

## **Brown Sam "Henry"**

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In your slate grey suit and black  
brogue shoes little horn rimmed glasses  
you've got nothing to lose. But it's just  
like a curse when you're the owner of a  
hearse. You won't get very far in your long  
black car  
You make me shiver Henry  
down at the mortuary  
you're not just ordinary  
and I get all in a dream  
although you bring me roses  
I'll have to think it over  
you're not quite Casanova  
but I get all in a dream  
You're there all alone with your skin and  
your bones and the man in the back  
wants it all painted black  
You make me shiver Henry  
down at the mortuary  
you're not just ordinary  
and I get all in a dream  
although you bring me roses  
I'll have to think it over  
you're not quite Casanova  
but I get all in a dream

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