# Silver Dagger

## Gillian Welch

I'm on the dark side of a hollow hill
The sun comes up, babe, but it's hard to get my fill
Your blue serape, it fits my mood
I'm through with Bibles and I'm through with food
Somebody's calling, trying to track me down
And if I don't answer, I'd hang around
I slide past lovers lost in the dark
I look for high ground for to build an ark

I can't remember when I felt so free
Maybe September, the year you believed in me
In 1900 and 99
When I found the angels a-drinking wine
Seems every castle is made of sand
The great destroyer sleeps in every man
Here comes my baby, here comes my man
With the silver dagger in his hand
Oooo oooo ooo
With that silver dagger in his hand
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