

## Owen Beverly

### "Absalom"

Visit "[Absalom](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Sometimes when the earth makes a pillow  
Beneath the glow of a harvest moon  
I've heard of a voice in the willows  
Whistling an old familiar tune

And on its way through Arkansas  
And down from Tennessee  
A voice blown on the winter wind  
Whispered words to me:

"And on me, on me  
Rides hard times and trouble"

Now it takes a man of superstition  
To find cause for suspicion in a weather vane  
But I've seen men speak with fire and conviction  
Silence at the sound of this refrain:

"And I was there when David's son  
Was cut down from a tree  
And on the lips of Absalom  
A breath has set me free

"And on me, on me  
Rides hard times and trouble"

Caught by the hair  
Laid down in the open air  
Born from the mouth of Absalom

"And on me, on me  
Rides hard times and trouble"

"And on me, on me  
Rides hard times and trouble"

Visit [Owen Beverly](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.