

Intro

G7 C
Miz Collins weep Miz Collins mourn
F
What made her son Louis leave his home
C F G C
Angels laid him away. (I said)

Chorus:

Angels laid him away

They laid him six feet under the clay

Angels laid him away

G C
Oh, kind friends now ain't it hard
F
To see poor Louis in a new graveyard
C F G C
Where angels laid him away.

Chorus:

G C
When they heard that Louis was dead
F
All the women folk dressed in red,
C F G C
'Cos angels have laid him away.

Chorus

G C
Bob shot one and Louis shot two
 F
Shot poor Collins, shot him through and through -
C F G C
Now angels have laid him away.

Chorus