Lon Chaney

Garland Jeffreys

Oh Lon Chaney,
where you been so long?
Sit right down
and let me sing you a song.
I seen you on a movie in my room.Oh Lon Chaney,
with the velvet touch,
a silver dagger and a black man's crutch.
Now's the time to come out from your tomb.
You look so sad,
with a face of stone,
with a hunchback's eye you live.Oh Lon Chaney,
with the velvet touch,
a gypsy woman that you love so much.
Say goodbye,
you're cured,
you're free at last.Oh Lon Chaney,
what's to hold you back?
The Wolfman's dead
and the old black cat is gone,
like a memory faded from your past.
You look so sad,
with a face of stone,
just skin and bone.
You're all alone,
with a hunchback's eye you live.

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