

## Cherry Monroe

### "Luther Lane"

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Buried in a field of crosses the ghost of an American  
son  
Seventeen at Vicksburg when he heard the thunder of  
the guns  
And his friends were all there with him when they laid  
him  
Beneath the frost the preacher said  
The brotherhood of battle is always greater than the  
cause  
Nightmare of blazin' light ashes in the wind  
I couldn't find him to say good-bye he was my only  
friend  
All the kinfolk met the train that carried Luther Lane  
I had a few in his name I got good and drunk for Luther  
Lane  
Six white horses pulled the carriage  
The band played Nearer My God to Thee  
And all the children were starin', Luther, at the missin'  
part of me  
I got an all a sudden taste for whiskey as I was cold  
and it was gettin'  
Late  
I know I shouldn't a done it but I nicked a buck off the  
collection  
Plate  
Gendarme he grabbed my arm and dragged me off to  
jail  
I'm sittin' here, one-legged, Luther  
I know you woulda posted bail.  
All the kinfolk met the train that carried Luther Lane  
I had a few in his name  
You sure did make it tough for Job and me, my Lord  
Two bodies fell as one casualty of war  
I shoulda gone down under the ground with all the  
corps  
When you've survived enough it's not enough for some  
Lord I know  
All the kinfolk met the train that carried Luther Lane  
I had a few in his name I got good and drunk for old  
Luther Lane  
For old Luther Lane

For old Luther Lane  
For old Luther Lane

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