

Stonewall Jackson

"Fall That Pride Goes Before"

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(Neal Merritt)

It's dark and it's cold on the street where I stand
And the pawnshop is closing its door
In the window's the ring you once wore on your hand
So this is the fall that pride goes before.

I said that I'd see you come beg for it back
But you just threw your ring on the floor
It's the last thing I had but the clothes on my back
So this is the fall that pride goes before.

I stumbled and fell without your hand to hold
Like a blind man that loses his cane
I must have a bottle to keep off the cold
And pretend I'm not going insane.

Tomorrow somebody may give me a dime
Then I'll keep it till I get three more
And I'll buy me a bottle of forty cent wine
So this is the fall that pride goes before.

So this is the fall that pride goes before...

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