

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