

Abraham Lincoln

AntÃ²nia Font

Oh Abraham Lincoln carried across the street
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The assassin, the coward shot him in the head
The assassin, the serpent struck him then he fled
Oh many, many, many people gather to hear the word
Oh many, many, many people tremble at what they've heard
Snickering drunkards from cover of dark
Treachery's their master, murder in their heart
From the table rips his chair
Cross the people on the stairs
Watch the limbs runnin' for
All across the empty bar
Oh Abraham Lincoln, buried him in his grave
Oh Abraham Lincoln, buried him in his grave
The assassin, the coward, no grave for you
The assassin, the actor, no cross for you
From the table rips his chair
Cross the people on the stairs
Watch the limbs runnin' for
All across the empty bar

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