

# Silver Eagle

[Mark Knopfler](#)

It was so late and she'd be sleeping  
He came through her home town  
With the moonlight on the crossroads  
And the green light shining down  
And the bell at the railroad crossing  
And the horn from far away  
And his Silver Eagle passing  
Half a mile from where she lay  
At his feet a sea of faces  
Make devotions with their love  
Clap their hands and plead their cases  
Call for blessings from above  
Like the rolling waves forever massing  
To crash and foam and creep away  
And the Silver Eagle passing  
Half a mile from where she lay  
Road signs flow into the headlights  
Whisper names and fall behind  
He finds some honor in the darkness  
Hopes for grace and peace of mind  
And he thinks of how they'd lay together  
He'd run his fingers through her hair  
And he wonders if she'll ever  
Come to know that he was there

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