

# Porter Wagoner, My Last Two Tens

(Going home going home tell all my friends that I'm going home)  
If you should see me and I can't walk then if you should speak and I can't talk  
Feel of me if I'm cold there's a shovel in the back to dig the hole  
No I don't expect this last favour for nothing cause you're a busy man my friend  
So look on the end of the handle you'll find attacked two tens  
There's a phone number on the back of the shovel of a dear friend of days gone by  
Call her and tell her to bring her sister I've already gave them two tens to cry  
The Lord's prayer's engraved on a penny in the left pocket of my coat  
I carry this with me for two reasons the last so I never was broke  
Oh I've had a lot of beautiful dreams of things that might have been  
So please buy some pretty flowers in my right pocket is my last two tens  
I've made a little money in my time but perhaps more than a lot of men  
But I spent it all havin' a ball with a few fairweather friends  
But you know I brought nothin' with me to this old earth  
And now that my journey ends  
Me and this old world broke even since you have my last two tens  
(Going home going home tell all my friends that I'm going home)