

Joan Baez, Long Black Veil

Ten years ago on a cold dark night,
Someone was killed neath the Town Hall light
The people who saw they all agreed
That the slayer who ran looked a lot like me.
The judge said, son, what is your alibi?
If you were somewheres else,
then you won't have to die.
I spoke not a word, though it meant my life,
For I'd been in the arms of my best friend's wife.
She walks these hills in a long black veil,
Visits my grave when the night winds wail,
Nobody knows, nobody sees,
Nobody knows, but me.
The scaffold is high, eternity near,
She stands in the crowd, she sheds not a tear,
But sometimes at night, when the cold winds moan,
In a long black veil she cries o'er my bones.
She walks these hills in a long black veil,
Visits my grave when the night winds wail,
Nobody knows, nobody sees,
Nobody knows, but me.