

Alison Krauss & Union Station, I am a Man of Con

In constant sorrow all through his days
Well I am a man of constant sorrow
I've seen trouble all my days
I bid farewell to old Kentucky
A place where I was borned and bred
The place where he was borned and bred
For six long years I've been in trouble
No pleasure here on Earth I've found
For in this world I'm bound to ramble
I have no friends to help me now
He has no friends to help him now
Well, it's fare thee well my old true lover
I never expect to see you again
For I'm bound to ride that Northern railroad
Perhaps I'll die upon this train
Perhaps he'll die upon this train
You can bury me in some deep valley
For many years where I may dwell
Then you may learn to love another
While I am sleepin' in my grave
While he is sleepin' in his grave
Maybe your friends think I'm just a stranger
A face you never will see no more
But there is one promise that is given
I'll meet you on God's golden shore
He'll meet you on God's golden shore