

The Grave Robber

Junior Sisk & Rambler's Choice

The Grave Robber

Tom T Hall and Dixie Hall, Sung by Junior Sisk

He wore golden cufflinks and fine-tailored suits
Heâ€™d been seen out walking in new leather boots

Always a dandy the ladies admired
All over three counties his likeness was sired

A well mannered-gent, his respects always paid
In funeral homes where the bodies were laid
Heâ€™d shed a sad tear on a ring or a tie
On those who acquired the misfortune to die

He carried a spade in the back of his truck
But nobody ever saw him pick it up
The terrible truth is that robbing the tombs
Went on many years in the darkness and gloom

They canâ€™t take it with them, heâ€™d privately thought
Especially all the nice clothes that they bought
And rather than waste them on moldering bones
Heâ€™d lavish them later on young Widow Jones

He took all the rings and the dresses and shoes
Scratched over the hole like a tomcat would do
It made him no difference; he gave not a hoot
He covered them up and walked off with the loot

Who would have thought it, an old lady said
I never thought he was robbing the dead
For so long Iâ€™d never suspected a thing
Till I saw him wearing my dead husbandâ€™s ring

Thatâ€™s Mamaâ€™s gold locket one lady once cried
We buried it with her last month when she died
He thought it would win me and never did see
That baby face in thereâ€™s a picture of me

Now outside the prison itâ€™s written in stone
They buried him there but his body is gone

Coyotes sing over a hole in the ground
And the Maccabee grave robber cannot be found

The grave robber of Maccabee County
A handsome young fellow who made the girls swoon
The grave robber of Maccabee County
Digging up graves by the light of the moon

Lyrics Submitted by Steven Simpson

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