

Poor Ellen Smith ☒

Robert Earl Keen

Poor Ellen Smith how she was found
Shot through the heart lying cold on the ground
Her clothers were all scattered and thrown on the ground
And blood marks the spot where poor Ellen was found

They picked up their rifles and hunted me down
And found me a loafing in Mount Airy town
They picked up the body and carried it away
And now she is sleeping in some lonesome old grave

I got a letter yesterday and I read it today
The flowers on her grave have all faded away
Some day I'll go home and say when I go
On poor Ellen's grave pretty flowers I'll sow

I've been in this prison for twenty long years
Each night I see Ellen through my bitter tears
The warden just told me that soon I'll be free
To go to her grave near that old willow tree

My days in this prison are ending at last
I'll never be free from the sins of my past
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