

## Twenty Years

Dwight Yoakam

Hey look yonder, Henry, comes the sheriff  
And he's carrying a warrant in his hand  
Don't you run, poor old Henry, for he'll shoot you  
Not long will you be a free man

Now twenty years, you must spend behind steel bars  
For a crime that you did not do  
Yeah, the lie she swore in that district court  
Has proved to be the ruin of you

Tried to warn you, Henry, not to cross her  
Tried to tell you about her vengeful ways  
When you turned and left her for another  
She swore, Henry, that she'd make you pay

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Listen well, all you young rounders  
Heed the lesson poor old Henry never learned  
That even hell with all its fiery power  
Hath no fury like a woman's scorn

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