

Balthrop, Alabama, Grave

And when they say
That you've gone away
I'm gonna cry for three whole days.
And I'll put on my best Sunday clothes
And I'll carry you down to your grave.

And as the day
Turns rainy and grey
I'm gonna knell in the mud and pray.
And if you can hear me
Then tell me you love me
And ask me to stay.

And finally when they
All walk away
I'm gonna lay down beside you babe,
And I'll wrap your dead arms around me
And curl up and sleep in your grave.
And then your grave will be our home,
And it'll save me from the horror of dying along.
And so I've decided I don't need the sky
When I can see all the stars in your eyes.

I'll be ok
If I can lay beside you
for the rest of my days.
So let's pull up this blanket of dirt
and we'll curl up and sleep in your grave.