

Man In The Long Black Coat

Joan Osborne

The crickets are chirpin
The water is hight
There's a soft cotton dress on the line hangin dry
The window's wide open
African trees
Bent over backwards in a hurricane breeze

Not a word of goodbye
Note even a note
She's gone with the man in the long black coat

The preacher was talkin
There's a sermon he gave
He said "Every man's conscience is vile and depraved
You cannot depend on it to be your guide
When it's you who must keep it satisfied"

It ain't easy to swallow
It sticks in the throat
She's gone with the man in the long black coat

Somebody seen him hangin around
At the old dance hall on the outskirts of town
He looked in her eyes when she stopped him to ask
If he wanted to dance he had a face like a mask

She never said nothin
There's nothin she wrote
She's gone with the man in the long black coat

One two
There are no mistakes in life
Some people say it's true sometimes
You can see it that way

People don't live or die
People just float
She's gone with the man in the long black coat

There's smoke on the water

It's been there since June
Tree trunks uprooted in the high crescent moon
In the pulse and vibration and tremblin force
Someone's out there beatin on a dead horse

She never said nothin
There was nothin she wrote
She's gone with the man in the long black coat

She's gone
She's gone
Gone with the man in the long black coat

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