

## 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  
A blood marks the spot where poor Ellen was found

They 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 my convict me, and God knows he can  
But I know I died as an innocent man

I'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 away

The 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 past

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