Death Letter

John Mellencamp

I got a letter this morning
How do
You reckon it read?
"Hurry the gal you love is dead"?I got a letter this morning
I'm wonderin'
How you reckon it read
He say, "hurry, hurry"
"On account that gal you love is dead"I grabbed up my suitcase
I took off down the road
When I got there she was laying
On the coolin' board
Yes, I grabbed up my suitcaseI took off down the roadWhen I got there
She was laying
'Lain on the coolin' board:Well,
I walked up right close
I look down in her face
Oh, good gal
Gotta lay here 'til judgment dayI said I walked up right close
I said I look down in her faceOh, the good ol' gal!
Gotta lay here 'til judgment day:Look like ten thousand people
Standing 'round the burying ground
I didn't know I loved her 'til they laid her downLook like ten thousand
Standing 'round the burial groundI didn't know that I love her
'Til they laid her down:Well,
I fol' up my arms
I slowly walk away
I say
Farewell honey. I see you judgment day.Yeah, with nobody:
I slowly walk awayFarewell! Farewell! I see you judgment day:You know
I didn't feel so bad 'til the good ol' sun when down
I didn't have a soul
To throw my arms aroundI didn't feel so bad
'Til the good ol' sun downI didn't have a soulTo throw my arms around:You know it's so hard to love
Someone
Don't love youLook like it ain't satisfaction
Don't care what you do
Yeah: so hard
To love
Someone

Don't love youSeem like it ain't satisfaction
Don't care what you do:Well,
I woke up this mornin'
The break of day
Just huggin' the pillows
She used to lay
I say, soon.
This morning
At break of dayJust huggin' the pillows
Where my good gal used to lay:And I got up
This morning
Feeling
'Round for my shoes
You know I must have
The walking bluesI say, soon.
This morning
Feeling 'round for my shoesYou know
Nobody?I must have the walking blues:Hush!
Thought I heard her call my name
Wasn't so loud
So nice and plainI say, soon.
This morning
I slowly walk awayOh, good gal
Lay here 'til judgment day

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