

Poor Ellen Smith

Gillian Welch

Poor Ellen Smith, how was she found?
Shot through the heart, lying cold on the ground
Her curves were all matted, her clothes scattered around
Blood marked the spot where old Ellen was found
They picked up her body and off they did go
To the lonesome graveyard, I'll see her no more

They picked up their rifles, running me down
They caught me loafing in my old town
They sent me to prison for twenty long years
At night, I see Ellen and cry bitter tears
The warden just told me that soon I'd be free
To visit her grave under that old willow tree

I'm going to Winston, I'll stay there a year
It's often I think of sweet Ellen so dear
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