

## Fairport Convention "Part Vii"

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"Lee," the sargeant said to me, "acting on my  
discretion  
It is my solemn duty to arrest you on suspicion"  
They put me in a carriage, I was driven many miles  
They locked me in a prison cell to await my trial  
John 'Babbacombe' Lee  
John 'Babbacombe' Lee  
The man who'd defend me was ill and couldn't come  
His brother came to lend me help and ?a dupe? I was  
undone  
"Do just what you want with me, I don't have a choice  
You'd do as well without me as I'm not allowed to use  
my voice"  
The judge sits high and mighty and he asks me who I  
am  
The robes he wears impress me but he looks a kindly  
man  
"To all who've come to see me, for those that'd prove  
me guilty  
May the joker hear your call and show you all more  
mercy"  
John 'Babbacombe' Lee  
John 'Babbacombe' Lee  
John 'Babbacombe' Lee  
John 'Babbacombe' Lee

The trial was quickly over and my head was full of pain  
I was slowly going crazy with the same story over again  
I was tired and aching, I was standing half asleep  
All I wanted was to take the weight from off my feet  
John 'Babbacombe' Lee  
John 'Babbacombe' Lee  
The jury filed in slowly while we waited their command  
"Courage, John, you're helpless and you are in  
heaven's hand"  
John Lee's not scared of dying, there's a smile in all  
you'll find  
Cradled in a deep sleep with a perfect peace of mind  
I cannot blame the jury, on the evidence they heard  
It seemed that I was guilty, hanged by too many words  
I ?spied a couple of? people so I told them what it  
meant

I trust the Lord in heaven and he knows I'm innocent  
John 'Babbacombe' Lee  
John 'Babbacombe' Lee

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