

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