The Night Descending

Iron & Wine

Black hair, the night descending
Baby never puts her trust in
Tight black tie too quick to laughter
Ain't no telling what he's afterFound a friend without religion
Riding on a stolen engine
Far too fast to pacify you
Ain't no telling what he's up toIn time, the night may soften
Trust that I'm still hoping, darling
Wooden coin, he called my daughter
No good knowing what came afterMet a man with missing fingers
Shaking hands with shaded strangers
Far too strong to pacify you
Ain't no telling what they're up toLate night, the cock crows shortly
Morning through the open doorway
All us servants beg the master
Ain't no knowing what he's afterIn a year of fallen angels
Broken hands and boys in danger
Pray the lord might pacify you
Ain't no telling what he's up to

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