

The Man In The Long Black Coat

Stan Ridgway

Cricketts are chirpin'
The water is high
There's a soft cotton dress
On the line hangin' dry
The windows wide open
African trees
Bent over backward
In a hurricane breeze
Not a word of goodbye
Not even a note
She's gone with the man
In the long black coat

Somebody seen him
Hangin' around
At the old dancehall
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 quoth
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 & 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 gave her heart to the man
In the long black coat

"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 left with 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 & vibration
And the rumbling force
Somebody's out there
Beating on a dead horse
She never said nothing

There was nothing she wrote
She's gone with the man
In the long black coat