

## Bro. Bill

Cactus

People said it was cocaine  
People claimed it was gin  
I know the girl and the man  
That done my brother in

They put the last clean shirt  
On my poor brother Bill  
They put the last clean shirt  
On my poor brother Bill

They found him in the back seat  
Of an old abandoned Ford  
the hand of my brother Bill  
It was a stiff as a running board

They put the last clean shirt  
On my poor brother Bill  
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On my poor brother Bill

The preacher said, he's gone now  
Gone to another place  
They lowered him down into the ground  
I felt a tear trickle down my face

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