

Well, you **wonder** why I always dress in black
 Why you **never** see bright colors on my **back** ...
 And **why** does my ap-pear-ance seem to **have** a somber **tone**
 Well, there's a **reason** for the things that I have **on**

/ G - - - / - - A7 - / C G C G / A7 - D7 - /

I **wear** the black for the poor and the beaten down
Livin' in the hopeless, hungry side of **town**
 I **wear** it for the **prisoner** who is **long** paid for his **crime**
 But is **there** because he's a victim of the **times**

I wear the black for those who've never read
 Or listened to the words that Jesus said
 About the road to happiness through love and charity
 Why, you'd think He's talking straight to you and me

Well, we're doin' mighty fine, I do suppose
 In our streak of lightnin' cars and fancy clothes
 But just so we're reminded of the ones who are held back
 Up front there ought to be a Man In Black

I wear it for the sick and lonely old
 For the reckless ones whose bad trip left them cold
 I wear the black in mournin' for the lives that could have been
 Each week we lose a hundred fine young men

And I wear it for the thousands who have died
 Believin' that the Lord was on their side
 I wear it for another hundred thousand who have died
 Believin' that we all were on their side

Well, there's things that never will be right I know
 And things need changin' everywhere you go
 But 'til we start to make a move to make a few things right
 You'll never see me wear a suit of white

Ah, I'd love to wear a rainbow every day
 And tell the world that everything's okay
 But I'll try to carry off a little darkness on my back
 Till things are brighter, I'm the Man In Black