

Irma Thomas

"The Night Descending"

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Black hair, the night descending
Baby never puts her trust in
Tight black tie too quick to laughter
Ain't no telling what he's after

Found a friend without religion
Riding on a stolen engine
Far too fast to pacify you
Ain't no telling what he's up to

In time, the night may soften
Trust that I'm still hoping, darling
Wooden coin, he called my daughter
No good knowing what came after

Met a man with missing fingers
Shaking hands with shaded strangers
Far too strong to pacify you
Ain't no telling what they're up to

Late night, the cock crows shortly
Morning through the open doorway
All us servants beg the master
Ain't no knowing what he's after

In a year of fallen angels
Broken hands and boys in danger
Pray the lord might pacify you
Ain't no telling what he's up to

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