

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