

## 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