

Chris LeDoux, Long Black Veil

Ten years ago on a cold dark night there was someone killed neath the town hall 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 though 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 was high and eternity near she stood in the crowd and shed not a tear
But sometimes at night when the cold wind moans
In a long black veil she cries o'er my bones
She walks these hills...
Nobody knows but me