

Kristin Hersh

"Poor Ellen Smith"

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Come all you kind people, my story to hear
What happened to me in June of this year
It was poor Ellen Smith
And how she was found with a ball in her heart
Lying cold on the ground
If I could go home, home to stay
On poor Ellen's grave, some flowers I would lay
It was poor Ellen Smith
And how she was found with a ball in her heart
Lying cold on the ground
I come back this winter, my trial to stand
To live or to die as the law may command

It was poor Ellen Smith
And how she was found with a ball in her heart
Lying cold on the ground
It's true I'm in jail, I'm a prisoner now
But God is here with me and hears every vow
It was poor Ellen Smith
And how she was found with a ball in her heart
Lying cold on the ground

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