

Silver in the Shadow

The Felice Brothers

The snow's falling softly and the grass is still green
The captain above me is so luminously clean
We're daisy companions, a man and his beast
Silver in the shadow, and there's gold in the stream

I know I hear you heaving and kicking the dirt
I know that it's broken, and I know that it hurts
There's a river of nothing, and you're dying of thirst
Just one sip and off you swim; it's the last day you'll work

Do you die like an Irish in an anthracite mine?
Are you alive like the first night with your candlelit bride?
She's your darling companion and so thoughtlessly kind
We'll ride out to meet her the day we survive