

In a Tin Flask

The Black Heart Procession

I can't remember when she went away
but I'll keep a light on beside my bed
the pillow soft and the blanket warm
I have walked the old winding road
has anybody seen a love alone as mine
searched her grave and across the plains
beneath the sea but I still can't find her
has anybody seen my queen of grace
I can't remember when she left
without her to hold what use are my arms
can somebody point the way
I have walked that old winding road
has anybody seen a love alone like mine
searched her grave and across the plains
beneath the sea but I still can't find her
I can't remember why she left
I just know she's far away
and I won't find her in the corner
in a tin flask from my coat