

Robert Earl Keen, Jr., Billy Gray

Billy Gray rode into Gantry back in '83
There he did meet young Sarah McCray
The wild rose of morning that pale flower of dawning
Herald of springtime in his young 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 was a hired gun
Wanted in Kansas City by the law

Then one day a tall man came riding cross the badlands
That lie to the north of New Mexico
He was overheard to say he was lookin' for Bill Gray
A ruthless man and a dangerous outlaw

Well, the deadly news came creepin' to Billy, fast sleepin'
There in the Clarendon Bar and Hotel
He fled towards the old church, there on the outskirts
Thinking he'd climb that old steeple bell

But a rifle ball came flying face down he lay dying
There in the dust of the road where he fell
Sarah, she ran to him cursing the lawman
Accepting no reason knowing he was killed

Sarah lives in that same old white frame house
Where she first met Billy some forty years ago
And the wild rose of morning has faded
With the dawning of each day of
Sorrow the long years have sown

Written on a stone
where the dusty winds have long blown
Eighteen words to a passing world say:
"True love knows no season, no rhyme nor no reason
Justice is cold as the Granger County clay"