

# Dusk

## Wilson

So I'm often told the dusk, it clears the way somehow  
Light between the leaves is casting this town green  
I'm on the fence, looking for some hope for us  
Now the day is done, the dusk descends  
There's nothing finer than the draw of summer's spell  
The Cypress trees are swaying in the drunken wind  
Your looks are kind  
These are the times  
I cannot refuse them  
Maybe there's no harm in trying  
Myriad of hope is coming soon  
Dusk is rolling in  
Dusk is rolling in  
Dusk is rolling in  
It rolls  
It rolls  
It rolls  
It rolls  
Dusk is rolling in  
Dusk is rolling in  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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