

Margie

Words by: Phil Bearce Music by Michael Jerome

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Margie paints her landscapes at the end of every day
Sable strokes of color in deliberate ways
The colors hide in shadows of a voice she can't betray
Liquid dreams and broken glass and art film matinees

CHORUS:

Lurking in the shadows of cobalt blue
New perspectives to enlighten in honeydew
She takes her paints and brushes and some
aquamarine
Contrasting luminosity in opal green

Were I to paint you, for others to enjoy
No brush nor color would I use nor palette I'd employ
My words and music would be the voice that no force could
destroy
The image conjured in your head becomes my Ode to Joy

CHORUS

BRIDGE

Consequences of our muses
Expressions of our dreams
My songs come from confusion
Your art's in gallery scenes

CHORUS