

James Taylor, Mona

Life's good, friends are hard to find and now one of mine is dead.
And things I should have said to her, I shall say to you instead.
Mona, Mona, so much of you to love, too much of you to take care of, Mona, Mona.
You got too big to keep and too damn old to eat.

When you were just a football at your mama's side,
I reckon everyone figured you for a barbecue when you died.
And here I'm thinking about you lying underground pushing up a pine tree in my field.
Oh, Mona, Mona, you can close your eyes. I've got a twelve-gauge surprise waiting for you.

Since the day she passed away, everything's just the same.
Everywhere I go, somebody mentions her name.
Sometimes it's easiest to tell a friend a lie, they don't understand the way I feel.
Oh, Mona, Mona, so much of you to love, too much of you to take care of, so long.

Now she is gone and I am left alone as you can see.
But ever since I caused her death, I do miss her company.