

Hundred Dollar Funeral

Porter Wagoner

With one nickel in his pocket and a pack of cigarettes
There were no tears of sorrow, no tears of regrets
In a plain wooden casket the county laid him away
Just a hundred dollar funeral with no loved ones to pray
There must be a mother who loves him somewhere
Perhaps she had gone home and was waiting up there
Where there's no disappointments around God's great throne
No hundred dollar funerals unloved and unknown
No pretty marble headstone not one friend came
He was lowered by four strangers that didn't know his name
A loser on this earth a death so many must pay
Just a hundred dollar funeral with no loved ones to pray
There must be a mother

Songwriters

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