Three Verses

Confederate Railroad

He had a Martin, I had a fender
We were thirteen years of age
Out back in the tool shed
We were searching for a sound
Every day all through that summer
We'd rock 'n' roll 'n' rage
All the neighbors kept complaining
But it never slowed us downWe sang three verses of Dixie
Can't get no satisfaction
Rainy day women numbers 12 and 35
Try a little tenderness
A whiter shade of pale
Turn turn turn
For what it's worth
And long black veilWe moved out to California
Shooting for the stars
The biggest thing since Elvis
Nothing could go wrong
But they took us for all our money
And everything else we owned
So we got ourselves some whiskey
And we drank it all night longWe sang three verses of Dixie
Can't get no satisfaction
Rainy day women
And a bad moon on the rise
Try a little tenderness
A whiter shade of pale
Turn turn turn
For what it's worth
And long black veilOh, he never quite got over it
And we went our separate ways
He traded in his music
For cocaine nights and reckless days
Still I knew he always wanted
To make one last journey homeNear a small white church in the valley
Beneath a wooden bridge
Patiently we waited on that cold Alabama ground
And the preacher he started preaching
About our life and about out times

The sun was slowly sinking
As we laid his body downAnd we sang three verses of Dixie
What a friend we have in Jesus
Walk in the garden
And the old rugged cross
Try a little tenderness
A whiter shade of pale
Turn turn turn
For what it's worth
And long black veil
We sing long black veil
We sing long black veil

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