

Down In The Valley

Greg Brown

Down in the valley, valley so low
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow
Hear the wind blow, dear, hear the wind blow
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.

Build me a castle forty feet high
So I can see him as he rides by
As he rides by, dear, as he rides by
So I can see him as he rides by

Write me a letter, send it by mail
send it care of old washington's ale
i'm sitting in prison with my back to the wall
and this old corn whiskey was the cause of it all

if i had listened to what my mother said
i'd be at home in my feather bed

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