

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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