

Pretty Little Cemetery

[Ron Sexsmith](#)

Pretty little cemetery on a summer's day
Walking with my family, stopping on the way
To read the epitaphs and wonder at the graves
Pretty little cemetery on a summer's day
Pretty little monument beneath a shady tree
For a little boy who died in 1943
But still in the air this lingering grief
Pretty little monument beneath a shady tree
There's an old couple on the bus
Sitting next to us, my boy and I
And pointing to the graveyard
My boy turns to the old man
And says, "This is where
You go to when you die
My papa told me so"
The old man said, "Yes, we know"

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