

Cold, Cold Earth

Allison Moorer

The night was hot and steamy
And crickets played their tune
Everyone was sleeping
Under an August moon

Except one man that sat awake
Slowly going mad
Regretting that he'd thrown away
The only love he had

A slave to the bottle
He'd driven his family to leave
A wife and two daughters
He treated so terribly

Drunk with grief and loneliness
He wasn't thinking straight
He knew he couldn't live unless
They pardoned his mistakes

He went into the city
To try to make amends
Asked his love for pity
But she would not give in

Overwhelmed with sadness
He reached for his gun
And took her life along with his
Before the morning sun

Now they are lying
In the cold, cold earth
Such a sad, sad story
Such a sad, sad world