

## Man in the Long Black Coat

Bob Dylan

Cricket's are chirpin' the water is high  
There's a soft cotton dress on the line hangin' dry  
Window wide open African trees  
Bent over backwards from a hurricane breeze  
Not a word of goodbye not even a note  
She gone with the man in the long black coat.

Somebody seen him hangin' around  
As the old dance hall on the outskirts of town  
He looked into her eyes when she stopped him to ask  
If he wanted to dance he had a face like a mask  
Somebody said from the bible he'd quote  
There was dust on the man in the long black coat.

Preacher was talking there's a sermon he gave  
He said every man's conscience is vile and depraved  
You cannot depend on it to be your guide  
When it's you who must keep it satisfied  
It ain't easy to swallow it sticks in the throat  
She gave her heart to the man in the long black coat.

There are no mistakes in life some people say  
It is true sometimes you can see it that way  
But people don't live or die people just float  
She went with the man in the long black coat.

There's smoke on the water it's been there since June  
Tree trunks unrooted beneath the high crescent moon  
Feel the pulse and vibration and the rumbling force  
Somebody is out there beating on a dead horse  
She never said nothing there was nothing she wrote  
She gone with the man in the long black coat.