

Outlaws

Capercaillie

She stands at the window
Proud Mary, bad news
Demands from the credit
And the sheriff's men too
The wife of a fishermen no longer at sea
She can always find him where whisky flows free
She never called it poverty, the doorstep was clean
Till city hall came calling to show what it means
Have you seen it before
The names of good women and men
Decreed by the sword and the pen
To be outlaws all over again.
The names in the churchyard are long overgrown
Still she came kneeling with flowers of her own
They're watching you Mary
In hard times afraid
As counsel finds guilty
For charges unpaid
And even as the last hope is labelled and sold
We're all for one, Mary
Outlawed for gold.