

Rock Salt and Nails

Tyler Childers

By the banks of the river
Where the willows hang down
The wild birds they warble
With a low moanin' sound

Way down in the hollow
Where the river runs cold
It was there I first listened
To the lies that you told

Now I lie on my back
And I see your sweet face
The past I remember
Time can't erase

And the letters you wrote me
They were written in shame
And I know that your conscience
Still echoes my name

Now if the ladies were blackbirds
If the ladies were thrushes
Well I'd lie there for hours
In the chilly cold marshes

And if the women were squirrels
With them high bushy tails
Well I'd load up my shotgun
With rock salt and nails

I'd load up my shotgun
With rock salt and nails