

The fruit ain't strange

I walked away, I walked all day
I looked and looked for love
I shook from head to toe when found

Hanging from a tree
Who or why they did this
When and How I cried

Around the bend I saw the dust
Laughter carried on the wind

Hung so high I could not reach
or climb the trunk so wide
I sat below he waiting
Until the Ravens dined

Not so late what left of her
Tumbled to my lap
And gathered up the bits
Then dug the grave deserved

After grieving sought the men
Believed who did the crime
Traveled down that dusty road
For the revenge that was mine