

Night

Bill Callahan

We do not know how things work
We do not know where you go
In the night
Through the door
Through the door that holds you
Through the door that holds you
Out of the blue

We do not know
The door that holds you
Silent as glue

We stand under it
But we don't understand it
We stand under it
But we don't understand it
The door that holds you
Silent as glue

And stars fall on
Stars fall on
Silent as glue