

# Dark Night

MÃ~

hot air hangs like a dead man  
from a white oak tree  
people sitting on porches  
thinking how things used to be  
dark night  
dark nightthe neighborhood was changing  
strangers moving in  
a new boy fell for a local girl  
when she made eyes at himshe was young and pretty  
no stranger to other men  
but doors were being locked at night  
old lines were drawn again[Chorus]I thought things like that  
didn't matter anymore  
I thought all the blood  
had been shed long ago  
dark night  
dark nighthe took her to the outskirts  
and pledged his love to her  
they thought it was their secret  
but someone knew where they werehe held her so close  
he asked about her dreams  
there was a shot from a passing car  
and the young girl screamed[repeat chorus]

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