

Flatt And Scruggs, Rock Salt And Nails

By the banks of the river where the willows hang down
And the wild birds all warble with a low mourning sound
Down in the hollow where the water runs cold
It was there I first listened to the lies that you told
Now I lie on my bed and I see your sweet face
The past I remember time cannot erase
A letter you wrote me it was written in shame
And I know that your conscience still echoes my name
[harmonica]
Now the nights are so long load sorrow unsteep
And nothing is worse than a night without sleep
I walk out alone and look at the sky too empty to say too lonesome to cry
If the ladies were blackbirds and the ladies were fishes
I'd lie there for hours in the chilly cold matches
If the ladies were squirrels with a high bushy tail
I'd fill up my shotgun with a rock salt and nails