

## Darby's Castle

Shawn Mullins

See the ruin on the hill  
Where the smoke is hangin' still  
Like an echo of an age long forgotten  
There's a story of a home  
Crushed beneath those blackened stones  
And the roof that fell before the beams were rotten  
Cecil Darby loved his wife  
And he labored all his life  
To provide her with material possessions  
And he built for her a home  
Of the finest wood and stone  
And the building soon became his sole obsession

Oh it took three hundred days  
For the timbers to be raised  
And the silhouette was seen from miles around  
And the gables reached as high  
As the eagles in the sky  
But it only took one night to bring it down  
When Darby's castle tumbled to the ground

Though they shared a common bed  
There was precious little said  
In the moments that were set aside for sleepin'  
For his busy dreams were filled  
With the rooms he'd yet to build  
And he never heard young Helen Darby weepin'  
Then one night he heard a sound  
As he laid his pencil down  
And traced it to her door and turned the handle  
And the pale light of the moon  
Through the window of the room  
Split the shadows where two bodies lay entangled

Oh it took three hundred days  
For the timbers to be raised  
And the silhouette was seen from miles around  
And the gables reached as high  
As the eagles in the sky  
But it only took one night to bring it down  
When Darby's castle tumbled to the ground