

## Billy Gray

Michael Martin Murphey

Billy Gray rode into Gantry back in the year of '83  
When he first met pretty Sarah McClay  
A wild rose of morning that pale flower of dawning  
Herald of springtime in Billy's life that day

No Sarah she could not see the daylight of reality  
In her young eyes Billy bore not a flaw  
Knowing not her chosen one the one that was a hired gun  
Wanted in Kansas City by the law

But true love has no season no rhyme and no reason  
Justice is as cold as the Granger County clay

Then one day a tall man came ridin' from the Badlands  
That light to the north of New Mexico  
He was overheard to say he was looking for Billy Gray  
The wanted man and their danger with outlaw

Well the news came creeping to Billy fast sleeping,  
There in the bar of the Clarendon Hotel  
He went to the old church that lies on the outskirts  
Thinking he'd hide in the old steeple there

But a rifle ball came flying face down he lay dying  
There in the dust of the road where he laid  
Sarah she ran to him she was cursing the lawmen  
Poor girl knew no reason accepting he'd been killed

But true love has no season no rhyme and no reason  
Justice is as cold as the Granger County clay

Sarah still lives in that old white frame house  
Where she first met Billy forty years ago  
But the wild rose of morning has faded with the dawning  
Each day of sorrow the lonely years have grown

And written on the old stone where the dusty winds have blown  
Eighteen words to the passing strangers say  
True love has no season no rhyme and no reason  
Justice is as cold as the Granger County clay