

Poor Ellen Smith

[Kristin Hersh](#)

Come all you kind people, my story to hear
What happened to me in June of this year
It was poor Ellen Smith
And how she was found with a ball in her heart
Lying cold on the ground If I could go home, home to stay
On poor Ellen's grave, some flowers I would lay
It was poor Ellen Smith
And how she was found with a ball in her heart
Lying cold on the ground I come back this winter, my trial to stand
To live or to die as the law may command
It was poor Ellen Smith
And how she was found with a ball in her heart
Lying cold on the ground It's true, I'm in jail, I'm a prisoner now
But God is here with me and hears ever vow
It was poor Ellen Smith
And how she was found with a ball in her heart
Lying cold on the ground

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