

# Ballad Of Forty Dollars

Dave Dudley

The man who preached the funeral  
Said it really was a simple way to die  
He laid down to rest one afternoon  
And never opened up his eyes

They hired me and Fred and Joe  
To dig the grave and carry up some chairs  
It took us seven hours and I guess  
We must've drunk a case of beer

I guess I oughta go and watch them  
Put him down but I don't own the suit  
And anyway when they start talkin' 'bout the fire  
And hell, well I get spooked

So I'll just sit here in my truck  
And act like I don't know him when they pass  
Anyway when they're all through  
I've got to go to work and mow the grass

Well, here they come and who's that ridin'  
In that big ole shiny limousine  
Look at all that chrome, I do believe that  
That's the sharpest thing I've seen

That must belong to his rich uncle  
Someone said he owned a great big farm  
When they get parked, I'll mosey down  
And look it over that won't do no harm

Well, that must be the widow in the car  
And would you take a look at that  
That sure is a pretty dress  
You know some women do look good in black

He's not even in the ground  
And they say that his track is up for sale  
They say she took it pretty hard  
But you can't tell too much behind a veil

Well, listen, ain't that pretty  
When that bugler plays the military taps?  
I think that when you's in the war  
They always hired and played a song like that

Well, here I am and there they go  
And I guess you'd just call it my bad luck  
I hope he'll rest in peace but trouble is  
That fellow owes me forty bucks