

Rankin Family

"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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