

# 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 'em 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 'em 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'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.

Songwriters

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