

# Graces Casket

## Lost Dog Street Band

"Grace's Casket"

Grace was Jack's darlin' lovin' sweetie  
the thought of her could still paralyze him now  
and a cold wind brought him back again  
back to where it all began

Started with a drink somewhere in Georgia  
three weeks later married in Montana  
They hid behind the shadow of their rifles  
Burnin' bright and fast in the wind

Now and then you'd read about 'em in the papers  
another sheriff gunned down in durango  
You'd read they'd been caught and broke out of Yuma  
with veins to thick and blood to thin

With every kill their love grew stronger  
Every dollar bill they felt fonder  
'Til the night Grace mistaked the weight of her gun  
Jack found her corpse with the mornin' sun

It's been thirty years since Jack picked up a weapon  
His pistol lay down in Graces casket  
and he goes by Tom And he lives in his sorrow  
about the life that could have been

He sits and stares out his lonesome desert mansion  
Paid in gold from the heist that killed his darlin'  
And he buys his time awaiting hell  
Where he'll find Grace with his loaded gun  
Where he'll find Grace with his loaded gun

Lyrics Submitted by Ryuu36

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