

Wilburn Brothers, What's Gonna Become Of Me

Po' me po' my what's gonna become of me
It was late last night when my woman got home
I was waitin' when she sneaked in the door
Before that no good woman could tell another lie I shot her with my forty four
Po' me po' my what's gonna become of me
Now they've got me in jail and they say it's a crime
For a man that shoot his woman down
If I'd known it was a crime to kill her by the way
I'd've threw her in the river to drown
Po' me po' my what's gonna become of me
(banjo)
I've heard all the talk and it don't sound good I wish I'd never heard what they said
They said that a new rope is too good for me
So they'll hang me with an old rope instead
Po' me po' my what's gonna become of me
The shadows from the bars and the window rolled on
There's just one more tomorrow for me
To look out my window makes my blood run cold cause I can see the hanging tree
Po' me po' my what's gonna become of me