

James Taylor

"Mona"

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Life's good friends are hard to find
And now one of mine is dead
And things I should have said to her
I shall say to you instead

Mona mona
So much of you to love
Too much of you to take care of
Mona mona
You got too big to keep
And too damn old to eat

When you where just a football
At your mama's side
I reckon everyone figured you
For a bar-b-que when you died
And here I'm thinking about you
Lying underground
Pushing up a pine tree in my field

Oh mona mona
You can close your eyes
I've got a twelve gauge surprise

Waiting for you

Since the day she passed away
Everything's just the same
Everywhere I go
Somebody mentions her name
Sometimes it's easiest to tell
A friend a lie
They don't understand
The way I feel

Oh mona mona
So much of you to love
To much of you to take care of
So long

Now she is gone and I am
Left alone as you can see

But ever since I caused her death
I do miss her company

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