

Benny McCoy

Alan O'Bryant

As best that I can remember:

Benny McCoy

Benny McCloy was our hired boy,
he was simple and he was slow,
but he was strong and true
like the cold winds that blew
last winter in old Idaho.

Jenkins and I told Benny goodbye
as we set out ahead of the gale,
and as we rode away, I said, "Don't sell no hay,
Benny we're down to our last bale".

Benny used to work for Frenchy LaDue
that's something that you should know.
Frenchy beat him so bad they had to call in the law,
two or three summers ago.

After the storm me and Jenkins rode home
to a hell of a sight for to see.
The cold dead body of Frenchy LaDue
underneath an old cottonwood tree.

We walked through the barn door past the blood on the floor,
Benny talked as he stared at the ground.
He said, "I told Frenchy no, but he wouldn't let go
when he saw no one else was around".

Frenchy pushed him away and started loading up hay
Benny grabbed a shotgun off the rack.
He said he heard Frenchy spit out his name like a curse
as he levelled the gun at his back.

The longest road that I've ever know
was the one that we took Benny down.
The snow started falling like lead from the sky
when we reached the edge of town.

Now he didn't smile, but he didn't cry
when the deputy led him away,
but when the sheriff said "Benny boy what have you done?"
He said, "I didn't sell Frenchy no hay".

Lyrics Submitted by Paul Hoyt

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