

Randall Hayes

by Rick Lang

There's a tale that they tell I remember oh so well,
I'll take with me till my dying days.
Of one murderous night down by the riverside,
And a body in a shallow grave... where they found poor Randall Hayes.

Randall lived down the tracks in an old tarpaper shack,
With hardly a penny to his name.
All the clothes that he wore were all ragged and torn,
How he ever survived it's hard to say...life was hard for poor Randall Hayes.

Randall worked every day for oh so little pay,
At the graveyard on the outskirts of the town.
With young Willie McGee, just a boy of 17,
Digging holes in that buryin' ground...until the evening sun went down

It was on a summer's morn as they both worked along,
When tempers flew and angry words were exchanged.
And in an awful fight old Randall pulled his knife,
And he cut that young boy on his face...Willie cried, "I'll get even someday!"

After three weeks went by, on a clear moonlit night,
As Randall walked along by the riverside.
There in the woods in the darkness Willie stood,
From his gun he fired every round...and left old Randall dying on the ground.

It was 20 years today up on a courtroom stand,
When Willie told the evil deed that he had done.
He got 30 years to life to pay for his crime,
And although he may be dead and gone...the tale of Randall Hayes still lives on.