

Abraham Lincoln

Holopaw

Oh Abraham Lincoln carried across the street
Oh Abraham Lincoln carried across the street
The assassin, the coward shot him in the head

The assassin, the serpent struck him then he fled
Oh many, many, many people gather to hear the word
 Oh many, many, many people tremble at what they've heard

 Snickering drunkards from cover of dark

Treachery's their master, murder in their heart
From the table rips his chair
 Cross the people on the stairs
 Watch the limbs runnin' for

All across the empty bar
Oh Abraham Lincoln, buried him in his grave
 Oh Abraham Lincoln, buried him in his grave

 The assassin, the coward, no grave for you

The assassin, the actor, no cross for you
From the table rips his chair
 Cross the people on the stairs
 Watch the limbs runnin' for
 All across the empty bar

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