

# The Poplar Tree

Charley Crockett

I'm holding my head up  
I'm not gonna cry  
Or tell them that I need her  
And that without her I would die  
I'm not gonna argue  
They won't listen to me  
I'm just gonna stay right here  
Under the poplar tree

Let me tell you a story  
It happened this way  
It was born out of longing  
In a man that's gone astray  
I've been to the valley  
In the shadow of death  
I've crossed many rivers  
Wearing a scar on my chest

Can I outrun this heartache?  
A man, he sure can try  
I gave my all to that woman  
Then she turned around and said goodbye

I was in a high desert  
Dell City was the town  
That's when my luck turned south  
This ol' boy started showin' out  
He killed the clerk and a young girl  
Who was only standin' there  
He looked at me real peculiar  
With the bullets flying through the air

I lit out in a hurry  
He went out in a hearse  
Heartbroken and wanted  
Couldn't tell you which one of 'em is worse

He must've been real important  
'Cause his posse caught up to me  
I was holding my head up  
When they hung me from a poplar tree  
Yes, they hung me from a poplar tree