

Dottie West

"Long Black Limousine"

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There's a long line of mourners driving down our little street
Their fancy cars are such a sight to see
They're all of your rich friends her knew you in the city
And now they finally, oh, they've brought you back home to me

When you left me you told me that someday you'd be returning
In a fancy car for all our town to see
Now everyone is watching, you finally got your dream
For you're riding in a long black limousine

All the papers told of how you lost your life
Of the party and that fatal crash that night
'Bout the race upon the highway and that curve you didn't see
And now you're riding in a long black limousine

Now through tear dimmed eyes I watch as you ride by
With the chauffeur at the wheel he's dressed so fine
Oh but I'll never love another cause my heart and my every dream
Ride with you in that long black limousine
Ride with you in that long black limousine

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