

Buddy Miller

"Rock Salt And Nails"

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On the banks of the river, where the willows hang
down,
Where the wild birds all warble with a low moaning
sound,
Down in the hollow where the water runs cold,
It's there I have listened to the lies that you told.

Now I lie on my bed and I see your sweet face.
The past I remember, time cannot erase.
The letters you wrote me were written in shame,
And I know that your conscience still echos my pain.

Now the nights are so long, my sorrow runs deep.
Nothing is worse than a night without sleep.
I walk out alone, I look at the sky,
Too empty to sing, too lonesome to cry.

Now if the ladies were blackbirds and the ladies were
thrushes,
I'd lie there for hours in the chilly cold marshes.
If the ladies were squirrels with them high bushy tails,
I'd fill up my shotgun with rock salt and nails.

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