

Black Girl

Marianne Faithfull

Black girl, black girl, don't you lie to me
Tell me where did you sleep last night ?
In the pines, in the pines
Where the sun never shines
And I shivered the whole night long.

Tell me where did you get that pretty little dress
And those shoes that you wear so fine ?
I got my dress from a railroad man
And my shoes from a driver deep in the mine.

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