

The Graveyard of the Outcast Dead

Frank Turner

They buried my body on Christmas
In the ground by the south river bank
Worked to my death, for my very last breath
I'd the Winchester bishops to thank
Now the church held the keys to the brothel
Lit the window with a burning red light
While I teased the funds from the pockets of johns
The bishop got rich in the night

But I didn't fall apart
Through my years in the dark
For my lover I guarded
My pure, pure heart

And he meets me in the graveyard
The graveyard where they made my bed
Plants a white flower under cold stars
On the grave of the forgotten dead

Now the bishops snuck off to fresh pastures
While my grave was grown over with weeds
No burial plots, just some forget-me-nots
For the women they branded unclean
The wasteland was claimed by the city
They covered it with tenement slums
For where we'd been left had never been blessed
And they dug down and built on our bones

But every December
With frost on his fingers
My lover returns
For he still remembers

To meet me in the graveyard
The graveyard where they made my bed
Plants a white flower under cold stars
On the grave of the forgotten dead

The sun goes down and the last folk leave
It's London Town on Christmas Eve
My lover still wanders bereft and bereaved
For he can't find the woman that he promised he'd meet
The sun comes up on the cold, cold ground
It's Christmas morning in London Town
He lays on my grave and he cradles his head
And as he hears the church bells, he knows that I'm dead

So London, don't mourn for your lovers
Raise a glass for us glorious dead
For beneath Southwark streets, we outlasted the priests
And the city's raised up on our beds
Though we're gone, London, do not forget

To meet us on Christmas
In the graveyard where they made our bed
Plant a white flower for the outcasts
On the graves of the forgotten dead

Oh to meet us on Christmas
In the graveyard where they made our bed
Plant a white flower for the outcasts
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