

Edna Hicks

"Cemetary Blues"

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Folks, I know a gal named Cemetary Lize,
Down in Tennessee;
She has got a pair of mean old graveyard eyes,
Full of misery.
Every night and day,
You can hear her sing her blues away:

I'm goin' down to the cemetary,
'Cause the world is all wrong,
I'm goin' down to the cemetary,
'Cause the world is all wrong,
And there ain't a fool to hear me sing my sorrow song.

I got a date to see a ghost
By the name of Jones,
I got a date to see a ghost
By the name of Jones,
Make me feel happy to hear him rattle his bones.

He ain't no fine dresser,
He don't wear nothing but a sack;
Everytime he kisses me, that funny feeling creeps up
my back.

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