

## **Thompson Richard**

### **"Withered and Died"**

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This cruel country has driven me down  
Teased me and lied, teased me and lied  
I've only sad stories to tell to this town  
My dreams have withered and died  
Once I was bending the tops of the trees  
Kind words in my ear, kind faces to see  
Then I struck up with a boy from the West,  
Played run and hide, played run and hide.  
Count one to ten and he's gone with the rest  
My dreams have withered and died  
Silver moon sail up and silver moon shine  
On the waters so wide, waters so wide  
Steal from the bed of some good friend of mine  
My dreams are withered and died  
If I was a butterfly, live for a day,  
I could be free just blowing away  
This cruel country has driven me down  
Teased me and lied, teased me and lied  
I've only sad stories to tell to this town  
My dreams have withered and died

