

Blackie And The Rodeo Kings, Tombstone

It's impatience that's holding back the clocks
It's a life of dates and documents
The soul searchers wheel and deal
If you're looking for repentance
They'll hand you down a sentence

Far away in Pittsburgh or Paris
Love's for sale and so reasonably priced
The answers few and far between
It's just bedsheets my friend
They're blowing in the wind

Tombstone, tombstone
I know your face one day I'll meet you
Down at that special place
The hard earned wisdom
Of the night is all for hire
And I can't tell a shooting star from a bird on fire

Tombstone, tombstone

There's a pump organ lives on air
And I can hear it from the market place
Wailing mourners in the crowd
Someone went over the line
Where our burning paths combine

The parishioners pour into the square
Thinking there but for His grace go I
But there among the deafened ears(?)
The neediest of sinners will forget it before dinner

Tombstone, tombstone etc..

Are you the jailer
Or will you set me free
How many misdemeanors
In one felony
Tombstone

Tombstone