

Black cat bone

Lee Rocker

New moon night, 'bout half past three
The people light, shining down on me
Sleeping under with a tree
There's a new moon night shining down on me

Got a black cat bone, ain't no monkey man
Like a rollin' stone, I'm a ramblin' man
Got a black cat bone, but I'm cold in hand
Don't take a stand

The whistle past the graveyard
The wind began to sing
The clocks just keep on ticking and the bells are gonna ring
The whistle past the graveyard
The wind began to sing
I got a black cat bone, so you can't see a thing

Maybe it's a story but I think it's the truth
The devil's at the crossroads
I heard him cuttin' the blues
Black cat bone in my motor sack
Got a guitar on my back

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The wind began to sing
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