

# Black Rose

Scott Walker

Way down in Virginia, 'mongst the tall-grown sugar cane  
Lived a simple-headed man and a diamond neck ta him  
And a rose of a different name

Well, the first time I felt lightnin'  
I was standin' in the pourin' rain  
With a tremblin' hand and a bottle of jam  
And a rose of a different name

Well, the devil made me do it the first time  
The second time, I done it on my own  
Lord, put a handle o this simple-headed man  
Help me leave this black rose alone

Well, the devil made that woman  
Lord, he threw the pattern away  
She were built for speed with the tool you need  
To make a new fool every day

Well, way down deep an' dirty  
On the dark-haired side o' shame  
You'll find this clean-cut man, doin' it again  
With a rose of a different name

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