

# Time Long Time Dead

## L.A. Guns

When I came down to your riverside  
And saw you standing there  
Pocketful of Moonbeams  
You had henna in your hair  
And I never felt so lonely  
Got the feeling I can't shed  
It might seem like a premonition  
But you're a long time deadGonna be a long time dead  
Misery the devil's in my headThe seasons had already turned  
The wind began to howl  
A change of fortune is what I need  
And there was little doubt  
That they had never heard my testimony  
Not a single word I said  
Well the judge he whispered in my ear  
Gonna be a long time deadGonna be a long time dead  
Misery the devil's in my headWhen I came down to your riverside  
And saw you standing there  
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Songwriters

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