

Cornbugs "Buried Child"

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Buried child
In a little wooden box
Buried child
Down under the rocks
Who could have put him there
In his little coffin clothes?
Who could have left him there
So cold he probably froze
Buried child (x4)
Buried child
In a little wooden box
Buried child
Down under the rocks
Who could have put her there
In her little coffin clothes?
Who could have left her there
So cold she probably froze
Did he have a name
Did he go too soon
If it's a boy let's call him Salton

If it's a girl then Wanda June
Buried child (x3)
The tears, the tears, the tears
Buried child
Not much flesh left on the bone
Buried child
So sad so all alone
Buried child
With your little boney toes
Buried child
I can hear your fingernails grow
With tears and tears and tears
Buried child I'm so happy for you
Buried child with your eyeball goo
Dribbling down your chin
Buried child move over and let me in

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