

Ron Sexsmith, Pretty Little Cemetary

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