

Epitaph (Black and Blue)

Kris Kristofferson

Her close friends have gathered
Lord, ain't it a shame?
Grieving together
Sharing the blameBut when she was dying
Lord, we let her down
There's no use cryin'
It can't help her nowThe party's all over
Drink up and go home
It's too late to love her
And leave her aloneJust say she was someone
Lord, so far from home
Whose life was so lonesome
She died all aloneWho dreamed pretty dreams
That never came true
Lord, why was she born
So black and blue?
Oh, why was she born
So black and blue?

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