

# Cherry Poppin' Daddies, Luther Lane

Buried in a field of crosses, the ghost of an American son  
Seventeen at Vicksburg when he heard the thunder of the guns  
And his friends were all there with him when they laid him beneath the frost  
The preacher said ..The brotherhood of battle is always greater then the cause

Nightmare of blastin' light, ashes in the wind  
I couldn't find him to say goodbye; he was my only friend  
All the kinfolk met the train that carried Luther Lane  
I had a few in his name; I got good and drunk for Luther Lane

Six white horses pulled the carriage the band played nearer my God to thee  
And all the children were starin', Luther, the missing part of me  
I got an all of a sudden taste for whiskey as I was cold and it was gettin' late  
I know I shouldn't have done it but I nicked a buck off the collection plate

Gendarme he grabbed my arm and dragged me off to jail  
I'm sittin here one-legged Luther  
I know you woulda posted bail

All the kinfolk met the train that carried Luther Lane  
I had a few in his name; I got good and drunk for Luther Lane

You sure did make it tough for Job and me, my Lord  
Two bodies fell as one casualty of war  
I shoulda gone down under the ground with all the corps  
When you've survived enough it's not enough for some Lord I know