

# Darby's Castle

**Kris Kristofferson**

See the ruin on the hill  
Where the smoke is hanging still  
Like an echo of an age long forgotten  
There's a story of a home  
Crushed beneath those blackened stones  
And the roof which fell before the beams were rotten  
Cecil Darby loved his wife  
And he labored all his life  
To provide her with material possessions  
And he built for her a home of the finest wood and stone  
And the building soon became his sole obsession  
Oh, it took three hundred days for the timbers to be raised  
And the silhouette was seen for miles around  
And the gables reached as high as the eagles in the sky  
But it only took one night to bring it down  
When Darby's castle tumbled to the ground  
Though they shared a common bed  
There was precious little said  
In the moments that were set aside for sleeping  
For his busy dreams were filled  
With the rooms he'd yet to build  
And he never heard young Ellen Darby weeping  
Then one night he heard a sound  
As he laid his pencil down  
And he traced it to her door and turned the handle  
And the pale light of the moon  
Through the window of the rooms  
Split the shadows where two bodies lay entangled  
Oh, it took three hundred days for the timbers to be raised  
And the silhouette was seen for miles around  
And the gables reached as high as the eagles in the sky  
But it only took one night to bring it down  
When Darby's castle tumbled to the ground

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