

# Stan Ridgway, The Man In The Long Black Coat

Crickets are chirpin'  
The water is high  
There's a soft cotton dress  
On the line hangin' dry  
The windows wide open  
African trees  
Bent over backward  
In a hurricane breeze  
Not a word of goodbye  
Not even a note  
She's gone with the man  
In the long black coat

Somebody seen him  
Hangin' around  
At the old dancehall  
On the outskirts of town  
He looked into her eyes  
When she stopped him to ask  
If he wanted to dance  
He had a face like a mask  
Somebody said  
From the Bible he quoth  
There was dust on the man  
In the long black coat

Preacher was talkin'  
There's a sermon he gave  
He said, "every man's conscience  
Is vile & depraved.  
You cannot depend on it

To be your guide  
When it's you  
Who must keep it satisfied."  
It ain't easy to swallow  
It sticks in the throat  
She gave her heart to the man  
In the long black coat

"there are no mistakes in life,"  
Some people say  
It's true sometimes  
You can see it that way  
People don't live or die  
People just float  
She left with the man  
In the long black coat

There's smoke on the water  
It's been there since june  
Tree trunks uprooted  
In the high crescent moon  
Hear the pulse & vibration  
And the rumbling force  
Somebody's out there  
Beating on a dead horse  
She never said nothing  
There was nothing she wrote  
She's gone with the man  
In the long black coat