

Tragedy Now Strikes Hard. ...

Fairport Convention

"The customary quiet of Babbacombe, a residential suburb of Torquay, was greatly disturbed early on Saturday morning
And the peaceful inhabitants were aroused to a state of intense alarm and terror by one of the most frightful tragedies that human devilment could plan or human deed could perpetrate
The name of the victim was Miss Emma Anne Whitehead Keyes, an elderly lady of some sixty-eight years
The name of her home and the scene of her tragedy, was 'The Glen'
She was found early in the morning, lying on her dining room floor
Her throat had been horribly cut and there were three wounds on her head
It was evident that her murderer had also attempted to burn the corpse"

The world has surely lost it's head, the news is full of crimes
There's robberies in The Telegraph and there's murders in The Times
And always more obituaries and even one of these
Concerns the brutal slaughter of an old Miss Emma Keyes

The police have got their man, they're sure, he never left the scene
Indeed, he raised the hue and cry, a most unusual thing
An arsonist, a murderer, his soul will soon be frying
He's young but old enough to kill but he's not too young for dying

And it seems the populace will queue to see him stand in court
To hear him speak his wicked lies while smiling at his thoughts
This arrogant young ruffian is obviously guilty
Though nowhere does it say exactly how or why he killed her

Forget it dear, it's not the first and there's bound to be another
And the way you carry on you'll have us thinking she's your mother
This man called Lee has had his day and soon he'll be forgotten
So put that paper down before your breakfast goes quite rotten