

# All My Love's Laughter

Art Garfunkel

All My Love's Laughter  
All my love's faces  
She comes in the morning  
Her cloak in her arms  
She's following after  
The King of all Places  
And your tenderest warnin'  
Could bruise all her charm

But don't lose your heart  
To that beautiful sinner  
Who walks without shining a light  
She stands in the shade  
And the sun is there in her  
But you'll never know til it's night

All my love's softness,  
All my love's graces  
She carries all things  
In her tiny white glove  
She hides all her lostness  
In satins and laces  
And everyone says  
She's searching for sweet love

But don't try to hold on  
To Satan's proud lady  
Who stands with her flock  
all alone on the hill  
Her stockings are hung  
And her eyes are so shady  
She's winning, and you never will.