

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