

## Darby's Castle

Bobby Bare

See the ruins 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 stone  
s  
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.

Though they shared the common bed there was precious little sai  
d  
In the moments that were set aside for sleeping  
For his busy dreams were filled with the rooms he'd yet to buil  
d  
And he never heard young Helen Darby weeping.

Then one night he heard the sound and as he laid his pencil dow  
n  
He traced it to her door and turned the handle  
And the pale light of the moon through the window of her room  
Split the shadows where two bodies lay in tangle.

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