

Joe Purdy, Isabel And The King

There's a lady, Spanish roses in her hair
And they cover the crown of thorns she wears
And the blood from her lips as she sings
Do it all for the glory of thee

And they carry her down, down, down
Down in the cold, cold, ground
By the river she used to pray
River now she will wait
For the king to come

And the boys who would crave her perfect skin
And she burned herself, she thought it would please him
And the iron chain spiked around her waist
And the poison that she used to hide her face

And they carry her down, down, down
Down in the cold, cold, ground
By the river she used to pray
River now she will wait
For the king to come

And she made a bed of broken glass and stone
She slept at night to prove the faith was strong
And when her broken body finally gave
There grew Spanish roses by her grave

And they carry her down, down, down
Down in the cold, cold, ground
By the river she used to pray
River now she will wait
For the king to come