

Conway Twitty "Ballad Of Forty Dollars"

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The man who preached the funeral
Said it really was a simple way to die
He laid 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 'em
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 anyway when they're all through
I've got to go to work and mow the grass

Well, here they come and who's that ridin'
In that big ole shiny limousine
Hmm, 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 ole 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

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

Now listen ain't that pretty
When the bugler plays the military taps

I think that when you's in the war
They always hired and played 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
That fellow owed me forty bucks

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