

# Mona

## James Taylor

Life's good friends are hard to find  
And now one of mine is dead  
And things I should have said to her  
I shall say to you insteadMona mona  
So much of you to love  
Too much of you to take care of  
Mona mona  
You got too big to keep  
And too damn old to eatWhen you where just a football  
At your mama's side  
I reckon everyone figured you  
For a bar-b-que when you died  
And here I'm thinking about you  
Lying underground  
Pushing up a pine tree in my fieldOh mona mona  
You can close your eyes  
I've got a twelve gauge surprise  
Waiting for youSince the day she passed away  
Everything's just the same  
Everywhere I go  
Somebody mentions her name  
Sometimes it's easiest to tell  
A friend a lie  
They don't understand  
The way I feelOh mona mona  
So much of you to love  
Too much of you to take care of  
So longNow she is gone and I am  
Left alone as you can see  
But ever since I caused her death  
I do miss her company

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