

Mr. Griffin

Cody Jinks

He arrived in '72
Hollowed eyes and everyone knew
He was running
He was scared
Made plane to that 730 mine
Did well busting rocks in the pines
That silver and gold
Was all a young man could want

In the evenings you'd hear him play
His fiddle rings to the end of day
He was digging for the plans they made
He was digging his own grave

Where's your love, Mr. Griffin?
It's been rumored that she died
The night before your wedding day
Is that right, Mr. Griffin?
Does that fiddle prior hurting tune
On the tune of the murdering hand

He stayed away from the girls and the booze
All the things he thought he might lose
All that money he made
Or the secrets he kept
One June night, lord, that fiddle play was hot
Then the valley rang out with a shot
When we found him, he was face down
In the hole he had dug

They still say you can hear him play
His fiddle rings through the end of day
He was digging for his debt to pay
He was digging his own grave

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Mr. Griffin
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Murdering hand