

## Night

Corinne Bailey Rae

Oh, the night is full of miracles  
And silvered with cold  
High up on a hill the rest submit to sleep  
And we are alone

Can't you see the path that I've chosen?  
Won't you hold my hand until it's over  
And love has created

There was a cool wind  
There was a sharp sting  
But you held your courage  
What did the stars sing  
The night that I looked at you  
The night that I looked at you?  
It was more than my heart could do  
The night when I looked at

I folded you in a prayer with words so fine  
How could you refuse?  
My tears, they fell like diamonds in the light  
The wind was so cruel  
But I can see the kindness that burns in you  
I regard the way that you hold me as wonderful, magical

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