

# The Night Descending

Iron & Wine

Black hair, the night descending  
Baby never puts her trust in  
Tight black tie too quick to laughter  
Ain't no telling what he's after

Found a friend without religion  
Riding on a stolen engine  
Far too fast to pacify you  
Ain't no telling what he's up to

In time, the night may soften  
Trust that I'm still hoping, darling  
Wooden coin, he called my daughter  
No good knowing what came after

Met a man with missing fingers  
Shaking hands with shaded strangers  
Far too strong to pacify you  
Ain't no telling what they're up to

Late night, the cock crows shortly  
Morning through the open doorway  
All us servants beg the master  
Ain't no knowing what he's after

In a year of fallen angels  
Broken hands and boys in danger  
Pray the lord might pacify you  
Ain't no telling what he's up to