

# The Death Of Jimmy Martin

Tom Russell

There's a hound dog running all alone through the piney woods  
Lord his howlin' tears the soul out of me  
There's a jay bird calling up a funeral dirge  
In ancient harmony  
Barb'ry Allen rolled over in a grave all morning  
With roses growing out of her head  
Hey, God's gonna burn down Nashville, boys  
Cause Jimmy Martin's dead  
Ah, the great Jimmy Martin's gone dead  
You got twenty twenty vision but you're walkin' 'round blind  
You Grand Ole Opry fools  
With your hypocritic judgments and your self righteous snobbery. Your God damned false hearted rule  
You scorned Hank Williams, you shunned Jimmy Martin,  
Boys who sang with tongues of fire.  
So god's gonna burn down your Grand Ole Opry  
Hear the screams of the hypocrites and liars  
They feel safer now that Jimmy has expired. Run, Pete, run, your master's callin' you,  
He's waiting on up ahead  
Bm Don't look back, Nashville's burnin' down  
Jimmy Martin's dead  
Oh, The great Jimmy Martin's gone dead. Yeah, don't call me no country singer  
Those are poison words to me  
'Cause I ain't heard a good country song  
Since nineteen seventy three  
The King of Bluegrass has died for your sins  
The Whore of Babylon is sleepin' in your bed  
So God's gonna burn down Nashville tonight, boys,  
Cause Jimmy Martin's dead  
The great Jimmy Martin's gone dead. Run, Pete, run, your master's callin' you,  
He's waiting on up ahead  
Bm Don't look back, Nashville's burnin' down  
Jimmy Martin's dead  
Oh, The great Jimmy Martin's gone dead. There's a hound dog runnin' all alone through the piney woods  
The howling tears the soul out of me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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