

Walkabouts, Lover's Crime

Way up north, my love lies sleepin'
Her lonely grave, beneath the pines
How sadly I recall her memory
She was my own true love devine
One night I found her with another
They did not know I was around
In a blinded rage I drew my pistol
I killed them both and fled that town
For many days I wandered over
Across the sea and desert sands
My heart filled with grief and sadness
I could not clense these, my blooded hands
For many years I've been a prisoner
My grayin' hair marks off the time
I'm going back to my old north-lands
To wash away my sin and pride X2