

Go-Betweens

"The Ghost And The Black Hat"

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A widow's life is no life at all
Look said the ghost, "There in the hall
Her big brown eyes and northern beer
Pulled her through her living years"

Won't you wear the?
Won't you wear the?
Won't you wear the?

The gravedigger's work is almost done
A hole in the ground spits dirt at the sun
The water-tank is dirty and dry
Dust from the creek covers the sky

Won't you wear the?
Won't you wear the?
Won't you wear the?

Five years without a sound
The railroad's melted down
Ten years further on
A husband in the ground

Won't you wear the?
Won't you wear the?
Won't you wear the?
Black hat
Black hat

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