All My Love's Laughter

Art Garfunkel

All my love's laughter
All my love's faces
She comes in the morning
Her cloak in her arms
She's following after
The king of all places
And your tenderest warnin'
Could bruise all her charmBut don't lose your heart
To that beautiful sinner
Who walks without shining a light
She stands in the shade
And the sun is there in her
But you'll never know til it's nightAll my love's softness
All my love's graces
She carries all things
In her tiny white glove
She hides all her lostness
In satins and laces
And everyone says
She's searching for sweet loveBut don't try to hold on
To Satan's proud lady
Who stands with her flock
All alone on the hill
Her stockings are hung
And her eyes are so shady
She's winning, and you never will

Songwriters
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