

# The Man Who Would Speak True

Blitzen Trapper

I had a lover, her name was Grace  
She found me down in a lonely place  
She dug me out with an old jaw bone  
She dressed me up for to take me home  
She fed me words that I could not taste,  
For I had no tongue, it had been replaced  
By a green and a growing flower which grew  
And I knew if I ever spoke, I would speak true

We lived together in an old hotel  
A broke-down palace with a wishing well  
The neighbor girl taught me how to spell  
And how to steal what I could not sell  
But I fed my tongue on the Devil's rum  
In a roadhouse run by a godless bum  
On a drunken night, with a stolen gun  
I shot my lover as she made to run  
The judge said, "Son, what have you done?"  
But I didn't speak a word, no I didn't speak one  
And the judge sent me away  
And they buried my Grace, yeah, the very next day

They sent me out on a midnight train  
In the rain, rolling down through the dusty plain  
Four men sitting with an old shotgun,  
Silver stars pinned on every one  
They busted my mouth for to get at my tongue  
To see just how this had all begun  
So I opened my mouth like a dragon's breath  
I only spoke truth, but it only brought death  
And I laid those boys to rest  
For the truth, in truth, is a terrible jest

For there ain't no road but the road to home,  
There ain't no crops but the ones you've sown  
And if you learn one thing from me  
You better guard your tongue like your enemy

I came to ground in a one-horse town  
On the western rim where the sun goes down  
Where a branded man might start again  
For to right his wrong, for to lose his sin  
But my tongue kept growing, it would not cease  
I grew quite weary, couldn't get no release  
So I went to the magistrate and turned myself in,  
Picked up a shovel, and he made the grin  
And they planted me by the sea  
Now the birds of the air make nests on me