

Snake Mountain Blues

Townes Van Zandt

Mr. Ten Dollar man
Let me tell where you're bound
Drink your green liquor, Lord
You'll roll to the ground But you come around here
With your money in your hand
Taste of my woman
Where you die, where you stand? Well, Snake Mountain blues
They got me down low
I could die in the morning
But no one would know When my woman come 'round
My body she'd find
Go down to Dundee
Have her a time Snake Mountain's gonna crumble, Lord
And fall from the sky
'Fore that woman of mine
Stops tellin' her lies If I'd die Lord she'd weep
She'd weep and she'd mourn
Soon as I's buried
Forget I'd been born Love of black-skinned woman
She won't do you no wrong
Slow to start moanin'
She don't moan for long A yellow-headed woman
Brings nothin' but pain
Take all you give her
Well, she leaves only shame Oh, my Daddy, Lord he rides
On a long holy train
First winds of winter
I'll see him again It's farewell to this yellow
Headed misery I've known
Snake Mountain's callin'
Callin' me home Well a Snake Mountain blues
Got me down low
I could die in the mornin'
And no one would know Oh, my woman come around
My body she'd find
Go down to Dundee
Have her a time

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