

## **Enter The Haggis "The Ghosts Of Calico"**

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On my twenty-first day I came to Calico  
They told me there was silver buried in her stone  
Summer died in April before the flowers came  
She will hold me here until I strike my dying day  
I just keep on swinging, hold my hat brim low  
Dig a little deeper and like a seed, I'm sown  
She can break my spirit, back and arms and legs  
Though I may not stand I'm not bowing to her King

They will tell you that your fortune lies this way  
But don't believe the lies you're told  
Spend a life time trying to dig an endless grave  
For the ghosts of Calico

Hey Miss Lucy Bell Lane, why'd you have to go  
I can hear your sweet song when the south wind blows  
I won't forget your spirit and I won't forget your face  
I'll be waiting for you if you come back some day  
Take my last breath quickly, take it in my sleep  
Take it when I'm dreaming of a life in San Martin  
Everyone I know now's a dusty memory  
I can hear the wolves delivering my eulogy

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