

## Fiction Family

### "Notch On The Tally"

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There is snow on the hill  
Rain in the valley  
Dust on the sill  
And this long blind alley

Well, if crows can't fly  
Then I have no lover  
If water is dry  
She has no other

Well, if the sun don't rise  
Then I'm never lonely  
If no one cries  
Then I am her only

It's beat/pit (?) for the fire  
Beat for the garden  
Beat for the barley  
Beat for my darling

The sun isn't hot  
The moon isn't round  
This world isn't full of sorrow  
Bullets aren't shot  
And shot makes no sound  
And my faithful love will be around tomorrow

Well, it's snow on the hill  
Rain in the valley  
Dust on the sill  
And a notch on the tally

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