

Cal Smith

"Ballad Of Forty Dollars"

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The man who preached the funeral said it really was a
simple way to die
He laied down to rest one afternoon and never opened
up his eyes
They hired me and Fred and Joe to dig the grave and
carry up some chairs
It took us seven hours and I guess we must have drunk
a case of beer

I guess I oughta go and watch them put him down but I
don't own the suit
And anyway when they start talkin' bout the fire and
hell well I get spooked
So I'll just sit here in my truck and act like I don't know
him when they pass
And ayway when they're all through I've got to go to
work and mow the grass

Well here they come and who's that riding in that big ol'
shiny limousine
Look at all that chrome I do believe that that's the
sharpest thing I've seen
That must belong to his great Uncle someone said he
owned a big ol' farm
When they get parked I'll mosey down and look it over
that won't do no harm
Well that must be the widow in the car and would you
take a look at that
That sure is a pretty dress you know some women do
look good in black
But he's not even in the ground and they say his track
is up for sale
They say she took it pretty hard but you can't tell too
much behind a veil

Well listen ain't that pretty when the bugler plays the
military taps
I think that when you's in the war they always hide and
play a song like that
Well here I am and there they go and I guess you'd call
it my bad luck
I hope he'll rest in peace but trouble is the fellow owed

me forty bucks

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