

# Tombstone Blues

## Robert Pete Williams

The sweet pretty things are in bed now of course  
The city fathers they're trying to endorse  
The reincarnation of Paul Revere's horse  
But the town has no need to be nervousThe ghost of Belle Starr she hands down her wits  
To Jezebel the nun she violently knits  
A bald wig for Jack the Ripper who sits  
At the head of the chamber of commerceMama's in the fact'ry  
She ain't got no shoes  
Daddy's in the alley  
He's lookin' for the fuse  
I'm in the streets  
With the tombstone bluesThe hysterical bride in the penny arcade  
Screaming she moans, "I've just been made"  
Then sends out for the doctor who pulls down the shade  
Says, "My advice is to not let the boys in"Now the medicine man comes and he shuffles inside  
He walks with a swagger and he says to the bride  
"Stop all this weeping, swallow your pride  
You will not die, it's not poison" Mama's in the fact'ry  
She ain't got no shoes  
Daddy's in the alley  
He's lookin' for the fuse  
I'm in the streets  
With the tombstone bluesWell, John the Baptist after torturing a thief  
Looks up at his hero the Commander-in-Chief  
Saying, "Tell me great hero, but please make it brief  
Is there a hole for me to get sick in?" The Commander-in-Chief answers him while chasing a fly  
Saying, "Death to all those who would whimper and cry"  
And dropping a bar bell he points to the sky  
Saving, "The sun's not yellow it's chicken" Mama's in the fact'ry  
She ain't got no shoes  
Daddy's in the alley  
He's lookin' for the fuse  
I'm in the streets  
With the tombstone bluesThe king of the Philistines his soldiers to save  
Puts jawbones on their tombstones and flattens their graves  
Puts the pied pipers in prison and fattens the slaves  
Then sends them out to the jungleGypsy Davey with a blowtorch he burns out their camps  
With his faithful slave Pedro behind him he tramps  
With a fantastic collection of stamps

To win friends and influence his uncleMama's in the fact'ry

She ain't got no shoes

Daddy's in the alley

He's lookin' for the fuse

I'm in the streets

With the tombstone bluesThe geometry of innocent flesh on the bone

Causes Galileo's math book to get thrown

At Delilah who sits worthlessly alone

But the tears on her cheeks are from laughterNow I wish I could give Brother Bill his great thrill

I would set him in chains at the top of the hill

Then send out for some pillars and Cecil B. DeMille

He could die happily ever afterMama's in the fact'ry

She ain't got no shoes

Daddy's in the alley

He's lookin' for the fuse

I'm in the streets

With the tombstone bluesWhere Ma Raney and Beethoven once unwrapped their bed roll

Tuba players now rehearse around the flagpole

And the National Bank at a profit sells road maps for the soul

To the old folks home and the collegeNow I wish I could write you a melody so plain

That could hold you dear lady from going insane

That could ease you and cool you and cease the pain

Of your useless and pointless knowledgeMama's in the fact'ry

She ain't got no shoes

Daddy's in the alley

He's lookin' for the fuse

I'm in the streets

With the tombstone blues

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