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

To a funeral drawn of calico
'neath the cross of twenty years