

Art Garfunkel

"All My Love's Laughter"

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All my love's laughter all my love's faces
She comes in the morning her cloak in her arms
She's following after the king of all places
And your tenderest warnin', could bruise all her charm

But don't lose your heart to that beautiful sinner
Who walks without shining a light
She stands in the shade and the sun is there in her
But you'll never know 'til it's night

All my love's softness, all my love's graces
She carries all things in her tiny white glove
She hides all her lostness in satins and laces
And everyone say she's searching for true love

But don't try to hold on to Satan's proud lady
Who stands with her flock all alone on the hill
Her stockings are hung and her eyes are so shady
She's winning and you never will

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