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 hairAnd 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 doubtThat they had never heard my testimony
Not a single word I said
Well, the judge, he whispered in my ears
Gonna be a long time deadGonna be a long time dead
Misery, the devil's in my headCame down to your riverside
And I saw you standing there
Pocketful of moonbeams
You had henna in your hairAnd I never felt so lonely
Got the feeling I can't shed
It might seem like a premonition
But a long time deadGonna be, gonna be a long time dead
A long time dead

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