

# Man in Black

## Route 67

Well, you wonder why I always dress in black  
Why you never see bright colors on my back  
And why does my appearance seem to have a somber tone  
Well, there's a reason for the things that I have on I wear the black for the poor and the beaten down  
Livin' in the hopeless, hungry side of town  
I wear it for the prisoner who is long paid for his crime  
But is there because he's a victim of the times I wear the black for those who've never read  
Or listened to the words that Jesus said  
About the road to happiness through love and charity  
Why, you'd think He's talking straight to you and me Well, we're doin' mighty fine, I do suppose  
In our streak of lightnin' cars and fancy clothes  
But just so we're reminded of the ones who are held back  
Up front there ought to be a Man In Black I wear it for the sick and lonely old  
For the reckless ones whose bad trip left them cold  
I wear the black in mournin' for the lives that could have been  
Each week we lose a hundred fine young men And I wear it for the thousands who have died  
Believin' that the Lord was on their side  
I wear it for another hundred thousand who have died  
Believin' that we all were on their side Well, there's things that never will be right I know  
And things need changin' everywhere you go  
But 'til we start to make a move to make a few things right  
You'll never see me wear a suit of white Ah, I'd love to wear a rainbow every day  
And tell the world that everything's okay  
But I'll try to carry off a little darkness on my back  
Till things are brighter, I'm the Man In Black

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