

# Ballad of Miss Kate

Matt Costa

You gave me your word  
Then you took your word back  
Where once I had faith  
Now all I see is black  
Black seeing black I gave you up rather than giving in  
Where once there was virtue  
It's fallen to sin  
Black seeing black You gave me your word  
Then you flew like a bird  
Never looking back  
You can run, you can try  
But you won't get away this time You played me for a fool  
In your heart you had deceit  
I made you up inside my mind  
When finally you, I meet  
You had turned black, turning black I never could have seen  
How you'd shoot that 44  
You hit me right below the shoulder  
I fell to the floor  
I'm on my back, on my back You shot me with your gun  
Then you run, run, run, run  
Never looking back  
You can run into the street My tire tracks you will soon meet  
And if you run into the woods  
I'll chop you down just like a tree I rolled into town  
From years spent in my sleep  
The word that the people held  
Was that your price is cheap Your price is cheap, price is cheap  
The house with the red light on  
And fancy decor  
You built your new life hastily  
So now I find you poor  
I find you poor, find you poor The sheriff found you out  
There is guaranteed no doubt  
You ain't coming back  
We watched you catch a railroad car  
That didn't get you very far And when you finally met your match  
We watched you kiss the railroad tracks  
Black seeing black

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