Williamson County

Gary Stewart

Up the stairs and to the back door
Of a Williamson County hotel
Lives a lady who sells her time
Ive 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 theres something strange
Her lips began to speak
Another mans 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

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