

Tommy Shane Steiner, Then Came The Night

(Chuck Jones/John Kilzer)

Long legged shadows, Mississippi sunset
She was standing like a candle that hadn't been burned yet
The wind was blowing clouds like ashes
Had my hand in my pocket, reaching for my matches
I can see those cotton sheets a dancin'
On her mama's clothesline in my head
From my lips a lucky strike was danglin'
The day was dying in a sea of red

Then came the night warm and dark
Draggin' it's chains across our hearts
The moon was full, the grass was wet
Making us scream, making us sweat
Holding on tight, it was wrong, it was right
Then came the night

There was a time when love was a flower
Now it's a vine that climbing up the tower

And the river just rolls past the garden
Where love won't grow and the ground is hardened
I can hear the ringing mission bell
Telling of the innocence that's dying
A sound that I remember oh so well

Then came the night warm and dark
Draggin' it's chains across our hearts
The moon was full, the grass was wet
Making us scream, making us sweat
Making us cling, making us claw
Making us rise, making us fall
Holding on tight, it was wrong, it was right
Then came the night
Breath on breath, skin on skin
Can't go back there again
Holding on tight, it was wrong, it was right
Then came the night