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