

# Ron Sexsmith, Pretty Little Cemetery

Pretty little cemetery on a summer's day  
Walking with my family, stopping on the way  
To read the epitaphs and wonder at the graves  
Pretty little cemetery on a summer's day

Pretty little monument beneath a shady tree  
For a little boy who died in 1943  
But still in the air this lingering grief  
Pretty little monument beneath a shady tree

There's an old couple on the bus  
Sitting next to us, my boy and I  
And pointing to the graveyard  
My boy turns to the old man  
And says "this is where you go to when you die  
My papa told me so"  
The old man said "yes, we know"

Pretty little cemetery, hear the bells ring  
When the night falls it's a very different thing  
Outside the gate there's a woman looking in  
Pretty little cemetery, hear the bells ring