

For Matt Davis

Murder by Death

oh let me lay down beside my dear friend who has gone away
cover me over with dirt and sod let me hasten my departure day
for i long for that day when we'll be dancin on the stormclouds to
shake the rain from the sky onto our graves we'll all be waitin
g for that day well will whitmore mixed up some shine filled up
the jug and met us walkin down the line the line the line he m
et us walkin down the line to join our friend in heaven down th
e line and every chain gang in heaven lifted up their arms made
an aisle for him to walk between the rows and each plant bowed
down toward him as he passed as he passed they kept their neck
s in reverence for the preacher's son