

Joan Baez, Rock, Salt And Nails

On the banks of the river, where the willows hang down,
Where the wild birds all warble with a low moaning sound,
Down in the hollow where the water runs cold,
It's there I *have listened to the lies that you told.
(*first)

Now I lie on my bed and I see your sweet face.
The past I remember, time cannot erase.
(The) letters you wrote me were written in shame,
And I know that your conscience still echos my *pain.
(*name)

Now the nights are so long, my sorrow runs deep.
Nothing is worse than a night without sleep.
I walk out alone, I look at the sky,
Too *empty to sing, too **lonesome to cry.
(*lonesome) (**empty)

(Now) if the ladies were blackbirds and the ladies were thrushes,
I'd lie there for hours in the chilly cold marshes.
If the ladies were squirrels with (them) high bushy tails,
I'd fill up my shotgun with rock salt and nails.