

# The Black League, Many a Good Man

There's a man in the woods upon that hill  
With a rope in his hands, with a will to kill some time:  
To kill his only thing!  
The thing that kept him moving on  
In a life that was moving towards its end  
From the beginning anyway...  
The day is hot - He's so cold  
He is too young - But feels so old  
And far from being beautiful and bold!  
Help - There ain't none for him  
He's lost and he is done with it forever and for good  
Made up his mind, oh yes!

Black soul - Blue skies  
Cold sweat and dead inside  
A wrong man in a big bad land  
Where many a good man failed

There's a man in the woods upon that hill  
Determined to be doing the right thing  
He's got a mission to fulfill now!  
'Cos everyone's got the right to be a sucker once or twice  
But this here man has lost his count so long a go!  
That same ol' shit from day to day  
What purpose does he have to stay here  
Struggling one more day?  
Well, get away...get away...  
Them flies all buzzing round his neck  
And sweat is running down like hell  
While the sun is shining hotter than in ages!

Black soul - Blue skies  
Cold sweat and dead inside  
A wrong man in a big bad land  
Where many a good man failed

He goes alone... He goes by his own way...  
All alone in this vast land  
Where many a good man failed

Now there's a man in the woods...just swinging in the rain  
They found him just today...  
And noone seems to know his name or his face...

Black soul - Blue skies  
Cold sweat and dead inside  
Just a man in a big bad land  
Where many a good man failed

They go alone...From cradle to their graves...  
Every day in this vast land  
Where many a good man failed