

Kristin Hersh, Poor Ellen Smith

Come all you kind people, my story to hear
What happened to me in June of this year
It was poor Ellen Smith
And how she was found with a ball in her heart
Lying cold on the ground
If I could go home, home to stay
On poor Ellen's grave, some flowers I would lay
It was poor Ellen Smith
And how she was found with a ball in her heart
Lying cold on the ground
I come back this winter, my trial to stand
To live or to die as the law may command
It was poor Ellen Smith
And how she was found with a ball in her heart
Lying cold on the ground
It's true I'm in jail, I'm a prisoner now
But God is here with me and hears ever vow
It was poor Ellen Smith
And how she was found with a ball in her heart
Lying cold on the ground