

Osborne Brothers

"Ballad of Forty Dollars"

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(Tom T. Hall)

Well, the man who preached the funeral
Said it really was a simple way to die
Well, 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've drunk a case of beer.

I guess I ought to go and watch them put him down
But I don't own the suit
Anyway when they start talking
About 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
Anyway when they're all through
I 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.

Why he's not even in the ground
And they say that 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 hired and played a song like that.

Well, here I am and there they go
And I guess you'd just call it my bad luck
I hope he'll rest in peace but trouble is
That fella owes me forty bucks...

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