

## Long Time Dead

L.A. Guns

When I came down to your riverside  
And saw you standing there  
Pocketful of moonbeams  
You had henna in your hair

And I never felt so lonely  
Got the feeling I can't shed  
It might seem like a premonition  
But you're a long time dead

Gonna be a long time dead  
Misery, the devil's in my head

The seasons had already turned  
The wind began to howl  
A change of fortune is what I need  
And there was little doubt

That they had never heard my testimony  
Not a single word I said  
Well, the judge, he whispered in my ears  
Gonna be a long time dead

Gonna be a long time dead  
Misery, the devil's in my head

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And I saw you standing there  
Pocketful of moonbeams  
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Got the feeling I can't shed  
It might seem like a premonition  
But a long time dead

Gonna be, gonna be a long time dead  
A long time dead