

# Gillian Welch, One Morning

One mornin', one mornin' as work I begun  
What did I see ridin' out of the sun  
On the road from Lexington

One rider, one rider beatin' the breeze  
Down on his saddle, low to his knees  
Comin' through my willow trees

Now closer, the terrible work of the gun  
Was stiffened and black where his blood all had run  
But I knew my wayward son

One mornin', one mornin' the boy of my breast  
Came to my door unable to rest  
Even in the arms of death