

Hour Of Gold

Emmylou Harris

I have seen your soul turn black
And then retreat
To that dark place where no one else may follow
I waited here for your returning
To roll your cigarette
And wash your bloodied feet

You have heard the silent running
Of my dreams
Broke me from the grip of grief and fever
With the sound of your voice speaking my name
And a kiss
That I will feel forever

In the hour of gold, the hour of lead
WG did forge our wedding bed
On a hard and holy road
We lay down our head
In the hour of gold, the hour of lead

I have watched you riding on
The wall of death
And when it finally breaks you and you fall
I will tear this dress of muslin that you gave me
To bind the fatal wound
And catch your last sweet breath

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We lay down our head
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But the world will be my witness when
They excavate my heart
And find the image of your face
Imprinted there like some Shroud of Turin
That neither time Nor tundra could erase

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