

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
They put the last clean shirt
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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