

# The Death Of Johnny Mooring

Enter The Haggis

On a day like any other day  
Pavement turning red  
Johnny laid down in the alleyway  
Died with a song in his head  
A long, long way from Springhill  
In an unforgiving game  
Came by with an eye for the spotlights looking for a  
Place to make a name  
So risk all or don't risk anything  
You can lose all the same

Johnny hit town on a windy day  
One morning in the fall  
Couldn't smell the grass or the trees for the paper mill  
Just another job and that was all

Every night looks like the next one  
Every hotel in every town  
Maybe in a smile he found variety  
With a little rye to wash it down  
When he played he was an animal  
With a bow and roving eye, moving like a man undone, incredible  
Couldn't win but he could try  
That night he played like a warrior  
Like he never had before  
Maybe they were songs about a better life  
Than the one he'd settled for  
And by the time the night took Johnny  
He'd won his soul but lost a war

Followed him out to the alleyway  
With a blade he was taken down  
He died so far from home and family  
In an unfamiliar town  
That night the sky had an open eye  
He was left there in the rain  
It washed his life to the shadows  
Before he even made a stain  
Johnny took his last bow running  
And never picked up a bow again