

## Dark Night

Dave Alvin

hot air hangs like a dead man  
from a white oak tree  
people sitting on porches  
thinking how things used to be  
dark night  
dark night

the neighborhood was changing  
strangers moving in  
a new boy fell for a local girl  
when she made eyes at him

she was young and pretty  
no stranger to other men  
but doors were being locked at night  
old lines were drawn again

CHORUS

I thought things like that  
didn't matter anymore  
I thought all the blood  
had been shed long ago  
dark night  
dark night

he took her to the outskirts  
and pledged his love to her  
they thought it was their secret  
but someone knew where they were

he held her so close  
he asked about her dreams  
there was a shot from a passing car  
and the young girl screamed  
REPEAT CHORUS