

## Family Rankin "Malcolm Murray"

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Stood alone there, out on the highway.  
In the blackness, on his own.  
Through the wind, rain and fury  
'Folds the story of Malcolm Murray

Not an evil bone in his body,  
Not a bad thought in his mind  
Always drifting, home to home  
To everybody he was kind

Was a hunter and a drinker  
A simple life his only care  
You could find him out on the backroad  
Or in a tavern, alone somewhere.

Heard one day, that he'd been missing  
Gone out hunting, did not return.  
The sky turned cloudy, the wind grew still  
For his poor soul, my heart yearned

Found him lying, in the mountains  
By a stream where he loved to be  
Lost a good friend and a good man  
Say farewell to Malcolm Murray

It's been said, out on the backroad.  
There's a shadow by the light of the moon  
Never fear, never worry,  
It's just the memory of Malcolm Murray.

Stood alone there out on the highway.  
In the blackness, on his own....

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