

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