

# The Lady Of The Night

John Hiatt

Oh the moon hangs down  
Like some old evening gown  
Forgotten by some lovely southern maiden

Oh the stars are her tears  
And the sky a skin of years  
That she has most graciously given

Now who am I  
To think that she might bat an eye  
At my heart that lay so dangerously open

'Neath the sweet magnolia tree  
The world's a fragrant memory  
And the lady of the night has finally spoken

She cries, oh, you are a leaf that the wind blows  
And you drift from place to place and you never know  
Well is it here that I will stay?  
Child, you must be on your way  
For you are now, but you know nothing of your sorrow

So I hover in the breath  
Between the birthday and the death  
And the hummingbird, he hovers o're the flower

Though the end is just a guest  
From one moment to the next  
I keep thinking there will be a final hour

She cries, oh, you are a leaf that the wind blows  
And you drift from place to place and you never know  
Well is it here that I will stay?  
Child, you must be on your way  
For you are now, but you know nothing of tomorrow

She cries, oh, you are a leaf that the wind blows  
And you drift from place to place and you never know  
Well is it here that I will stay?  
Child, you must be on your way