

# Tom T. Hall, Ballad Of Forty Dollars

The man who preached the funeral said it really was a simple way to die  
He laid down to rest one afternoon and never opened up his eyes  
They hired me and fred and joe to dig the grave and carry up some chairs  
It took us seven hours and I guess we must have drunk a case of beer

I guess I ought to go and watch them put him down but I don't own a suit  
And anyway when they start talking about the fire in hell, well, I get spooked  
So, I'll just sit here in my truck and act like I don't know him when they pass  
Anyway, when they're all through I've got to go to work and mow the grass

Well, here they come and who's that ridin' in that big ol' shiny limousine  
Look at all that chrome, I do believe that that's the sharpest thing I've seen

That must belong to his great uncle, someone said he owned a big ol' farm  
When they get parked I'll mosey down and look it over, that won't do no harm

Well that must be the widow in the car and would you take a look at that  
That sure is a pretty dress, you know some women do look good in black  
Well, he's not even in the ground and they say that his truck is up for sale  
They say she took it pretty hard, but you can't tell too much behind the veil

Well, listen ain't that pretty when the bugler plays the military taps  
I think that when you's in the war they always had to play a song like that  
Well here I am and there they go and I guess you'd just call it my bad luck  
I hope he rests in peace, the trouble is the fellow owes me forty bucks