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### **Silver Buckles**

Never worn silver buckles or fancy shoes  
never read the details of the daily news  
when did this boy go astray  
date and time please if you may  
living in this wholesome prison blues  
the candlelight screams and burns away  
all my fancy plans and schemes  
hinged on fallen angel wings  
in flight tonight from realms untold  
as the fate line on my palm  
continues to unfold  
athos, porthos, aramis and d'artangan  
I need your friendship  
Count of Monte Cristo I need your kinship  
cross my heart and make it true  
bring me love this scented eve  
as the autumn mist sighs and the  
wind gives a gentle squeeze  
and around my ears  
comes a chilly breeze  
my prayer tonight is to  
Let me learn how to please

the apache kid

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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