

# Long Black Limousine

Keith Whitley

There's a long line of mourners coming down our street  
Their fancy cars are such a sight to see  
They're all of your rich friends that you knew in the city  
And now they finally brought you on to me

The papers told of how you lost your life  
Of the party and the fatal crash that night  
The race on the highway the curve nobody seen  
Now you're ridin' in that long black limousine

When you left home you told me someday you'd be returnin'  
In a fancy car for all the world to see  
Now everybody's watching I guess you got your dream  
Cause you're ridin' in a long black limousine

Through tears I watched you ride by  
With a chauffer at the wheel dressed up so fine  
I'll never love another my heart and all my dreams  
Ride with you in that long black limousine

I'll never love another my heart and all my dreams  
Ride with you in that long black limousine