

Night

Corinne Bailey Rae

Oh, the night is full of miracles
And silvered with cold
High up on a hill the rest submit to sleep
And we are alone

Can't you see the path that I've chosen?
Won't you hold my hand until it's over
And love has created

There was a cool wind
There was a sharp sting
But you held your courage
What did the stars sing
The night that I looked at you
The night that I looked at you?
It was more than my heart could do
The night when I looked at

I folded you in a prayer with words so fine
How could you refuse?
My tears, they fell like diamonds in the light
The wind was so cruel
But I can see the kindness that burns in you
I regard the way that you hold me as wonderful, magical

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