When the Night is Done

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Beefore the light hits the keep, and the par-a-pet's flood-ed with gold; When I

see you a-sleep, and the grounds re-main qui-et and cold; When the air holds a chill that is

per-fect and still and the world's un-di-vid-ed-by ours, that's when the fear set-tles in. What if

"Lover"s a role that I've fash-ioned with rash and im-pru-dent de-light? What if ours is a stor-y book
İnever intended to write?  And suppose it began when your skin touched my skin and it burned like a fever inside...

Is that what happened last night?  Stars up above I know of the trouble I'm in!  What terror is this,
and what a delicious sin!

How close to hell and close love I've come

But will you still want me when the night is done?
But will you still want when the night is done?