

## Mel Street

### "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 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 oughta go and watch them put him down but I  
don't own the suit  
And anyway when they start talkin' 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've got to go to work  
and mow the grass  
Here they come and who's that ridin' in that big ole  
shiny limousine  
Look at all that chrome I do believe that's the sharpest  
thing I've seen  
That must belong to his rich 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 that his track  
is up for sale  
They say she took it pretty hard but you can't tell too  
much behind a veil  
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 fellow owes  
me forty bucks

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