

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 lightning 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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