

Willard Grant Conspiracy "Southend of a Northbound Train"

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There's a rise above the river
Where the hangman's tree hugs the rim
A brace of crows crowd the bank
Like mourners on their way to the Mercy bridge

A whistle blows and a freight rolls by
Pallbearers rest their load
It all seems clear, life's gone from here
As he is lowered in the hole

Oh Mary, can't you see
It was not meant to be?
He was born to dangle
Beneath the hanging tree

Mary seems uncertain now
As she follows him to his rest
She lost her one true love and he lost her
Straight bullet to the chest

Life of crime is a long-short road
Every moment filled with dread
And never leaves much room for love
In the shadows of its dead

Oh Mary, can't you see
It was not meant to be?
He was born to dangle
Beneath the hanging tree

Mary climbs the Mercy bridge
Over the waters dark and cold
She'll wash away all her tears
In the waters healing flow

Oh Mary, can't you see
It was not meant to be?
He was born to dangle
Beneath the hanging tree

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