

G C G
On the banks of the river where the willow hang down

Em C G
Where the wild birds all warble with a low moaning sound

Em C G
Down in the hollow where the water runs cold

F C G
It was there I first listened to the lies that you told

C G
Now I lie on my bed and I see your sweet face

Em C G
And the past I remember time cannot erase

Em C G
The letter you wrote me it was written in shame

F C G
And I know that your conscience still echos my name

G C G
Now the nights are so lonely lord sorrow runs deep

Em C G
Nothing is worse than a night without sleep

Em C G
I walk out alone and look at the sky

F C G
Too empty to sing too loneseome to cry

C G
Now if the ladies were blackbirds if the ladies were thrushes

Em C G
I'd lie there for hours in the chilly cold marshes

Em C G
If the ladies were squirrels with them high bushy tails

F C G
I'd fill up my s hotgun with rock salt and nails

F C G
I'd fill up my s hotgun with rock salt and nails