

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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