

# Scott Walker, All My Love's Laughter

All my love's laughter  
And all my love's faces  
She comes in the morning, her cloak in her arm  
She's following after  
The king of all places  
And your tendress warming  
Will bruise all her charms  
Don't lose your heart too  
That beautiful sinner  
She wants without shouting  
Her life now  
She stands in the shade  
And the sun is there, in her  
But you never know  
Till it's night.

All my love's softness  
And all my love's graces  
She carries on these things  
In a tiny white glove  
She hides all her lostness  
In satins and laces  
And everyone says, She's searching for a true love  
Don't try to hold on  
To say truth proudly

She stands with the flock  
All alone on the hill  
Her stockings are hung  
And her eyes are so shaded  
She's winning and you never will