

The Band

"Tombstone"

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It's impatience that's holding back the clocks
It's a life of dates and documents
The soul searchers wheel and deal
If you're looking for repentance
They'll hand you down a sentence

Far away in Pittsburg or Paris
Love's for sale and so reasonably priced
The answers are few and far between
It just bed sheets, my friend
They're blowin' in the wind

Chorus

Tombstone, Tombstone I know your face
One day I'll meet you down at that special place
The hard-earned wisdom of the night is all for hire
And I can't tell a shooting star from a bird on fire
Tombstone, Tombstone
Tombstone, Tombstone

There's a pump organ that lives on air
I can hear it from the market place
Pallid mourners in the crowd
Some are withered but alive
Where a burnin' past can find

The parishioners pour into the square
Thinking there before his grace go I
By they are mum with deafened ears
The neediest of sinners
Will forget it before dinner

Chorus

Tombstone, Tombstone
I know your face
One day I'll meet you down at that special place
The hard-earned wisdom of the night is all for hire
And I can't tell a shooting star from a bird on fire
Tombstone, Tombstone
Tombstone, Tombstone

Are you the jailer or will you set me free
How many misdemeanors can one felony
Tombstone

Chorus

Tombstone, Tombstone

I know your face

One day I'll meet you down at that special place

The hard-earned wisdom of the night is all for hire

And I can't tell a shooting star from a bird on fire

Tombstone, Tombstone

Tombstone, Tombstone

Tombstone, Tombstone

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