

Richard Thompson, Drowned Dog Black Night

(Richard Thompson)

Oh little light that shines
Put down your shuttle love and come to the blind
The night is hissing like a mad, mad snake
The clouds are rolling in, and the storm is right behind

Oh little hand in my hand
Ah the madness of a world is on the move
The wind is crashing like it's blind, drunk and angry
And feeling in the dark for a poor man's door

Drowned dog, black night, drowned dog, black night
Tie down whatever's loose, nail those shutters tight
Oh there'll be nothing left at all at the end of a black night

Oh my comfort and joy
Why should we turn and run like all the rest
Let us put to our intentions now
Be like if tomorrow's sun should rise in the west

Drowned dog, black night, drowned dog, black night
Tie down whatever's loose, nail those shutters tight
And there'll be nothing left at all at the end of a black night