

The Lady Of The Night

[John Hiatt](#)

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 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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