

Gillian Welch

"Silver Dagger"

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I'm on the dark side of a hollow hill
The sun comes up, babe, but it's hard to get my fill
Your blues are rapping and it fits my mood
I'm through with Bibles and I'm through with food

Somebody's calling, trying to track me down
And if I don't answer, I'd hang around
As side-passed lovers lost in the dark
I look for high ground for build an ark

I can't remember when I felt so free
Maybe September, the year you believed in me
In 1900 and 99
When I found the angels a-drinking wine

Seems every castle is made of sand
The great destroyer sleeps in every man
Here comes my baby, here comes my man
With that silver dagger in his hand

With that silver dagger in his hand

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