

Fairport Convention "Part IX"

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The time is near for things to pass, the time for me to
leave

But as I lie here all alone, I really can't believe
That twenty years I've spent on earth would end in so
much grief

That the many friendly faces should now stare
hatefully

A letter home to mother and a letter home to dad
Another to my sweetheart, for whom I feel so sad
A lock of hair to cling to is all that will remain

And the grave inside this prison yard, a stone that
bears no name

My trials and tribulations are nearly now all gone
A murderer I never was and my spirit will live on
Jesus, help me in this troubled time, this hour of trouble
deep

Help me find my peace of mind, help me Lord, to sleep

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