# Rock Salt And Nails

*Bruce “Utah” Phillips*

**D G D**
On the banks of the river where the willows hang down
**D Bm G D**
And the wild birds all warble with a low moaning sound
**D Bm G D**
Down in the hollow where the waters run cold
**Em G D**
It was there I first listened to the lies that you told

Now I lie on my bed and I see your sweet face
The past I remember time cannot erase
The letter you wrote me it was written in shame
And I know that your conscience still echoes my name

Now the nights are so long, Lord sorrow runs deep
And nothing is worse than a night without sleep
I'll walk out alone and look at the sky
Too empty to sing, too lonesome to cry

If the ladies were blackbirds and the ladies were thrushes
I'd lie there for hours in the chilly cold marshes
If the ladies were squirrels with high bushy tails
I'd fill up my shotgun with rock salt and nails