

## Silver Dagger

Gillian Welch

I'm on the dark side  
Of a hollow hill  
The sun comes up babe  
But its hard to get my fill  
Your blue zarape  
It fits my mood  
I'm through with bibles  
I'm through with food

Somebody's calling  
Trying to track me down  
And if i don't answer  
I'd hang around  
I'd slide past lovers  
Lost in the dark  
And i look for high ground  
For to build and ark

And i cant remember  
When i felt so free  
Maybe September  
The year you believed in me  
Nineteen hundred  
And ninety nine  
When i found the angels  
A-drinking wine

Seems every castle  
Is made of sand  
And the great destroyer  
Sleeps in every man  
Here comes my baby  
Here comes my man  
With that silver dagger  
in his hand

Whooo...  
With that silver dagger  
In his hand