

Gillian Welch

"New Dug Grave"

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I left home when I was twenty
Just to see what I could find
With a promise made to Mother
To return at Christmas time

But when the new year turned to summer
I was running rough and wild
Haunted by my broken promise
And her tender, trusting smile

Sick at heart I started homeward
Still it took a year and more
Till I saw the garden flowers

Leading to my mother's door

Brother, sister standing silent
Turning as I call their names
On the ground, familiar shadows
Pointing to a new dug grave

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