

Hazel Dickens

"You'll Get No More Of Me"

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As you go from me you want all that's left
The last thread of pride in my heart
'Til you've wrung the last teardrop from my eye
You won't be satisfied.

So take your cold unloving heart
Your eyes too blinded to see
You've never found the door to this heart of mine
You'll get no more of me.

You wrecked my heart like a cruel winter storm
Bending my branches so low
Oh your wayward heart and your tortured soul
Leave no memory worthy to hold.

So I'll take back my heart from the willow bough
I'll hang my tears out to dry
I'll hang my head in sorrow no more
And no more tears will I cry.

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