

The Night Comes Down (For Willy DeVille)

Peter Wolf

I pour the wine, I write the lines
To bring you back to me
I walk through the rhymes, I think of times
When your love ran through me The night comes down; it hits me so hard
It makes me feel like I've played my last card
The night comes down wherever you are
And I need you, oh, I need you I get through the day; I make my way
I try not to stumble
The shadows grow long; things go wrong
My world starts to crumble And the night comes down; it hits me so hard
It makes me feel like I've played my last card
The night comes down wherever you are
And I need you, I need you There is no salvation for the wounded heart
I stare into darkness till I come apart, oh yeah
I get through the day; I try not to stumble
The shadows grow long The night comes down, the night comes down, yeah
The night comes down, the night comes down, yeah
The night comes down, oh yeah, yeah I make my way, I make my way, I make my way
The night comes down; I make my way
I'll find my way, I'll find my way, I'll find my way

Songwriters

JENNINGS, WILL / WOLF, PETER Published by

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