

## West Canterbury Subdivision Blues

Johnny Cash

I built her a castle of perma stone  
But I should have reigned more with her  
Too often I left my queen alone  
And that was no way to leave her

I rode out in quest of song and wine  
And that was no way to treat her  
I kept her hangin' like grapes on the vine  
And that was no way to keep her

Reds Goodguy rode by on his milk white steed  
And casually mentioned my misdeeds  
He promised her love far greater than mine  
Thus pulled out and plucked my grapes from the vine

I built her a castle with patios  
But I seldom cooked out upon it  
I bought her a TV with stereo  
But I never listened much to it

Now I have a castle but the queen's not home  
And that is no way to have her  
I have the vine but the grapes are gone  
And that's no way to run a vineyard

Reds Goodguy rode by on his milk white steed  
And casually mentioned my misdeeds  
He promised her love far greater than mine  
Thus pulled out and plucked my grapes from the vine