

# This Is How We Do Things In the Country

## Slim Cessna's Auto Club

The first and last time I met her  
We was children seven years by.  
She held my hand so softly.  
She was perfectly shy.

My family went to wander  
Six years in foreign lands.  
I turned up last evening  
To take her by my hand.

Long about break of mornin'  
I met with my girl.  
She looked at me with crossed eyes  
So I sent her from this world.

I cracked her with my shovel.  
She bent my shovel's blade.  
She still had them crossed eyes  
As I dug her crooked grave.

This is how it's always been.  
This is how we do things in the country.  
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This is how we do things in the country.

Long the next day mornin'  
The rains--they came down.  
Washed away that crooked grave--  
Washed her straight into town.

She nudged 'gainst Judge Henry.  
She looked at him with cock eyes.  
Judge Henry--he's as thick as the best built dam  
But even he could see she'd passed on by.

Long late that evening  
I sought her kinfolk out.  
I asked to sing at her funeral.  
They said, ("Son we'd be proud.")

My song--it began to bend and break  
As the box went in the ground.  
They dug her a brand new hole  
With walls true up and down.

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Late in the dark time  
I went creepin' 'round the town  
into every pine board shed.  
All their tools I did found.

I put them in my vice grip,  
Turned 'em to the left and right,  
Returned them to their tool sheds,  
Straightened out this town with might.

#### DUET

Now when they hoe a garden . . .  
(It angles to the northeast.)  
When they raise a new building . . .  
(It leans askew and, Lord, does it creak.)  
Now when they shape a new tool . . .  
(From the one's he's made unstraight . . .)  
(See every which way--think--they cross it up.)  
(Lord, these crooked graves--they will be our fate.)

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Lyrics submitted by RAM.

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