

Cream, Weird Of Hermiston

I'm goin' to a wedding
I'm going to a wedding dressed in black

I'm going to a party
Going to party, won't be back
Cause I'm not going with you
No

Trees are no longer a comfort
Messages sad in the wires
My hair is hung down
With the blackest of rain that I'm feeling

I'm going to the river
I'm going to the river wash my tears

I'm going to the mountains
Going to the mountains cool my fears
That I'm not going with you
No

Skies are no longer a comfort
Leaves turning black in the autumn
The corn is hung down
With the heaviest rain I am feeling

I'm going to a fun'ral
I'm going to a fun'ral dressed in white

I'm going to a nightclub
I'm going to a nightclub sleep with night
And I'm not going with you
No

Love is no longer a comfort
Fantastic times are forgotten
My heart is hung down
With the saddest of rain that I'm feeling