Mr. Griffen

Cody Jinks

He arrived 72 Hollow eyed everyone who he was running he was scared
Made plan to that 730 mine
Did well busting rocks in the pines
That silver and gold was all the young man could want

In the evenings youâ€™d hear him play fiddle rings to the end of day, he was digging for the plans they made, he was digging his own grave

Where you love mr.griffin it been rumor that she died a night before you wedding day, is that right mr.griffin does the fiddle prior hurting tune on the tune of the murdering hand

He stayed away from tha girls and tha boos all the things he thought he might loose all that money he made or the secrets he kept, one June night lord that fiddle play was hot, then the valley rang out with a shot, When we found him he was face down in the hole that he had dug

They still say you can hear him play, his fiddle rings through the end of day, he was digging for his debt pay, he was digging his own grave

Where you love mr.griffin it been rumor that she died a night before you wedding day, is that right mr.griffin does the fiddle prior hurting tune on the tune of the murdering hand! mr.griffin does the fiddle prior hurting tune on the tune of the murdering hanâ€”â€”d!

Lyrics Submitted by Ryan Savallo

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/