

# Norma Jean, Hundred Dollar Funeral

With one nickel in his pocket and a pack of cigarette  
There were no tears of sorrow no tears of regret  
In a plain wooden casket the county laid him away  
Just a hundred dollar funeral with no loved ones to pray

There must be a mother who loved him somewhere  
Perhaps she had gone home and was waiting up there  
Where there's no disappointments around God's great throne  
No hundred dollar funerals unloved and unknown

No pretty marble headstone no one friend came  
He was lowered by four strangers that didn't know his name  
A loser on this earth a death so many must pay  
Just a hundred dollar funeral with no loved ones to pray  
There must be a mother who loved him somewhere...  
No hundred dollar funerals unloved and unknown