

Tom T. Hall, Gone To Hell In A Basket

I fished the everglades for a while
Lookin' through the darkness at those alligators' eyes
Three days in the sun boys ah it made me well
But back in Nashville they're just a givin' me hell
Singing (he's gone to hell in a basket) one of those hand woven caskets
You got a deep question please don't ask it but I've gone to hell in a basket

Them airboat boys have got their nerve
Right now they're eatin' all of 'em terrible preserves
Singing my new song for a sixpack of beer back in Music City this is all you can hear
(He's gone to hell in a basket...

Okefanokee ain't so much they say the grass ain't so tough
These sawgrass neighbors know what life's all about
Meanwhile back in Nashville they're still wearin' me out
With (he's gone to hell in a basket...
What you say (he's gone to hell in a basket...
Yeah I know he's gone to hell in a basket...