

Richard Thompson "Sam Jones"

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Me name is Sam Jones and it's bones me occupation
Chuck your old hocks out for my consideration
Thirty years a bone man, up and down the nation
Sam Jones deliver them bones

I've been among the shamrock and I've been among
the thistle
I like it all picked over, clean as a whistle
No sign of meat on, no sign of gristle
Sam Jones deliver them bones

I've seen battlefields white with human ivory
Noble dukes and princes stripped of flesh and finery
When the crows have done their job, they say that's the
time for me
Sam Jones deliver them bones

And I even dream of bones when I'm lying very ill
Roomsfull of skeletons a-dancing the quadrille
Rows and rows of skulls singing Blueberry Hill
Sam Jones deliver them bones

And if you're unburied, the likes of me will find you
You're no good to worms, but you might become the
finest glue
We'll grind you up and spread you out as fertiliser, too
Sam Jones deliver them bones

And I've got a lorry, it's me own boneshaker
Where's there old knuckle joints I'll be the undertaker
I'll come calling 'round just like the butcher and the
baker
Sam Jones deliver them bones

Me name is Sam Jones and it's bones me occupation
Chuck your old hocks out for my consideration
Thirty years a bone man, up and down the nation
Sam Jones deliver them bones
Oh, Sam Jones deliver them bones
Sam Jones deliver them bones

