

Buck Owens, White Satin Bed

Hangin' on to every nickel and every dime
Never had a dollar to call mine.

I gotta work tomorrow
Just to pay for the day
Well, I worked all that I can stand
Now I long for the day.

Then I can sleep in my white satin bed
With a red velvet pillow for my head
They'll lower me into my grave with ropes of gold and braid
And I'll sleep for eternity in my white satin bed.

Well, I never had no soft warm bed before
Just a cold park bench or a boxcar floor
Thumbin' north to the coal mines or south to cotton fields
Oh hangin' on, it won't be long till I'll know how it feels.

To sleep in my white satin bed.
With a red velvet pillow for my head
They'll lower me into my grave with ropes of gold and braid
And I'll sleep for eternity in my white satin bed.

Yes, I'll sleep for eternity in my white satin bed...