

Marianne Faithfull, 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 man 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,
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 where the night winds wail.

Nobody knows, no, and nobody sees,
Nobody knows but me.

The scaffold is high and eternity nears
She stood in the crowd and shed not a tear.
But sometimes at night where the cold winds moan
In a long black veil she cries all o'er my bones.

She walks these hills in a long black veil.
She visits my grave when the night winds wail.
Nobody knows, no, and nobody sees,
Nobody knows but me.

Nobody knows but me.