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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