

# Townes Van Zandt, St. John The Gambler

When she had twenty years, well she turned to her mother  
Saying mother, I know that you'll grieve  
But I've given my soul to st john the gambler  
Tomorrow comes time to leave  
For the hills cannot hold back my sorrow forever  
And dead men lie deep 'round the door  
The only salvation that's mine for the asking  
So mother, think on me no more

And winter held high round the mountains' breast  
And the cold of a thousand snows  
Lay heaped upon the forest's leaf  
But she dressed in calico  
For a gambler likes his women fancy  
Fancy she would be  
And the fire of her longing would keep way the cold  
And her dress was a sight to see

But the road was long beneath the feet  
She followed her frozen breath  
In search of a certain st john the gambler  
Stumbling to her death  
She heard his laughter right down from the mountains  
And danced with her mother's tears  
To a funeral drawn of calico  
'neath the cross of twenty years

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