Rock, salt and nails - Druhá tráva/Robert Křesťan

```
G                          C                       G
On the banks of the river where the willow hang down
                         Em      C                 G
Where the wild birds all warble with a low moaning sound
            Em     C                    G
Down in the hollow where the water runs cold
                      F        C                    G
It was there I first listened to the lies that you told

                     C                    G
Now I lie on my bed and I see your sweet face
                Em       C           G
And the past I remember time cannot erase
                Em       C                 G
The letter you wrote me it was written in shame
                      F          C              G
And I know that your conscience still echos my name

G                              C                G
Now the nights are so lonely   lord sorrow runs deep
            Em         C               G
Nothing is worse than a night without sleep
            Em    C              G
I walk out alone and look at the sky
              F    C                G
Too empty to sing too loneseome to cry

                                   C                   G
Now if the ladies were blackbirds if the ladies were thrushes
                   Em    C                  G
I'd lie there for hours in the chilly cold marshes
                     Em        C                    G
If the ladies were squirrels  with them high bushy tails
                 F       C                 G
I'd fill up my shotgun with rock salt and nails
                 F       C                 G
I'd fill up my shotgun with rock salt and nails
```