

## Williamson County

Gary Stewart

Up the stairs and to the back door  
Of a Williamson County hotel  
Lives a lady who sells her time  
I've grown to know her quite well

Each Sunday would find us  
On a picnic by the riverside  
Then we'd ride her surrey  
Down on Carter's Creek Pike

This Sunday she acts different  
I feel there's something strange  
Her lips began to speak  
Another man's name

To think that only moments ago  
I picked her a blood red rose  
Now the same hands that catered to her

Are clutching at her throat

She struggled to find strength  
Then I heard her scream  
You're haunted and love will not die here  
I'll return to curse your dreams

So each night in my dreams  
My mind will wander  
Down to the river  
That I put her under

And I ride this nightmare  
All over Williamson County  
The devil waits on my soul for his payment  
I await the hunter of my bounty