

Twenty Years (Previously Unreleased)

Dwight Yoakam

Hey look yonder, Henry, comes the sheriff
And he's carrying a warrant in his hand
Don't you run, poor old Henry, for he will shoot you
Not long will you be a free man Now twenty years you must spend behind steel bars
For a crime that you did not do
Yeah the lie she swore in that district court
Has proved to be the ruin of you Tried to warn you, Henry, not to cross her
Tried to tell you about her vengeful ways When you turned and left her for another
She swore, Henry, that she'd make you pay Now twenty years you must spend behind steel bars
For a crime that you did not do
Yeah the lie she swore in that district court
Has proved to be the ruin of you Listen well, all you young rounders
Heed the lesson poor old Henry never learned
That even hell with all its fiery power
Hath no fury like a woman's scorn Now twenty years you must spend behind steel bars
For a crime that you did not do
Yeah the lie she swore in that district court
Has proved to be the ruin of you Yeah the lie she swore in that district court
Has proved to be the ruin of you

Songwriters

DWIGHT YOAKAM Published by

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