

Rock, salt and nails - Druhá tráva/Robert Křestán

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 lonesome 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