

Silver Eagle

Mark Knopfler

It was so late and she'd be sleeping
He came through her home town
With the moonlight on the crossroads
And the green light shining down
And the bell at the railroad crossing
And the horn from far away
And his Silver Eagle passing
Half a mile from where she lay

At his feet a sea of faces
Make devotions with their love
Clap their hands and plead their cases
Call for blessings from above
Like the rolling waves forever massing
To crash and foam and creep away
And the Silver Eagle passing
Half a mile from where she lay

Road signs flow into the headlights
Whisper names and fall behind
He finds some honor in the darkness
Hopes for grace and peace of mind
And he thinks of how they'd lay together
He'd run his fingers through her hair
And he wonders if she'll ever
Come to know that he was there