

Mountain "The Laird"

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Pappalardi-Collins)
The Laird is arriving
He ran to the east
He stood in the courthouse
Pleading his case
His crime was a passion
An aching for peace
And he's not alone
And he's not alone
And he's not alone
And he's not alone
Let my people go
His soul is on paper
Freshly changed
And white men they keep him
Oh and not changing
And he's not around, yeah
And he's not around
Hes not around
Hes not around, yeah
Let my people go

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