

Bones Of Wylie Dill
@Jack Shannon/Rick Lang

V1

Wylie was a handyman, worked on my daddy's farm
In troubled times he was always near
Rumors spread around in our little town
On the day he up and disappeared

V2

Posse combed the hills and hollers near our home
I was too afraid to go outside
Daddy stood alone his face cold as stone
Momma shook with tears in her eyes

Chorus

Sometimes the mountain holds a secret
Stories it may never tell
Through the heat of twenty summers
To the bitter winter chill
They say the wind howls and moans
As it sweeps o'er the bones of poor Wylie Dill

V3

The days turned to months the months turned to years
For some the mystery seemed to fade
With mom and daddy gone leaving me alone
Haunted by the memory of that day

V4

Then one rainy day cleaning out the old home place
Found a letter written in my daddy's hand
I'm ashamed of what I've done, in anger with my gun
His words haunt me still, you are the son of Wylie Dill