

Silent Type

Dispatch

Rode our horses in the pelting rain over the graves of the last
war

Rooster was on a tare about something he'd seen the night before

Then he went quiet, when his horse stopped still in the night
I guess every now and then he the silent type

From a ramshackle shotgun house we heard a woman just a screaming a name

Said why'd they take him Lord, he hasn't done a thing

But in that moment seemed god slipped out of sight

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Another storm is coming, we gotta take a stand, so we don't fall

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Further up the trail we came to ghastly sight

A man hanging from an old oak tree, for looking someone in the eye

I asked the governor but he ducked back from the light

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