

Steve Hackett, Man In The Long Black Coat

Crickets are chirping the water is high
There's a soft cotton dress on the line hanging dry
Windows wide open African trees
Bent over backward from a hurricane breeze

Not a word of goodbye not even a note
She gone with the man in the long black coat

Somebody seen him hanging around
At the old dance hall on the outskirts of town
He looked into her eyes when she stopped him to ask
If she wanted to dance he had a face like a mask

Somebody said from The Bible he quote
There was dust on the man in the long black coat

Preacher was a talking there's a sermon he gave
He said every man's conscience is vile and depraved
You cannot depend on it to be your guide
When its you who must keep it satisfied

It ain't easy to swallow it sticks in the throat
To give her heart to the man in the long black coat

There are no mistakes in life some people say
And its true sometimes you can see it that way
Well people don't live or die people just float
She went with the man in the long black coat

There's smoke on the water it's been there since June
Tree trunks uprooted neath the high crescent moon
With a pulse and vibration and the rumbling force
Someone is out there beating on a dead horse

She never said nothing there was nothing she wrote
She gone with the man in the long black coat