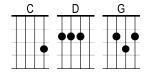
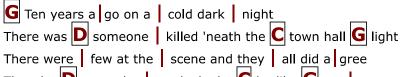
Long Black Veil

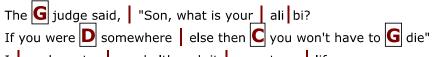
The Band



G|||



That the **D** man who ran looked a **C** lot like **G** me



I spoke not a word although it meant my life I had **D** been in the arms of my **C** best friend's **G** wife

She C walks these G hills in a C long black G veil
She C visits my G grave where the C night winds G wail |
Nobody knows, no, and C nobody G sees
C Nobody D knows but C me G

The **G** scaffold was high and e ternity neared

She lacksquare stood in the lacksquare crowd and lacksquare shed not a lacksquare tear

But sometimes at night when the cold wind moans

In a D long black | veil she C cries over my G bones |

She C walks these G hills in a C long black G veil
She C visits my G grave where the C night winds G wail |
Nobody knows, no, and C nobody G sees
C Nobody D knows but C me G



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