

# Ballad of Forty Dollars

Tom T. Hall

The man who preached the funeral  
Said it really was a simple way to die  
He laid down to rest one afternoon  
And never opened up his eyes They hired me and Fred and Joe  
To dig the grave and carry up some chairs  
It took us seven hours  
And I guess, we must have drunk a case of beer I guess, I ought to go and watch them put him down  
But I don't own a suit  
And anyway when they start talkin' about  
The fire in hell, well, I get spooked So, I'll just sit here in my truck  
And act like I don't know him when they pass  
Anyway, when they're all through  
I've got to go to work and mow the grass Well, here they come and who's that  
Ridin' in that big ol' shiny limousine  
Mmh! look at all that chrome, I do believe  
That that's the sharpest thing I've seen That must belong to his great uncle  
Someone said, "He owned a big ol' farm"  
When they get parked, I'll mosey down  
And look it over, that won't do no harm Well, that must be the widow in the car  
And would you take a look at that?  
That sure is a pretty dress  
You know, some women do look good in black Well, he's not even in the ground  
And they say that his truck is up for sale  
They say, she took it pretty hard  
But you can't tell too much behind the veil Well, listen ain't that pretty  
When the bugler plays the, 'Military taps'  
I think that when you's in the war  
They always hide 'n' play a song like that Well, here I am and there they go  
And I guess, you'd just call it my bad luck  
I hope he rests in peace, the trouble is  
The fellow owes me forty bucks

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