

Bill Monroe & His Bluegrass Boys, 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 agreed
That the man who ran looked a lot like me

She walks these hills in a long black veil
She visits my grave while the night winds wail
Nobody knows, nobody sees
Nobody knows but me

The judge said "Son, what is your alibi
If you were somewhere else, then you don't have to die"
I spoke not a word thought it meant my life
For I'd been in the arms of my best friend's wife

The scaffold was high and eternity near
She stood in the crowd and shed not a tear
But sometimes at night when the cold winds moan
In a long black veil she cries over my bones