Irma Thomas "Deads Man's Will"

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Give this stone to my brother 'cause we found it playing in the barnyard Many years ago

Give this bone to my father He'll remember hunting in the hills When I was 10 years old

May my love reach you all I locked in myself and buried too long Now that I've come to fall Please say it's not too late Now that I'm dead and gone

Give this string to my mother
It pulled the baby teeth she keeps inside the drawer
Give this ring to my lover
I was scared and stupid not to ask
For her hand long before

May my love reach you all
I locked in myself and buried too long
Now that I've come to fall
Please say it's not too late
Now that I'm dead and gone

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