

Arlo Guthrie, Darkest Hour

It's the tenth of January and I still ain't had no sleep
She comes waltzing in the nighttime, made of wings
She is dressed up like a bandit with a hundred sparkling rings
Looking for my company to keep
Coming closer to me, she doesn't say a word
In the shadow of the carved rock tower
Where the sounds of the night were the only things we heard
In my darkest hour

She don't want to hear no secrets, she would guarantee me that
She knows there ain't no words that can describe her
With her white silk scarves and her black Spanish hat
She knows there ain't no way I can deny her
Yes, her blue velvet perfume, filling up the night
The guards are all asleep that watch the tower
The moonlight held her breast as she easily undressed
In my darkest hour

Her father's in his chambers with his friends all gathered 'round
They are plotting their enemy's demise
With their last detail done, they await the coming sun
While I am staring in my lover's eyes
Her brothers and her sisters are all through for tonight
Pretending that they've just come to power
But she, far most of all, knows that they can only fall
In my darkest hour

Hungry wings, their melodies, while my love awakens me
In the midst of the sunburst first light
And her hands are holding up the skies as I hid my opened eyes
Every move just for herself, and that's so right
Soon I went along my way with no words that could explain
As she began descending to the tower
Her safety now concerns me, her circumstance to blame
In my darkest hour