

The Beatles Revival Band

"Dressed In Black"

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Rows of bodies dressed in black
The sound of death and colored glass
We cry, she's passed
We admit in consequence
Someone else or something is to blame for this
But know your death awaits
So face the night alone and say hello to that day
Tears are so in vain
When we say we're not afraid of anithin 'til that day
And its' easier to thinki that she's left us for a better
place than this
Cause we're all scared and buried souls
We are killers hiding in the cold
In the cold

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