

Gourds, Lowlands

I saddled me a wounded priest
Rode him wet through this august heat
I took me a german bride
All empty and bloody inside

In the dark I heard a thief
He stole my money and my grief

In the morning I wanted to die
The doctor cut me the lawyer lied

Stop yer waiting and just go
Don't be saying what you don't know
For the lowlands I am bound
Where my pale bride will be found