

Willard Grant Conspiracy, Southend Of A Northbound

There's a rise
Above the river
Where the hangmans tree
Hugs the rim
A brace of crows
Crowd the bank
Like mourners
On their way
To the Mercy bridge
A whistle blows
A freight rolls by
Pallbearers rest
Their load
It all seems clear
Life's gone from here
As he is lowered
In the hole

Chorus

Mary seems uncertain now
As she follows
To his rest
She lost her one true love
And he lost his
With a bullet
To the chest

A life of crime
Is a long short road
Every moment filled
With dread
And never leaves much room
For love
In the shadows
Of its dead

Chorus

Mary climbs the Mercy bridge
Oer the water
Dark and cold
Shell wash away all her tears
In the waters healing flow

Chorus x 3

Oh Mary
Can't you see
It was not meant to be
He was born to dangle
Beneath the hanging tree