

Rock Salt and Nails

Words and music Bruce ("U. Utah") Phillips

Played by Bob Dylan during The Basement Tapes sessions, summer 1967

G

On the banks of the river ^{G C/g G} where the willows hang down ^{C/g G}
And the wild birds all warble with a low moaning sound ^{Em G C/g G}
Down in the hollow where the water runs cold ^{Em G C/g G}
It was there I first listened to the lies that you told ^{C /b /a G C/g G}

Now I lie on my bed and I see your sweet face
The past I remember time cannot erase
The letter you wrote me it was written in shame
And I know that your conscience still echoe's my name

Now the nights are so long, ah, sorrow runs deep
Nothing is worse than a night without sleep
I'll walk out alone and look at the sky
Too empty to sing, too lonesome to cry

Now, if the ladies were blackbirds and the ladies wore thrushes
I'd lie there for hours in the chilly cold marshes
If the ladies were squirrel's with them high bushy tails
I'd fill up my shotgun with rock salt and nails