

Man In The Long Black Coat

Joan Osborne

Cricketts are chirpin' the water is high
There's a soft cotton dress on the line hangin' dry
Window's wide open African trees
Bent over backwards in a hurricane breeze
Not a word, a goodbye, not even a note

She's gone with the man in the long black coat
Somebody seem him hangin' around
At 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 quote

There was dust on the man in the long black coat
Preacher was talkin' 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 give her heart to the man in the long black coat
One, two...
There are no mistakes in life some people say
It's true sometimes you can see it that way
People don't live or die, people just float
She give her heart to the man in the long black coat

There's smoke on the water, it's been there since June
Tree trunks uprooted in the high crescent moon
Hear the pulse and vibrations and the rumblin' force
Somebody's out there beating on a dead horse
She never said nothin', there was nothin' she wrote

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