

Ballad of a Law Abiding Sophisticate

Colter Wall

Well marry me
To a noose and a tree
What that ol' judge called the first degree
And all the folks around town
Swore to lay me
In the ground
They found out I put that poor boy down
You see I
Did not much care
For the way
That he'd sit and glare
So I closed
His eyes for good
With a bar-room chair
So gonna lay my poor bones
Past Appalachian stones
Far beneath that cold ground all alone
Oh but if you're asking me
Where I would rather be
It was worth it
To see that boy
Cut from the knees
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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