

The Ghost And The Black Hat

The Go-Betweens

A widow's life is no life at all
Look said the ghost, there in the hall
Her big brown eyes
And northern beer
Pulled her through her living years

Won't you wear the
Won't you wear the
Won't you wear the

The gravedigger's work is almost done
A hole in the ground spits dirt at the sun
The water-tank is dirty and dry
Dust from the creek covers the sky

Won't you wear the
Won't you wear the
Won't you wear the

Five years without a sound
The railroad's melted down
Ten years further on
A husband in the ground

Won't you wear the
Won't you wear the
Won't you wear the, black hat