

Rock, Salt and Nails

Waylon Jennings

[with Lee Hazlewood]

By the banks of the river where the willows grow cold

Wild birds warble the strange soundin' song

By the banks of the river where the waters run cold

Well that's where I first listened the lies that she told

[guitar]

He lays there each night all alone and he weeps

Nothing ain't worse than a night without sleep

The letters she wrote him they were written in vain

But I know that her conscience still echoes my name

[guitar]

If the ladies were blackbirds and the ladies were fishes

I'd lay there for hours in the cold rainy matches

If the ladies were squirrels yeah with a big bushy tail

I'd fill up my shotgun with a rock salt and nails

We'd fill up our shotgun with a rock salt and nails

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