

# Abraham Lincoln

## Electric Needle Room

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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