

Started: July 2022
Finished: October 2023

Where Shadows Sleep
Quincy Flint

Capo III
Key C --> D#

**Where do the shadows sleep at night?
Where do the stars go when they don't shine?
Why do the birds sing when they can't tell time?
What good's a reason without the rhyme?**

A jet black tuxedo (and) a dress with no seams
(Sip) champagne and cognac (in) stretch limousines
Dancing on egg shells, the same old routine
While poets are sleeping with tangerine dreams

(There's) top hats and fur coats, silver on spoons
Velvet on curtains as blue as the moon
Streetlamps and boxcars and orchestral tunes
Satin red seating and balcony views

**Where does the wind go when it don't blow?
Does she wander and creep through an open window?
Or is she waiting for someone somewhere?
For the leaves to start falling or a new love affair?**

There's burlap on women in mittens hand-knit
Discounted red beans, fried okra and grits
Smokestacks and flywheels, reflections moonlit
In paperback wisdom, The Jungle subsists

**Where do the shadows sleep at night?
Where do the stars go when they don't shine?
Why do the birds sing when they can't tell time?
What good's a reason without the rhyme?**

CC E7E7 | FF FmG | GG | CC E7E7 | FFm GC

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Are you really coming if you never go?

What good is learning if you never know?

When does a child forget how to crawl?

And what does the summer do in the fall?

And paperback tales

as thin as a veil

A license to fail

subsists

and flywheels turn make-believe spells

So wish on a dime and spit in the well

Smokestacks and flywheels

and make-believe spells

Wish on a dime

and spit in the well

There's top hats and fur coats, silver on spoons

Velvet on curtains, as blue as the moon

The old routine shuffle

On a cold winter's eve

There's a story to tell

Behind the shadow aspersions impugn

shillelaghs and yacht boats

And all of the children

Wonder the same

Where does the wind go when it don't blow?

Does she wander and creep through an open window?

Or is she waiting off somewhere for someone to cry

For my lover to fall and for my lonesome sigh

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Who needs wisdom in a world full of sin?
I'm begging the winter for summer's begin

But who needs time when the words you can't find

Where does the wind go when it don't blow
Does she wander and creep through an open window
Or is he waiting off somewhere for someone to cry
For my lover to fall and for my lonesome sigh (for me to decide)

Or is she waiting and staying behind
For my lover to fall and for my lonesome cry
For the new lover's waltz and my lady to cry

Or does she stand in the doorway and follow behind

Laying in waiting for a soft and low cry
Are you really coming if you never go
What good is winter if it don't bring snow
Then it snows and it snows til it can't snow no mo
What good is learning if you never know

Are you really coming if you never going
Where are you going, you're moving so slow
I'm moving so slow, cause the wind don't blow
It's blowing and blowing, through my open window

And what sort of story don't have an end
And what good's an end, without the begin
So tell me a story, my only friend
'Bout lost times and treasure within

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What does the devil do with your sin

What good the sinning if you don't get in

What good is living without a good friend

What good's a lover if she never calls

What good's the floor down an empty dark hall

What does the summer do in the fall

And when does a baby forget how to crawl

Are you really laughing if you never cry?

Seems like you're calling, and grieving inside

A dream don't come easy, it sure don't come cheap

You give and you give and rarely receive

The debt that you're owe is long overdue

it's true, it's true

CC E7E7 FF Fm G

A7

Where do the shadows sleep at night

Where do the stars go when they don't shine

What do the clocks do when they don't tell time

Where does the time go when he flies

And since when do waltzes begin with bad rhymes

Smokestacks and soap stone

Penguins awaiting their stretch limousine