

Sleight Of Hand

Varius Manx

Here I start another day
Standing up to what I pray
Here I sing another song
While the fear is growing strong

Don't know where I'm going
Among the people throwing
Flowers at my feet with no one giving it
Straight into my arms

When the trees are soughing sad
And the breeze is blowing cold
Make the most of what you've got
Sound the tears and paint them gold
Charm the lover off the cloud
Smell the magic left untold

Through the mist I see the light
Slowly fadng off my sigh
All I need is just a little sleight of hand
To take my head out of the sand

Again the sinking feeling
See the shadows stealing
Pickings of my childish faith in life
Straigt from my hands

When the trees...