## 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 wothout 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