

# Silver Dagger

Gillian Welch

I'm on the dark side of a hollow hill  
The sun comes up, babe, but it's hard to get my fill  
Your blues are rapping and it fits my mood  
I'm through with Bibles and I'm through with food  
Somebody's calling, trying to track me down  
And if I don't answer, I'd hang around  
As side-passed lovers lost in the dark  
I look for high ground for to build an ark  
I can't remember when I felt so free  
Maybe September, the year you believed in me  
In 1900 and 99  
When I found the angels a-drinking wine  
Seems every castle is made of sand  
The great destroyer sleeps in every man  
Here comes my baby, here comes my man  
With the silver dagger in his hand  
Ooooh  
With that silver dagger in his hand

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>