

Roy Acuff

"Unloved And Unclaimed"

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There were no loved one to weep over her
Not a tear did I see shed
For the lady they pulled from that muddy old river
No one ever came to claim their dead

She lay on the cold marble slab at the marquee
Thousands viewed her but none knew her name
They will lay her to rest in Potter's Field tomorrow
She will lay there unloved and unclaimed

Inside the purse that she clutched in her hand
A note written, 'Blame no one but me'
As I looked in her faced I couldn't help but think
What a poor wicked place this world can be

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