

## 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 fisherman 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.