

# Townes Van Zandt, Snake Mountain Blues

by Townes Van Zandt  
Mr ten dollar man  
let me tell where you're bound  
drink your green liquor, Lord  
you'll roll to the ground  
but you come around here  
with your money in your hand  
taste of my woman  
well, you die where you stand

Snake mountain blues  
got me down low  
I could die in the morning  
but noone would know  
when my woman come around  
my body she'd find  
go down to Dundee  
have her a time

Snake mountain gonna crumble  
and fall from the sky  
before that woman of mine  
stops tellin' her lies  
If I'd die, Lord, she'd weep  
she'd weep and she'd mourn  
soon as I's buried  
forget I'd been born

Love of blackskin woman  
she won't do you no wrong  
slow to start moaning  
she don't moan for long  
yellow headed woman  
brings nothing but pain  
take all you give her  
she leaves only shame

My daddy, Lord, he rides  
on a long holy train  
first winds of winter  
I see him again  
In this farewell to this  
yellow headed misery I've known  
Snake mountain's calling  
calling me home

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