

## **Faron Young** **"Lillies Grow High"**

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Boots and Stetson and six guns and the lilies grow high  
They grow for a man with a gunslingin' hand who  
before his time must die  
They grow in the trail he has traveled a trail well  
spattered with lead  
They weep for the graves of the many men they weep  
for the men now dead

He rides along lonely no friends but only the lilies  
growin' high  
All men seem to fear him not one will go near him and  
he knows the reason why  
His name and fame spread before him like a carpet of  
death and he knows  
One day he'll be slow on the draw and then for him a  
lily will grow

A woman may love him though she knows soon above  
him the lilies growin' high  
Then like the lily she'll bow down her head bow down  
her poor head and cry

On some boothill they will lay him and a headboard will  
sway in the wind  
The lily will nod and gently weep for another gunman's  
end

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