

# Mary Chapin Carpenter, Twilight

The sun's going down past the pines  
Shadows grow long down the hill  
Follow the path known by heart  
Down to the wide open fields

Now that it's twilight  
Twilight  
Now that it's twilight, twilight

The morning mist burned off by noon  
The dogs never moved from the shade  
The mountains were bluer than blue  
But the best of the day has been saved

You and me, you and me, you and me  
You and me, you and me, you and me...

Now we'll be led by eventide's hand  
'Til then we'll walk through the gloaming  
Back on up the hill once again  
Done with another day's roaming

Now that it's twilight, twilight  
Magical twilight, twilight