

Connie Smith, Long Black Limousine

There's a long line of mourners comin' down our little street
Their fancy cars are such a sight to see
They're all of your rich friends who knew you in the city
And now they finally brought you on to me
When you left you told me someday you'd be returning
In a fancy car for all the town to see
Now everyone is watching you finally got your dream
You're riding in that long black limousine
The papers told of how you lost your life the party and the fatal crash that night
The race upon the highway the curve you didn't see
And now you're in that long black limousine
Through tear dimmed eyes I watch as you ride by
The chauffeur at the wheel dressed up so fine
I'll never love another my heart and all my dreams
Are with you in that long black limousine hmm hmm