

## Slip Jigs and Reels

### Fairport Convention

He was barely a man in his grandfather's coat  
Sewn into the lining a ten shilling note  
Goodbye to the family  
Farewell to the shore  
Till I taste good fortune you'll see me no more  
Now the boat on the ocean tossed like a cork  
Then one fine mornin' they sighted New York  
He stood on the gangplank and breathed in the air  
A lowland aplenty I've come for my share

And he did like the ladies, their eyes and the fall  
Of their ankles and dresses down on the dance floor  
Rollin' the dice, and spinnin' the wheels  
But he took most delight in the slip jigs and reels

There's talk of a pistol, and some say a knife  
But all have agreed there was somebody's wife  
Dreadful commotion, a terrible fight  
He left a man dead and ran into the night  
On a train to St Louis, just one jump ahead  
He slept one eye open, a sixgun in bed  
He dreamt of the mountains and great fields of home  
Crossing the plain where the buffalo roam

A bad reputation's a hard thing to bear  
Mothers pour scorn, and children they stare  
So he found consolation in flash company  
Things ain't so bad with a girl on each knee  
Oh, they called him The Kid, and by 21  
All that he knew was the power of the gun  
And by 23, he'd shot 5 men down  
That got in his way as he rambled around

There's bones on the desert and buzzards that fly  
In the highest of circles, just wishing he'd die  
But in manners of cruelty, it must be said  
A landlord will pick your bones before you're dead  
It was wild mescaleros I heard someone say  
In the deadliest ambush near old Santa Fe  
And the young buck was taken, dressed in a coat  
And inside the lining a ten shilling note