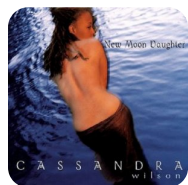


'Death letter' – Cassandra Wilson

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