

## Darby's Castle

Kris Kristofferson

See the ruin on the hill  
Where the smoke is hanging still  
Like an echo of an age long forgotten.  
There's a story of a home  
Crushed beneath those blackened stones  
And a roof that fell before the beams were rotten.  
See, Saul Darby loved his wife  
And he laboured all his life  
To provide her with material possessions  
And he built for her a home  
Of the finest wood and stone  
And the building soon became his sole obsession.

Oh it took three hundred days  
For the timber to be raised  
And the silhouette was seen for miles around  
And the gables reached as high  
As the eagles in the sky  
But it only took one night to bring it down --  
When Darby's castle tumbled to the ground.

Though they shared a common bed  
There was precious little said  
In the moments that were set aside for sleeping.  
For his busy dreams were filled  
With the rooms he'd yet to build  
And he never heard young Helen Darby weeping.  
Then one night he heard a sound  
As he laid his pencil down  
And he traced it to her door and turned the handle,  
And the pale light of the moon,  
Through the windows of the room,  
Split the shadows where two bodies lay entangled.

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