

Ballad of John Parker

Willard Grant Conspiracy

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 [incomprehensible]
Digger, oh digger, what's left to reveal?
Known by the way that he carries his 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 my 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 his load
Known by the way he carries his load

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