

Sittin' Up With the Dead

Ray Stevens

Well out in the country we didn't have mortuaries
and so it was always customary
For the undertaker to do his job
and lay your kin out there at home. Well the church would loan ya foldin' chairs
and you'd have visitation and everything right there
and when the nighttime come you had to sit up with the dead
'cause it wasn't right to leave them alone. The last time I sat up was '65 when my old arthritic Uncle Fred died
he was 97 and so stooped over the morticians couldn't straighten him out.
They used used a loggin' chain to hold him down
and covered that all up with a cape and a gown
And didn't tell nobody in the family
'cause that's the kind of thing folks just don't want to know about Well we were all sittin' there it was 3 in the
mornin'
When there come up a cloud, a thunderin lightnin' and stormin'
The lightnin' flashed and the thunder clapped
and the chain 'round old Uncle Fred went 'snap'
and rattled and fell to the floor with a thump
and Uncle Fred just sat right up. Well I ain't sittin' up with the dead no more, I don't know 'bout you
I ain't sittin' up with the dead no more no matter what ya say or do.
They say the dead can't hurt ya cause they already left
but what they left can sure make ya hurt yourself.
And I ain't sittin up with the dead no more since the dead started sittin up too. Well when Uncle Fred sat up so
did everybody there
and there came a great partin' of the foldin chairs.
The preacher nearly knocked me down, he said
"I'm headed out that kitchen door over there."
I said "Rev that kitchen ain't got no door in it"
He said "Don't worry son, it will have in minute."
And I ain't never seen so much jumpin' and shovin' before. Then somebody stepped on the old cat's tail
it let out a scream, a screech, a wail
and to say the least that didn't help to calm the situation down.
Then the lightnin' flashed and that house went black
and I spoke to my feets I said "Boys make tracks"
and I went out that screen door lickety split for town. Well I cut through the cemetary, fell in a hole.
It was Uncle Fred's grave and it was dark and cold.
Well the town drunk dug it and he dug it too deep
and unbeknownst to me he's still in there asleep
and I'm jumpin' and scratchin' trying to get out of that hole when he says
"Might as well come over here and sit down beside me boy

'cause you ain't gettin' outa here tonight."

But I did. And I ain't sittin' up with the dead no more, I don't know about you.

Well I ain't sittin' up with the dead no more no matter what ya say or do

They say the dead can't hurt ya 'cause they already left

but what they left can sure make you hurt yourself.

And I ain't sittin' up with the dead no more since the dead started sittin' up too. SPOKEN:

Wasn't no sense in sittin' up with Uncle Fred anyhow... Uncle Fred done gonna be sittin' up with his OWN self. Next time I'm just gonna send flowers... yeah...

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