

# The Richest Guy In The Graveyard

Etta Jones

Woke up this morning, 't was a fine sunny day  
I said daddy please stay, but he had to run away  
Cause he was busy, busy makin' lots of gold  
So I told him, better have some fun before you're old

You'll be the richest guy in the graveyard  
With money in the bank  
You'll be the fattest cat  
Who's stretched out flat  
You'll have yourself to thank  
Now what's the good of earnin'  
With no time for spendin'  
You know you're simply headed  
For a horizontal endin'

The richest guy in the graveyard  
So daddy won't you please slow down  
You'll climb the Golden Gate to the graveyard  
That gate is not so great  
You'll be the sleepest creep  
Who's six feet deep  
You'll find it out too late  
I can't imagine how you can be a good lover  
All wrapped around in brown  
With a five-ply cover  
So take my tip and don't work hard  
Then you'll delay that graveyard drive

You'll be the richest guy in the graveyard  
Now just you wait and see  
You'll be the gonest goon  
Who ever went too soon  
That ain't no use to me  
I'd rather be found  
On a flophouse bed  
Then down in the ground  
With dirt on my head

You'll be the richest guy in the graveyard  
So daddy won't you hear my plea  
Do me a favor and please  
Make out the will to me