

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