'Death letter' - Cassandra Wilson

I got a letter this mornin, How do you reckon it read? It said, "Hurry, hurry, yeah, Your love is dead" I got a letter this mornin, I say how do you reckon it read? You know, it said, "Hurry, hurry, How come the man you love is dead?" Well, I grabbed up my suitcase, And took off down the road When I got there he was layin On the coolin board I grabbed up my suitcase, And I took off down the road I said, but when I got there he was layin On a coolin board Well, I walked up right close, Looked down in his face Said, the good ole boy got to lay here Til the Judgment Day I looked down in his face Good ole boy, he got to lay here Til the Judgment Day Looked like there was 10,000 people Standin round the buryin ground I didn't know I loved him Til they laid him down Looked like 10,000 people Standin round the buryin ground You know I didn't know I loved him Til they damn laid him down Got up this mornin', at the break of day A-huggin' the pillow where my man used to lay I said (???), the break of day A-huggin' the pillow

That my good man used to lay Oh hush Thought I heard him call my name Once aloud, so nice and plain





Słowa: brak danych Muzyka: brak danych