

"Sparrow"

by John Hadley, Gregg Standridge and Terry Ware

There's a soft breeze through the tall grass  
There's a lone oak rising high  
A sparrow in the tree top  
A red hawk in the sky

He was fourteen in Chicago  
Back in nineteen fifty-five  
He went down to Mississippi  
With his cousins by his side

At a small store they were talking  
The conversation finally led  
To him saying to a woman  
Things he never should have said

They ran off, it wasn't long  
'Til the story got around  
Her husband and his two friends  
Got a gun to hunt him down

Found him sleeping in a cabin  
And they took him from his bed  
Drove him off into the dark night  
Pistol whipped him in the head

Then they shot him and they killed him  
Barbed-wire weight to sink him down  
Dumped his body in the river  
Three days later it was found

They took the killers to the courthouse  
Where the bells of justice ring  
The jury said not guilty  
Said not guilty of anything

Fourteen years old back in Chicago  
An open casket, thousands cried  
They could see him bruised and battered  
A bullet hole behind his eye

His mother wrote the President  
Told him all the cold, hard facts  
She waited and she waited  
But he never wrote her back  
She waited and she waited  
But he never wrote her back

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