

Tom T. Hall

"Gone To Hell In A Basket"

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I fished the everglades for a while
Lookin' through the darkness at those alligators' eyes
Three days in the sun boys ah it made me well
But back in Nashville they're just a givin' me hell
Singing he's gone to hell in a basket one of those hand
woven caskets
You got a deep question please don't ask it but I've
gone to hell in a basket

Them air boat boys have got their nerve
Right now they're eatin' all of 'em terrible preserves
Singing my new song for a six pack of beer
Back in Music City this is all you can hear
He's gone to hell in a basket

Okefenokee ain't so much they say the grass ain't so
tough
These saw grass neighbors know what life's all about
Meanwhile back in Nashville they're still wearin' me out
With he's gone to hell in a basket
What you say he's gone to hell in a basket
Yeah, I know he's gone to hell in a basket

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