

Rock, Salt and Nails

Druhá tráva

On the banks of the river where the willow hang down
Where the wild birds all warble with a low moaning sound
Down in the hollow where the water runs cold
It was there I first listened to the lies that you told

Now I lie on my bed and I see your sweet face
And the past I remember time cannot erase
The letter you wrote me it was written in shame
And I know that your conscience still echos my name

Now the nights are so lonely lord sorrow runs deep
Nothing is worse than a night without sleep
I walk out alone and look at the sky
Too empty to sing too lonesome to cry

Now if the ladies were blackbirds if the ladies were thrushes
I'd lie there for hours in the chilly cold marshes
If the ladies were squirrels with them high bushy tails
I'd fill up my shotgun with rock salt and nails
I'd fill up my shotgun with rock salt and nails