

## Indestructible Sam

Buck 65

Well this here's the story of Samuel Donbay A man like any other at the end of a long day Guts and muscles and maybe a little more He worked as a grave digger after the civil war Miles around competition burned with the deepest rage The work was hard and Sam did it for the cheapest wage Seemed that the other Man's shoes didn't fit him When he was out working the others were out to get him

They called him indestructible Sam, He promised he would die with a shovel in his hands That's right, they called him indestructible Sam He promised he would die with a shovel in his hands

Diggin' all day Sam's pockets got richer But the others were wishing he was out of the picture So late one night some of the competition went to see Doctor Beauregard a local magician They asked if he could help put things in reverse They pooled all their money for a fifty dollar curse Next morning at work was a commotion Digging a grave Sam heard an explosion Followed by a moaning, cursing and mumbling From the nearby bushes a figure came stumbling Sam shrugged his shoulders and surveyed the damages Later Dr Beauregard was seen wearing bandages Worse for wear he wasn't taking suggestion Said he'd hex anyone that asked him any questions The coast wasn't clear trouble kept lurking The others kept scheming and Sam kept working

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The other gravediggers lamented their blown chance Decided to take matters into their own hands Thoughts full of poison and making a trap They blew up the shed where Sam was taking a nap The others were astonished and totally annoyed Cause Sam walked away while the shed was destroyed Next they tied him up and they were sure that they got him when they threw him in a lake and watched him sink to the bottom Below and behold and to the others dismay Sam was back at work again the very next day They burned his house down to the ground they were possessed And when that didn't work they finally shot him in the chest So hold your head low and fly the flag half mast But it was actually Samuel who had the last laugh He recovered again, lord be praised He lived to be a hundred and dug the others graves

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And he did They called him indestructible Sam, He promised he w

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im indestructible Sam And he died with a shovel in his hands

And this is an even true song It was wrote on account of old Sa  
m workin' so hard And I reckon that's how it 'ought to be