

Gillian Welch

"Graveyard Blues"

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A company girl of tender age
A company girl of tender age
I came to know my mother's trade

We're up at dark on the line
We're up at dark and on the line
Where morning cracks and spindles wide

Each night I hear her cough and curse
Each night I hear her cough and curse
Through restless eyes a bedside nurse

Now by her side, I'll end the chill
Now by her side, I'll end the chill
I'll lay her down in a potters field

I'd rather die and blow away
I'd rather die and blow away
Than take my rest in a company grave
I'd rather die and blow away

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