

Norma Jean "Hundred Dollar Funeral"

Visit "[Hundred Dollar Funeral](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

With one nickel in his pocket and a pack of cigarette
There were no tears of sorrow no tears of regret
In a plain wooden casket the county laid him away
Just a hundred dollar funeral with no loved ones to pray

There must be a mother who loved him somewhere
Perhaps she had gone home and was waiting up there
Where there's no disappointments around God's great
throne
No hundred dollar funerals unloved and unknown

No pretty marble headstone no one friend came
He was lowered by four strangers that didn't know his
name
A loser on this Earth, a death so many must pay
Just a hundred dollar funeral with no loved ones to pray

There must be a mother who loved him somewhere
Perhaps she had gone home and was waiting up there
Where there's no disappointments around God's great
throne
No hundred dollar funerals unloved and unknown
No hundred dollar funerals unloved and unknown

Visit [Norma Jean](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.