

# Porter Wagoner, Hundred Dollar Funeral

With one nickel in his pocket and a pack of cigarettes  
There were no tears of sorrow no tears of regrets  
In a plain wooden casket the county laid him away  
Just a hundred dollar funeral with no loved ones to pray  
There must be a mother who loves him somewhere  
Perhaps she had gone home and was waiting up there  
Where there's no disappointments around God's great throne  
No hundred dollar funerals unloved and unknown

No pretty marble headstone not one friend came  
He was lowered by four strangers that didn't know his name  
A loser on this earth a death so many must pay  
Just a hundred dollar funeral with no loved ones to pray  
There must be a mother...