

## For Matt Davis

### Murder by Death

oh let me lay down beside my dear friend who has gone away  
cover me over with dirt and sod let me hasten my departure day  
for i long for that day when we'll be dancin on the stormclouds to  
shake the rain from the sky onto our graves we'll all be waitin  
g for that day well will whitmore mixed up some shine filled up  
the jug and met us walkin down the line the line the line he m  
et us walkin down the line to join our friend in heaven down th  
e line and every chain gang in heaven lifted up their arms made  
an aisle for him to walk between the rows and each plant bowed  
down toward him as he passed as he passed they kept their neck  
s in reverence for the preacher's son