# Old Silver

## Radney Foster

Old silver died last Saturday evenin'
Or was it more like ten years ago
She nailed two dozen roses to the top of his coffin
And buried'em deep where they never would grow
Lord she buried'em deep where they never would growNow the Irish are funny, they'll cry when they have to
And the lady she moaned such a mournful sound
Me and the Mexican just finished the bottle
And remembered the days when Old Silver was around
Yeah remembered the days when Old Silver was around'Cause Old Silver took the best of it with him
The lovers and the dealers and the dreamers of dreams
And Old Silver took the love of a lady
Who never got over Old Silver and me
Lord she never got over Old Silver and meOld Silver had the magic and he carried the money
With the grace of a gambler and he lost it with ease
And he knew his lines better than any good carny barker
Wore the best damn boots that you ever have seen
He had the best snake-skin boots that you ever have seenNow the lady she loved him and she never asked questions
Though she laid awake wonderin' on many a night
She swore she was leavin' most every mornin'
But she always would kiss him when he turned out the lights
She was always right there when he turned out the lightsCHORUSNow there's always a sidekick in every B-western
Who's always in love with a lady who leaves
But she can't stand the memory so I really don't blame her
For taking the very first Greyhound she'd seen
But god I hate her for takin' the first Greyhound she'd seenCHORUSOld Silver died last Saturday evenin'
Or was it more like ten years ago

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