

The Banks of Willow Creek

Chorus

Oh, the plains remember footsteps
Of the boys they used to be;
But the years can turn to shadows
Where a heart can't always see.
Now the law rides on his shoulders,
And the past is buried deep—
But he'll never outrun sorrow
From the banks of Willow Creek.

They'd raced along the ridge lines
With the wild grass at their knees,
Two boys who swore forever
On the whisper of the breeze.

But time can turn a promise
Into something thin and weak—
A truth he felt like splinters
That day in Willow Creek.

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He rode into town at sunup
His guns low at his hips.
There was sadness in his blue eyes
But a smile hung on his lips.

He found him by the riverbend,
A warrant in his hand—
Two brothers split by choices
Neither one had planned.

The draw was fast and fatal,
Just one shot split the air;
When the smoke cleared, the lawman
Could only stand and stare.

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And as he rode away that evening
A tear ran down his cheek
For the brother he'd left dead that day
Back there in Willow Creek.

Now years have drifted past him,
Like dust across the plain;
He still hears that single gunshot
and Every time it brings the pain.

A lawman keeps on riding,
But some wounds just never heal—
And justice cuts the deepest
When it's carved in cold blue steel.

Chorus

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Final Refrain (fade-out)

He can't erase the memory Willow Creek still calls his name.
Willow Creek still calls his name.

I remember singing this for P.J O'Laughlin (RIP) when I was about 16 years old; sitting in front of what was the Gasthoff in Lahinch. It was already deserted and dilapidated.

He really liked it because it was a sad song with a story.

We were good friends and we would share songs and recitations.

He was writing some funny stuff and he had a vast trove of jokes.