

# Long Black Veil

Caroline Herring

Ten years ago, on a cold dark night,  
Someone was killed 'neath the town hall light.  
There were few at the scene, but they all agreed  
That the slayer who ran looked a lot like me.

CHORUS:

She walks these hills in a long, black veil.  
She visits my grave when the night winds wail.  
Nobody knows, nobody sees, nobody knows but me.

The judge said, "Son, what is your alibi?  
If you were somewhere else, then you won't have to die."  
I spoke not a word, although it meant my life,  
For I had been in the arms of my best friend's wife.

The scaffold was high and eternity near,  
She stood in the crowd and shed not a tear.  
But sometimes at night when the cold wind moans,  
In a long black veil, she cries o'er my bones.