

Walkabouts, Old Crow

Now all of us knew Old Crow as the patron drinker's curse.
He paced along the barstools, beggin' quarters for his thirst.
Nobody knew where he came from,
And nobody cared to ask.

Then along came Billy Sunday, tellin' stories 'bout the past.
He said Crow had stole some gold and sunk it in the lake,
Held down by cement blocks in a broken apple crate.
Billy said it came from the murdered father of the bride.
Crow had worked their orchard land, until the night he did his crime.

Old Crow lied. X2

Night heat chokes the valley,
Hiss of anger travels far.
A door is slammed, somebody's drunk,
The daughter jumps in Billy's car.

Speedin' down the driveway,
Outside her father bleeds and prays.
Old Crow is in the shadows,
As Billy Sunday gets away.

Old Crow lied. X4

Gave Old Crow a quarter, asked him if he was the man.
That Billy Sunday said he was, and Old Crow grabbed my hand.
Said: "I loved that Orchard girl and to protect her I have lied."
Now Billy Sunday owns the truth.
'Cause Billy Sunday robbed it blind.

Old Crow lied. X8