

# Willard Grant Conspiracy, Ballad Of John Parker

Down the rough road where the asphalt is split  
Stumbles a man down to his wits  
Brother oh brother what's left to regret  
Known by the way that he carries his load  
Early one morning in the warehouse of souls  
Digger was bent to carry the load  
Digger oh Digger what's left to reveal  
Known by the way that he carries the load

I was a gambler and I was a king  
The world of sin was all my domain  
Now I am bent, broken and spent  
Known by the way that I carried the load

A priest came along and said forty words  
Up from the ground rose a great bird  
Raven oh Raven why do you fly  
Known by the way he carries the load

Known by the way he carries the load