Luther Lane

Cherry Poppin' Daddies

Buried in a field of crosses the ghost of an American son
Seventeen at Vicksburg when he heard the thunder of the guns
and his friends were all there with him when they laid him
beneath the frost the preacher said
The brotherhood of battle is always greater than the cause
Nightmare of blastin' light ashes in the wind
I couldn't find him to say good-bye he was my only friend
All the kinfolk met the train that carried Luther Lane
I had a few in his name I got good and drunk for Luther Lane
Six white horses pulled the carriage
the band played Nearer My God to Thee
And all the children were starin', Luther, at the missin' part of me
I got an all a sudden taste for whiskey as I was cold and it was gettin'
late
I know I shouldn't a done it but I nicked a buck off the collection
plate
Gendarme he grabbed my arm and dragged me off to jail
I'm sittin' here, one-legged, Luther
I know you woulda posted bail.
All the kinfolk met the train that carried Luther Lane
I had a few in his name
You sure did make it tough for Job and me, my Lord
Two bodies fell as one casualty of war
I shoulda gone down under the ground with all the corps
When you've survived enough it's not enough for some
Lord I know
All the kinfolk met the train that carried Luther Lane
I had a few in his name I got good and drunk for old Luther Lane
For old Luther Lane
For old Luther Lane
For old Luther Lane

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/