

# John Mellencamp, Death Letter

[Originally by Son House]

i got a letter this morning  
how do  
you reckon it read?  
&quot;hurry the gal you love is dead&quot;?

i got a letter this morning  
i'm wonderin'  
how you reckon it read  
he say, &quot;hurry, hurry&quot;;  
&quot;on account that gal you love is dead&quot;;

i grabbed up my suitcase  
i took off down the road  
when i got there she was laying  
on the coolin' board  
yes, i grabbed up my suitcase

i took off down the road

when i got there  
she was laying  
'lain on the coolin' board:

well,  
i walked up right close  
i look down in her face  
oh, good gal  
gotta lay here 'til Judgment Day

i said i walked up right close  
i said i look down in her face

oh, the good ol' gal!  
gotta lay here 'til judgment day:

look like ten thousand people  
standing 'round the burying ground  
i didn't know i loved her 'til they laid her down

look like ten thousand  
standing 'round the burial ground

i didn't know that i love her  
'til they laid her down:

well,  
i fol' up my arms  
i slowly walk away  
i say  
Farewell honey. I see you Judgment Day.

yeah, with nobody:  
i slowly walk away

Farewell! Farewell! I see you Judgment Day:

you know  
i didn't feel so bad 'til the good ol' Sun when down  
i didn't have a soul  
to throw my arms around

i didn't feel so bad

'til the good ol' Sun down

i didn't have a soul

to throw my arms around:

you know it's so hard to love  
someone  
don't love you

look like it ain't satisfaction  
don't care what you do  
yeah: so hard  
to love  
someone  
don't love you

seem like it ain't satisfaction  
don't care what you do:

well,  
i woke up this mornin'  
the break of day  
just huggin' the pillows  
she used to lay  
-I say, Soon.  
this mourning  
at break of day

just huggin' the pillows  
where my good gal used to lay:

and i got up  
this morning  
feeling  
'round for my shoes  
you know i must have  
the Walking Blues

i say, Soon.  
this mourning  
feeling 'round for my shoes

you know  
nobody?

i must have the Walking Blues:

Hush!  
thought i heard her call my name  
wasn't so loud  
so nice and plain

i say, Soon.  
this mourning  
i slowly walk away

Oh, good gal  
lay here 'til Judgment Day: