

Lillies Grow High

Faron Young

Boots and Stetson and six guns and the lilies grow high
They grow for a man with a gunslingin' hand who before his time
must die
They grow in the trail he has traveled a trail well spattered w
ith lead
They weep for the graves of the many men they weep for the men
now dead

He rides along lonely no friends but only the lilies growin' hi
gh
All men seem to fear him not one will go near him and he knows
the reason why
His name and fame spread before him like a carpet of death and
he knows
One day he'll be slow on the draw and then for him a lily will
grow

A woman may love him though she knows soon above him the lilies
growin' high
Then like the lily she'll bow down her head bow down her poor h
ead and cry
On some boothill they will lay him and a headboard will sway in
the wind
The lily will nod and gently weep for another gunman's end

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