

## **Bobby Bare** **"Darby's Castle"**

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See the ruins on the hill where the smoke is hanging  
still

Like an echo of an age long forgotten

There's a story of a home crushed beneath those  
blackened stones

And the roof that fell before the beams were rotten  
Cecil Darby loved his wife and he labored all his life  
To provide her with material possessions  
And he built for her a home of the finest wood and  
stone

And the building soon became his sole obsession  
Oh it took three hundred days for the timbers to be  
raised

And the silhouette was seen for miles around  
And the gables reached as high as the eagles in the  
sky

But it only took one night to bring it down  
When Darby's castle tumbled to the ground

Though they shared the common bed there was  
precious little said

In the moments that were set aside for sleeping  
For his busy dreams were filled with the rooms he'd yet  
to build

And he never heard young Helen Darby weeping  
Then one night he heard the sound and as he laid his  
pencil down

He traced it to her door and turned the handle  
And the pale light of the moon through the window of  
her room

Split the shadows where two bodies lay in tangle  
Oh it took three hundred days...

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