

Abraham Lincoln

Clutch

Oh Abraham Lincoln, carried across the street.
Oh Abraham Lincoln, carried across the street.
The assassin, the coward,
shot him in the head.
The assassin, the serpent,
Struck him then he fled.

Oh many many many people, gather to hear the word.
Oh many many many people, tremble at what they've heard.
Snickering, drunkards, from cover of dark.
Treachery's their master,
murder is their heart.

From the table, rips his chair.
Cross the people on the stairs.
Watch the limbs running for.
All across a empty bar.

Oh Abraham Lincoln, buried him in his grave.
Oh Abraham Lincoln, buried him in his grave.
The assassin, the coward, no grave for you.
The assassin, the actor, no cross for you.

From the table, rips his chair.
Cross the people on the stairs.
Watch the limbs running for.
All across a empty bar.