

One Bad Pig, The Man In Black

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
Theres a reason for the things that I have on

I wear the black for the poor and beaten-down
Livin on the hopeless, hungry side of town
I weat it for the prisoners who has long paid for his crime
But is there because hes a victim of the times

Im the man...

Well I wear the black for those whove never read
Or listened to the words that Jesus said
About the road to happiness, throughr love and charity
Why do you think Hes talkin straight to you and me

Were doing mighty fine I do suppose
In our streak-a-lightnin cars and fancy clothes
But, just so were reminded of the ones who are held back
Up front there ought to be a man in black

Im the man, Im the man in black
Im the man, Im the 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 mourning for the lifes tha could have been
Each week we lose a hundred fine young men

Well, theres things that never will be right, I know
And things need changin everywhere we go
But til we start to make a move, to make a few things right
Youll never see me wear a suite of white

Oh, Id love to wear a rainbow every day
And tell the world that everythings O.K.
But Ill try to carry off a little darkness on my back
`Til things are brighter, Im the man in black

Im the man, the man in black
Oh yeah, Im the man, the man in black...