

Merle Haggard

"Uncle Lem"

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The ladies of the garden club say
His home is just a disgrace to the town
If the Mayor wants re-elected
He'd better pass some laws and tear it down

They wanna cover it with flowers
Maybe even plant some dogwood trees
I guess that they've forgotten
When we were kids what that place used to be

I know it's just a shanty now
But Lord, that place was built with human tears
For it's the home of Uncle Lem
Who was born and raised and lived there ninety years

There's not a boy in this whole town
Hasn't stopped for water at his well
Or sat on his porch in the evenin'
And listened to the stories that he'd tell

Oh, his hair was the color of a cotton field
And his skin was old and brown
And he was born in that rundown shack
Before there was a town

He bought that shack and a piece of earth
For the highest price to pay
His mom was bought and sold there
Uncle Lem was born'd a slave

The mayor and some ladies of the garden club
Went out to tell Uncle Lem that he'd have to find a new
place to live
Well, they found him there in that old broken down
rockin' chair
And on an old paper bag they found his will

"Nor I wanna leave my old shotgun to the fine mayor of
this town
For I remember when he a little fella, he used to follow
me around
I wish I had more to give to my friends that I love

But all I've got is this old shack and a piece of earth
And I want it to go to the ladies of the garden club"

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