

# Gillian Welch, New Dug Grave

I left home when I was twenty  
Just to see what I could find  
With a promise made to Mother  
To return at Christmas time

But when the new year turned to summer  
I was running rough and wild  
Haunted by my broken promise  
And her tender, trusting smile

Sick at heart I started homeward  
Still it took a year and more  
Till I saw the garden flowers  
Leading to my mother's door

Brother, sister standing silent  
Turning as I call their names  
On the ground, familiar shadows  
Pointing to a new dug grave