

Epitaph (Black and Blue)

Kris Kristofferson

Her close friends have gathered
Lord, ain't it a shame
Grievin' together
Sharin' the blame

But when she was dyin'
Lord, we let her down
There's no use cryin'
It can't help her now

The party's all over
Drink up and go home
It's too late to love her
And leave her alone

Just say she was someone
Lord, so far from home
Whose life was so lonesome
She died all alone

Who dreamed pretty dreams
That never came true
Lord, why was she born
So black and blue

Oh, why was she born
So black and blue