

Sam Brown "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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