

# A SONG FOR MR. GENTRY

by Lee Fairchild  
1972

The wind screamed loud,  
that one fateful day.  
When your Bobby Gentry  
went walking away.  
Young flying  
Warrior of the sky.  
Strong as the lion's roar  
quiet like the snowfall.  
Flew in from the west  
to that green grass valley,  
to a flowery field landing  
in a strange foreign battle.  
Then the lighting flashed  
and God had his say  
as the flowers turned red  
and the valley went grey  
and young Bobby Gentry  
went walking away.  
Like a warrior of the skies  
he was too proud to cry  
as he looked to the heavens  
and quietly slipped away  
to the land where slain warriors  
of battles do play'

Oh, I heard his mother cry  
and his father drop to his knees,  
his brothers and sisters  
all screamed toward the sky  
cursing the wind  
that one fateful day.

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