

Murder By Death "For Matt Davis"

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oh let me lay down beside my dear friend who has
gone away cover me over with dirt and sod let me
hasten my departure day for i long for that day when
we'll be dancin on the stormclouds to shake the rain
from the sky onto our graves we'll all be waiting for that
day well will whitmore mixed up some shine filled up
the jug and met us walkin down the line the line the line
he met us walkin down the line to join our friend in
heaven down the line and every chain gang in heaven
lifted up their arms made an aisle for him to walk
between the rows and each plant bowed down toward
him as he passed as he passed they kept their necks in
reverence for the preacher's son

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