

# Walkabouts, Long Black Veil

Beyond the reach  
There are rows of tender hooks  
Where nothing seems  
To justify a second look  
And not a soul is found  
To tear them hooks on down

Famous times  
Tattooed on this burlap skin  
And gun cold days  
Shot to pieces above my head  
Now tell who's that clown  
Who pulled this veil on down

Long black veil  
Long black  
Long black veil  
Long black

If light's a brighter grey  
Please then turn it up  
This whole town wears its veil down  
And wrestles with some all-night clown  
And he don't sleep  
And he don't sleep

Long black veil  
Long black  
Long black veil  
Long black  
Long black veil  
Long black  
Long black veil  
Tell me long black