

# The Winding Sheet

Mark Lanegan

Saw God staring from the wall  
I was alone and lost  
Here to take me from this world  
Still alone and lost

Night when the dogs from hell come out  
Roam my house in chains of gold  
The darkness dares my eyes to close

Saw a ghost in the shadows smile  
I was sick in my soul  
All tied up in a winding sheet  
Still sick in my soul

Night when the dogs from hell come out  
Roam my house in chains of gold  
The darkness dares my eyes to close

With the setting sun  
With the setting sun  
With the setting sun

Tired I lay me back on thorns  
Full of fear in my head  
Lay me back so I could not rise  
Full of fear in my head

Night when the dogs from hell come out  
Roam my house in chains of gold  
The darkness dares my eyes to close  
With the setting sun rose with the setting sun

With the setting sun  
The night is born, my time has come  
With the setting sun  
With the setting sun

Jesus touch my hand  
Please touch my hand  
Please touch my hand  
With the setting sun