

The Ghosts Of Calico

Enter The Haggis

On my twenty-first day I came to Calico
They told me there was silver buried in her stone
Summer died in April before the flowers came
She will hold me here until I strike my dying day
I just keep on swinging, hold my hat brim low
Dig a little deeper and like a seed, I'm sown
She can break my spirit, back and arms and legs
Though I may not stand I'm not bowing to her King

They will tell you that your fortune lies this way
But don't believe the lies you're told
Spend a life time trying to dig an endless grave
For the ghosts of Calico

Hey Miss Lucy Bell Lane, why'd you have to go
I can hear your sweet song when the south wind blows
I won't forget your spirit and I won't forget your face
I'll be waiting for you if you come back some day
Take my last breath quickly, take it in my sleep
Take it when I'm dreaming of a life in San Martin
Everyone I know now's a dusty memory
I can hear the wolves delivering my eulogy