

The Murder of Dickey Hovey

Richard "Dickey" Hovey
Stood almost five foot ten
Blonde hair was lightly brown
He weighed a hundred sixty pounds
When he was soaking wet
When he turned seventeen
With his guitar and Sunday best
Waved goodbye at the 401
He stuck out his thumb
Caught a ride and headed west

Chorus:

All you sons and daughters be careful where you walk
Look both ways before you cross the street
Obey the traffic signs learn to read between the lines
You don't know who it is that you might meet

He ended in Toronto
In search of fortune and of fame
The streets are paved with gold
No one ever grows old
A small town boy could make a name
While back in Fredricton
The locals all would say
That boy with the guitar
Did he make it very far
He just disappeared that day

Chorus

In a kitchen in New Brunswick
A phone rings at last
A body had been found
Buried in the ground
Though forty years have past
Since Richard "Dickey" Hovey
Who was almost five foot ten
Took his guitar and Sunday best
Caught a ride and Headed west
And was never seen again

Chorus