

Sittin' Up With The Dead

Ray Stevens

Well out in the country we didn't have mortuaries
And so it was always customary
To lay the dead out right there at home.
Well the church would loan ya foldin' chairs
And you'd have visitation and everything right there
And when the nighttime come you had to sit up with the dead
'cause it wasn't right to leave them alone.
The last time I sat up was in '65 when my old arthritic Uncle Fred died
He was so stooped over the morticians couldn't straighten him out.
They used a loggin' chain to tie him down
And covered that all up with a cape and a gown
'cause that's the kind of thing folks just don't want to know about
Well we were all sittin' there it was 3 in the mornin'
When there come up a cloud, a thunderin' lightnin' and stromin'
The lightnin' flashed and the house went black
And the chain 'round old Uncle Fred went 'snap'
And rattled and fell to the floor with a thump
And Uncle Fred just sat right up.
Well I ain't sittin' up with the dead no more, I don't know 'bout you
I ain't sittin' up with the dead no more no matter what ya say or do.
They say the dead can't hurt ya cause they already left
But what they left can sure make ya hurt yourself.
And I ain't sittin' up with the dead no more since the dead started sittin' up too.
Well when Fred sat up so did everybody there
And there came a great partin' of the foldin' chairs.
The preacher nearly knocked me down, he said
"I'm headed out that kitchen door over there."
I said "Rev that kitchen ain't got no door in it"
He said "Don't worry son, it will have in minute."
And I ain't never seen so much jumpin' and shovin' before.
Then somebody stepp