

See That My Grave Is Kept Clean

Bob Dylan

Well there's one kind of favor I'll ask you
Well there's one kind of favor I'll ask you
There's just one kind of favor I'll ask you
You can see that my grave is kept clean And there's two white horses following me
And there's two white horses following me
I got two white horses following me
Waiting on my burying ground Did you ever hear that coffin sound?
Did you ever hear that coffin sound?
Did you ever hear that coffin sound?
Means another poor boy is underground Did you ever hear them church bells toll
Have you ever heard that church bells toll
Did you ever hear them church bells toll
Means another poor boy is dead and gone And my heart stopped beating and my hands turned cold
And my heart stopped beating and my hands turned cold
And my heart stopped beating and my hands turned cold
Now I believe what the Bible told There's just one last favor I'll ask you
And there's one last favor I'll ask you
There's just one last favor I'll ask of you
See that my grave is kept clean

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