

Eddy Arnold

"Poor Howard"

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Poor Howard's dead and gone, left me here to sing his
song

Poor Howard's dead and gone, left me here to sing his
song

Poor Howard had a wife and she nagged him all his life
So he used his butcher knife---like I said he had a wife

Now poor Howard's dead and gone...

They took Howard off to jail, wouldn't let me go his bail,
They said if he is your friend, buy a lilly for his hand

Poor Howard's dead and gone...

[ac.guitar]

When we laid his bones to rest we fullfilled his last
request

He said buddies bury me far from her as I can be

Now poor Howard's dead and gone...

His last words were "Friends, goodbye. Don't you
worry; don't you cry.

I don't mind this a gettin' hung, at least I stopped her
naggin' tongue."

Now poor Howard's dead and gone...

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