

## Roger McGuinn

### "Darby's Castle"

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See the ruin on the hill where the smoke is hanging still  
Like an echo of an age long forgotten  
There's a story of a home crushed beneath those  
blackened stones  
And the roof that fell before the beams were rotten  
Seems old Darby loved his wife and he labored all his  
life  
To provide her with material possessions  
And he built for her a home of the finest wood and  
stone  
And the building soon became his sole obsession  
Oh it took three hundred days for the timbers to be  
raised  
And the silhouette was seen for miles around  
And the gables reached as high as the eagles in the  
sky  
But it only took one night to bring it down when Darby's  
castle tumbled to the ground  
[ ac.guitar ]  
Though they shared the common bed there was  
precious little said  
In the moments that were set aside for sleeping  
For his busy dreams were filled with the rooms he'd yet  
to build  
And he never heard young Helen Darby weeping  
Then one night he heard the sound as he laid his pencil  
down  
And he traced it to her door and turned the handle  
And the pale light of the moon through the window of  
the room  
Split the shadows where two bodies lay in tangle  
Oh it took three hundred days...

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