

Don Williams

"The Long Black Veil"

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WRITERS DANNY DILL, MARIJOHN WILKIN

Ten years ago on a cold dark night
A man was killed 'neath the town hall light
There were few at the scene but they all agreed
That the slayer who ran looked a lot like me

The judge said, Son what is your alibi?
If you were somewhere else then you won't have to die
Well I spoke not a word though it meant my life
For I had been in the arms of my best friends wife

She walks these hills in a Long Black Veil
She visits my grave when the night winds wail
Nobody knows nobody seems nobody knows but me

The scaffold is high an eternity nears
She stood in the crowd shed not a tear
But sometimes at night when the cold winds moan
She comes to my grave and she cries on my bones

She walks these hills in a Long Black Veil
She visits my grave when the night winds wail
Nobody knows nobody seems nobody knows but me

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