

Long Black Limousine

George Hamilton IV

There's a long line of mourners driving down our little street
Their fancy cars are such a sight to see
They're all of your rich friends that knew you in the city
And now they finally brought you on to me
When you left you told me someday you'd be returnin'
In a fancy car for all the town to see
Now everybody's watching you finally got your dream
You're riding in a long black limousine
The papers told of how you lost your life
The party and the fatal crash that night
The race upon the highway the curve you didn't see
And now you're in that long black limousine
[steel]
Through tear dimmed eyes I watch as you ride by
A chauffer at the wheel dressed up so fine
I'll never love another my heart and all my dreams
Are with you in that long black limousine