

One Morning

[Gillian Welch](#)

One mornin', one mornin' as work I begun
What did I see ridin' out of the sun
On the road from Lexington One rider, one rider beatin' the breeze
Down on his saddle, low to his knees
Comin' through my willow trees Now closer, the terrible work of the gun
Was stiffened and black where his blood all had run
But I knew my wayward son One mornin', one mornin' the boy of my breast
Came to my door unable to rest
Even in the arms of death

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