

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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For a crime that you did not do
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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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