

Kingston Town

UFO

I hear they hung the jailer
The messenger is dead
The piano player's singing
To the lovers in his bed
This road is winding back
And there's no end in sight
No sign of our dead Lord
To guide us through this starless night

And through every open doorway
You can choose
And sometimes you win it
And sometimes you lose

This one's for Rosaleen
With a bullet through a breast
This one's for you, my uninvited guest
Oh now my beauty lies
So deep in her sleep
Will some angel keep her spirit sweet

And the simple things to say
Don't always work out that way
The touching of our souls
They don't drift away

I am going, I am going to Kingston town
Fine Spanish lace and a wedding gown
I am going, I am going to Kingston town
Jamaican rum and a princess crown