

Trial Song

Fairport Convention

Lee," the sargeant said to me, "acting on my discretion
It is my solemn duty to arrest you on suspicion"
They put me in a carriage, I was driven many miles
They locked me in a prison cell to await my trial

John 'Babbacombe' Lee
John 'Babbacombe' Lee

The man who'd defend me was ill and couldn't come
His brother came to lend me help and ?a dupe? I was
undone
"Do just what you want with me, I don't have a choice
You'd do as well without me as I'm not allowed to use
my voice"

The judge sits high and mighty and he asks me who I am
The robes he wears impress me but he looks a kindly man
"To all who've come to see me, for those that'd prove
me guilty
May the joker hear your call and show you all more
mercy"

John 'Babbacombe' Lee
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The trial was quickly over and my head was full of pain
I was slowly going crazy with the same story over again
I was tired and aching, I was standing half asleep
All I wanted was to take the weight from off my feet

John 'Babbacombe' Lee
John 'Babbacombe' Lee

The jury filed in slowly while we waited their command
"Courage, John, you're helpless and you are in heaven's
hand"
John Lee's not scared of dying, there's a smile in all
you'll find
Cradled in a deep sleep with a perfect peace of mind

I cannot blame the jury, on the evidence they heard
It seemed that I was guilty, hanged by too many words
I ?spied a couple of? people so I told them what it
meant
I trust the Lord in heaven and he knows I'm innocent

John 'Babbacombe' Lee
John 'Babbacombe' Lee