

Tale of Poor Henry

Saline Grace

Henry never rested or felt some peace
To attain his goals he fought the time
His short-lived wife was deeply grieved
Henry feared the journey's own reward
It took his heart away
And every precious day
It took his life away
Yes, every single day
Early morning, a forsaken door
Holding a six-gun his carcass was found
No one mourned and no one thought about it
For all his life he ran away, the goddamn fool
It took his heart away
And every precious day
It took his life away
Yes, every single day

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