Billy Gray

Robert Earl Keen

Billy Gray rode into Gantry back in '83
There he did meet young Sarah McCray
The wild rose of morning that pale flower of dawning
Herald of springtime in his young life that daySarah, she could not see the daylight of reality
In her young eyes, Billy bore not a flaw
Knowing not her chosen one was a hired gun
Wanted in Kansas City by the lawThen one day a tall man came riding cross the badlands
That lie to the north of New Mexico
He was overheard to say he was lookin' for Bill Gray
A ruthless man and a dangerous outlawWell, the deadly news came creepin' to Billy, fast sleepin'
There in the Clarendon Bar and Hotel
He fled towards the old church, there on the outskirts
Thinking he'd climb that old steeple bellBut a rifle ball came flying face down he lay dying
There in the dust of the road where he fell
Sarah, she ran to him cursing the lawman
Accepting no reason knowing he was killedSarah lives in that same old white frame house
Where she first met Billy some forty years ago
And the wild rose of morning has faded
With the dawning of each day of
Sorrow the long years have sownWritten on a stone
where the dusty winds have long blown
Eighteen words to a passing world say:
"True love knows no season, no rhyme nor no reason
Justice is cold as the Granger County clay"

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