

Henhough: The Greatest Story Ever Told

Urge Overkill

Smoke rises from a fire that warms the small cabin there
As the young girl inside lights her man's big pipe
And kisses him goodnight
But he is still and stares even deeper into the red flames that burn in the
night
In Henhough

Around the fires of the Crow tribe the elders used to say:
"The Sun Man's day ends only when her moon comes out to play,
Got to meet him down in Henhough, Henhough or die"

In the valley of Doverton two orphan babies lay
One called Wade Alaska, the other born of evil Jacob Blade
Each boy was taken by a family and raised by separate ways
And though Jacob lived across the mountain Wade knew they'd meet again
In Henhough (Henhough)

At the age of twenty Wade took the virgin, had a forum made
And built his wife a cabin in the pasture nestled by the bay
While clearing his land for planting Wade returned home one day
To find an open door, Hanna gone, and the haunting smell of Jacob Blade

So Wade set out that very night
His horse treading through the river that lay like a castle moat at the foot
of Mount Elran
Strapped to his saddle a shotgun that wore the moonlight like a velvet glove
Wade looked right through the black mountain that lay before him
To Henhough (Henhough)

A thirteen mountain mile trail of tears glistened off the bay
Wade broke a little and knelt down and prayed for a way
The next day sun on the other side at last did shine
And there below lay Henhough, Henhough open wide (Henhough)

The townfolks scattered like a shotgun shell when in walked Wade
The only two left standing was Hanna and Jacob Blade
Wade seen Hanna with her painted eyes, took aim for Jacob's head
A shot rang out that day in Henhough and Wade lay dead

He will thirst yet has no mother
Born in the wine of faith
Who will feed him bread and butter?
He eats chocolate cake
Why must man destroy his brother?
Got to meet him down in Henhough, Henhough or die

Around the fires of the Crow tribe the elders used to say:
"The Sun Man's day ends only when her moon comes out to play"
In the eyes of Wade the reflection of the outlaw Jacob Blade
Laid to rest that morning in the town that bore the name
Henhough.