

John Hiatt

"The Lady Of The Night"

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Oh the moon hangs down
Like some old evening gown
Forgotten by some lovely southern maiden

Oh the stars are her tears
And the sky a skin of years
That she has most graciously given

Now who am i
To think that she might bat an eye
At my heart that lay so dangerously open

'neath the sweet magnolia tree
The world's a fragrant memory
And the lady of the night has finally spoken

Chorus:
She cries, oh, you are a leaf that the wind blows
And you drift from place to place and you never know
Well is it here that I will stay?
Child, you must be on your way
For you are now, but you know nothing of your sorrow

So I hover in the breath
Between the birthday and the death
And the hummingbird, he hovers o're the flower

Though the end is just a guest
From one moment to the next
I keep thinking there will be a final hour

She cries, oh, you are a leaf that the wind blows
And you drift from place to place and you never know
Well is it here that I will stay?
Child, you must be on your way
For you are now, but you know nothing of tomorrow

She cries, oh, you are a leaf that the wind blows
And you drift from place to place and you never know
Well is it here that I will stay?
Child, you must be on your way

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