

West Canterbury Subdivision Blues

Johnny Cash

I built her a castle of perma stone
But I should have reigned more with her
Too often I left my queen alone
And that was no way to leave her

I rode out in quest of song and wine
And that was no way to treat her
I kept her hangin' like grapes on the vine
And that was no way to keep her

Reds Goodguy rode by on his milk white steed
And casually mentioned my misdeeds
He promised her love far greater than mine
Thus pulled out and plucked my grapes from the vine

I built her a castle with patios
But I seldom cooked out upon it
I bought her a TV with stereo
But I never listened much to it

Now I have a castle but the queen's not home
And that is no way to have her
I have the vine but the grapes are gone
And that's no way to run a vineyard

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And casually mentioned my misdeeds
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Thus pulled out and plucked my grapes from the vine