

Kingston Trio

"The Long Black Veil"

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Marijohn Wilkin/Danny Dill

Twas ten years ago on a cold, dark night, there was
someone killed neath the townhall's light.
There were few at the scene but they all did agree that
the slayer who ran looked a lot like me.

The judge said, "Son, what is your alibi? If you were
somewhere else then you won't have to die."
I spoke not a word although it meant my life for I had
been in the arms of my best friend's wife.
She walks these hills in a long black veil. She visits my
grave when the night winds wail.
Nobody knows. Nobody sees. Nobody knows but me.

The scaffold is high and eternity nears. She stands in
the crowd and she'd not a tear.
Sometimes at night when the cold wind moans in a
long black veil she cries o'er my bones.
She walks these hills in a long black veil. She visits my
grave when the night winds wail.
Nobody knows. Nobody sees. Nobody knows but me.
Nobody knows but me.

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