

Pa drove to town yesterday to pick out her grave
He found the lot where she'd lay
Then he drove to old man Ed Sutterton's place
To find him some peace
He got there round about twelve
And he stayed till three
And the sun left him down in the valley
But the moon met him up in the hills by the lake
Reflecting the ghost of ma's place

Suppertime came and went
No one heard from him
Sis left his food on the plate
At the end of the table right next to ma's place
Where nobody'd sit

The telephone rang bout four
My sister answered it
And I felt the news through the floor boards
Like a long, sullen moan
Like a wreck on the road
Like a joining of hands

So, I drove to town yesterday
To pick out his grave
I found the lot where they'd lay
And then I drove
To old man Ed Sutterton's place
To find me some peace