

John Hiatt, The Lady Of The Night

Oh the moon hangs down

Like some old evening gown

Forgotten by some lovely southern maiden

Oh the stars are her tears

And the sky a skin of years

That she has most graciously given

Now who am I

To think that she might bat an eye

At my heart that lay so dangerously open

'Neath the sweet magnolia tree

The world's a fragrant memory

And the lady of the night has finally spoken

CHORUS:

She cries, oh, you are a leaf that the wind blows

And you drift from place to place and you never know

Well is it here that I will stay?

Child, you must be on your way

For you are now, but you know nothing of your sorrow

So I hover in the breath

Between the birthday and the death

And the hummingbird, he hovers o're the flower

Though the end is just a guest

From one moment to the next

I keep thinking there will be a final hour

She cries, oh, you are a leaf that the wind blows

And you drift from place to place and you never know
Well is it here that I will stay?
Child, you must be on your way
For you are now, but you know nothing of tomorrow

She cries, oh, you are a leaf that the wind blows
And you drift from place to place and you never know
Well is it here that I will stay?
Child, you must be on your way