

## Confederate Railroad "Three Verses"

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He had a Martin, I had a fender  
We were thirteen years of age  
Out back in the tool shed  
We were searching for a sound  
Every day all through that summer  
We'd rock 'n' roll 'n' rage  
All the neighbors kept complaining  
But it never slowed us down

We sang three verses of Dixie  
Can't get no satisfaction  
Rainy day women numbers 12 and 35  
Try a little tenderness  
A whiter shade of pale  
Turn turn turn  
For what it's worth  
And long black veil

We moved out to California  
Shooting for the stars  
The biggest thing since Elvis  
Nothing could go wrong  
But they took us for all our money  
And everything else we owned  
So we got ourselves some whiskey  
And we drank it all night long

We sang three verses of Dixie  
Can't get no satisfaction  
Rainy day women  
And a bad moon on the rise

Try a little tenderness  
A whiter shade of pale  
Turn turn turn  
For what it's worth  
And long black veil

Oh, he never quite got over it  
And we went our separate ways  
He traded in his music  
For cocaine nights and reckless days

Still I knew he always wanted  
To make one last journey home

Near a small white church in the valley  
Beneath a wooden bridge  
Patiently we waited on that cold Alabama ground  
And the preacher he started preaching  
About our life and about our times  
The sun was slowly sinking  
As we laid his body down

And we sang three verses of Dixie  
What a friend we have in Jesus  
Walk in the garden  
And the old rugged cross  
Try a little tenderness  
A whiter shade of pale  
Turn turn turn  
For what it's worth  
And long black veil  
We sing long black veil  
We sing long black veil

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