

# Man In The Long Black Coat

Mark Lanegan

Cricket's are chirpin' the water is high  
There's a soft cotton dress on the line hangin' dry  
Windows wide open African trees  
Are bent over backwards 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 hangin' around  
At the old dance hall 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'd quote  
There was dust on the man in the long black coat

Preacher was 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 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 is true sometimes you can see it that way  
But 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 beneath the high crescent moon  
Feel the pulse and vibration and the rumbling force  
Somebody 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