

## True Love Knows No Season

Planxty

Billy Gray rode into Gantry way back in '83  
There he first met with young Sarah MacLane  
The wild rose of morning, the pale flower of dawning  
Hurled a springtime into Billy's life that day

Sarah she could not see the daylight of reality  
In her young eyes Billy bore not a flaw  
Knowing not her chosen one, he was a hired gun  
Wanted in Kansas City by the law

Then one day a tall man came riding from the Badlands  
That lie to the north of New Mexico  
He was overheard to say, he was looking for a Billy  
Gray  
A wanted man and a danger said law

Well the news it came creeping to Billy fast sleeping  
There in the Clarendon Bar and Hotel  
He ran to the old church that lies on the outskirts  
Thinking he'd hide in the old steeple bell

But a rifleball came flying, face down he lay dying  
There in the dust of the road where he lay  
Sarah ran to him, she was cursing the lawman  
The poor girl knew no reason, except that he'd been  
Killed

Sarah still lives in that old white frame house  
Where she first met Billy some forty years ago  
But the wild rose of morning has faded with the dawning  
Of each day of sorrow the long years have grown

And written on the stone where the dusty winds have  
Long blown  
Eighteen words to a passing world say  
"True love knows no season, no rhyme or no reason  
Justice is cold as the Granger County clay."

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