

Rock, Salt And Nails

Waylon Jennings

By the banks of the river where the willows grow cold
Wild birds warble the strange soundin' song
By the banks of the river where the waters run cold
Well that's where I first listened the lies that she told.

He lays there each night all alone and he weeps
Nothing ain't worse than a night without sleep
The letters she wrote him they were written in vain
But I know that her conscience still echoes my name.

If the ladies were blackbirds and the ladies were fishes
I'd lay there for hours in the cold rainy matches
If the ladies were squirrels yeah with a big bushy tail
I'd fill up my shotgun with a rock salt and nails.

We'd fill up our shotgun with a rock salt and nails...