

## 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 tha hour of gold, the hour oi lead

I have watched you riding on  
The wall of death  
And when il 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

In the hour of gold, the hour of lead  
We 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

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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