

# 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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