

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