

Long Black Veil

The Walkabouts

Beyond the reach
There are rows of tender hooks
Where nothing seems
To justify a second look
And not a soul is found
To tear them hooks on down
Famous times
Tattooed on this burlap skin
And gun cold days
Shot to pieces above my head
Now tell who's that clown
Who pulled this veil on down
Long black veil
Long black
Long black veil
Long black
If light's a brighter grey
Please then turn it up
This whole town wears its veil down
And wrestles with some all-night clown
And he don't sleep
And he don't sleep
Long black veil
Long black
Long black veil
Long black
Long black veil
Long black
Long black veil
Tell me long black