

Oxymoron

"The Oxford Girl"

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I met a man whose brother said he knew a man who
knew the Oxford girl
Is it true what you hear, did he do it out of fear?
Was the day drawing near when a child would start to
show?
Was it rage or shame or damage to his name?
Was it something worse, does anybody know?
Did she pay a price for making them look twice?
Like a glimpse of paradise across a dull and bitter
land?
Did she pass them by, did she dare to meet their eye?
Did she scorn them all and did they understand?
A grief to her father -did she really leave him?
A lover to her brother -yes we all believe him
Temptation to her betters -no better than she should be
Unfaithful to her lover -he always new she would be
She says: I never had a chance to prove them wrong
My time was short, the story long
No I never had a chance to prove them wrong
It's always them that write the song
Did he go to ground, was the suitcase ever found?
Did the police come swarming round on a trail already
cold?
Did he lead them a dance, did he run away to France?
Or did he shop himself before the day was old?
O she was bound to loose if she set her face to choose
They never could excuse her for stirring up their fears
She was much to young, the earth has stopped her
tongue
You can hear the voices calling down the years
She says: I never had a chance to prove them wrong
My time was short, the story long
No I never had a chance to prove them wrong
It's always them that write the song
I met a man whose brother said he new a man who
knew the Oxford girl

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