Poor Ellen Smith

Neko Case

Poor ellen smith, how was she found
Shot through the heart, lying cold on the ground
Her body was mangled and all cast around
Blood marks the spot where poor ellen was foundThey picked up her body and carried it away
Now she's a-sleepin' in some lonesome grave
Who had the heart, and who had the brain
To shoot my little darling on that cold lonesome plain?They picked up their rifles and hunted us down
They found us a-loafin' all around town
The judge may convict me, and god knows, he can
But I know I'll die as an innocent manI've been in this prison for seven long years
Each night I see ellen through my bitter tears
I got a letter yesterday, I read it today
The flowers on her grave have all faded awayThe warden just told me that soon I'll be free
To go to her grave 'neath that old willow tree
I'm free from the walls of that prison, at last
But I'll never be free from my sins of the pastPoor ellen smith, how was she found?
Shot through the heart, lying cold on the ground

Songwriters
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