

# Darkest Hour

Arlo Guthrie

It's the tenth of January and I still ain't had no sleep  
She comes waltzing in the nighttime, made of wings  
She is dressed up like a bandit with a hundred sparkling rings  
Looking for my company to keep  
Coming closer to me, she doesn't say a word  
In the shadow of the carved rock tower  
Where the sounds of the night were the only things we heard  
In my darkest hour  
She don't want to hear no secrets, she would guarantee me that  
She knows there ain't no words that can describe her  
With her white silk scarves and her black Spanish hat  
She knows there ain't no way I can deny her  
Yes, her blue velvet perfume, filling up the night  
The guards are all asleep that watch the tower  
The moonlight held her breast as she easily undressed  
In my darkest hour Her father's in his chambers with his friends all gathered 'round  
They are plotting their enemy's demise  
With their last detail done, they await the coming sun  
While I am staring in my lover's eyes  
Her brothers and her sisters are all through for tonight  
Pretending that they've just come to power  
But she, far most of all, knows that they can only fall  
In my darkest hour  
Hungry wings, their melodies, while my love awakens me  
In the midst of the sunburst first light  
And her hands are holding up the skies as I hid my opened eyes  
Every move just for herself, and that's so right  
Soon I went along my way with no words that could explain  
As she began descending to the tower  
Her safety now concerns me, her circumstance to blame  
In my darkest hour

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