

Faron Young, Lillies Grow High

(Stan Jones)

Boots and Stetson and six guns
And the lilies grow high
They grow for a man with a gunslingin' hand
Who before his time must die.

They grow in the trail he has traveled
A trail well spattered with lead
They weep for the graves of the many
Men they weep for the men now dead.

He rides along lonely, no friends
But only the lilies growin' high
All men seem to fear him, not one will go near him
And he knows the reason why.

His name and fame spread before him
Like a carpet of death and he knows
One day he'll be slow on the draw
And then for him a lily will grow.

A woman may love him though she knows
Soon above him the lilies growin' high
Then like the lily she'll bow down her head
Bow down her poor head and cry.

On some boothill they will lay him
And a headboard will sway in the wind
The lily will nod and gently weep
For another gunman's end.

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