

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 meThe 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 youI get through the day; I make my way
I try not to stumble
The shadows grow long; things go wrong
My world starts to crumbleAnd 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 youThere 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 longThe night comes down, the night comes down, yeah
The night comes down, the night comes down, yeah
The night comes down, oh yeah, yeahI 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

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