

Darkling Days

Cowboy Junkies

The beautiful is not chosen
The chosen becomes beautiful
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The chosen becomes beautiful

Please do not forsake me now
Sparkling gone with darkling days
I drift at times I know it's true
But I always drift on back to you

The beautiful is not chosen
The chosen becomes beautiful

I have never tired of
Manna falling from above
When conscious thought
Meets careless heart
And two lost souls find one fresh start

Lie with me upon the earth
Feel it's curve beneath our spines
Soon we'll follow it around
One lost soul finally found

The beautiful is not chosen
The chosen becomes beautiful

These are known as darkling days
Rhyming schemes gone askew
Crackling gifts of light and air
Exploding words ours to share

Ours to share the beautiful is not chosen
Ours to share the chosen becomes beautiful
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