

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