

The Hearse Song

G

Did you ever think as a hearse rolls by,

D7

That sooner or later you're going to die,

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With your boots a-swingin' from the back of a roan,

D7

G

And the undertaker inscribin' your stone?

They'll take you out and lower you down,

And men with shovels will stand around;

They'll shovel in dirt and they'll throw in rocks,

And they won't give a damn if they break the box.

Oh, the worms crawl in, the worms crawl out,

They do right dress and they turn about;

Then each one takes a bite or two

Of what Washington used to call you.

Oh, your eyes drop out, and your teeth fall in,

And the worms crawl over your mouth and chin;

They bring all their friends, and their friends' friends, too,

And you're chewed all to hell

when they're through with you.