

Cherry Poppin' Daddies, Uncle Ray

Uncle Ray is gone, a relative they couldn't find
Finally free of his insanity, they covered him with lime
In a ditch outside the old junkyard on 17
Well that crazy drunk I swear he was a gentleman to me
So take him far far away
Take him far far away
Out past all discussions, far from what they said
Take him far far away
Take him far far away
'Cuz we're sort of related
Here lies Uncle Ray

Dry rough skin, his hands, a working man, like bark from trees
He'd come to the back door of my family's house
For coffee and something to eat
Pushed a shopping cart all filled with junk and empty cans
He came home from the war to find his wife
Now loved another man

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In this photograph we're hand in hand in deep white snow
Ray was 65 and nearly blind, and I was 4 or so
All the neighbors used to laugh and throw snowballs at him
Now I live alone and when it snows
I try not to think of them

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