

## Sam Jones

Richard Thompson

Me name is Sam Jones and it's bones me occupation  
Chuck your old hocks out for my consideration  
Thirty years a bone man, up and down the nation  
Sam Jones deliver them bones

I've been among the shamrock and I've been among the thistle  
I like it all picked over, clean as a whistle  
No sign of meat on, no sign of gristle  
Sam Jones deliver them bones

I've seen battlefields white with human ivory  
Noble dukes and princes stripped of flesh and finery  
When the crows have done their job, they say that's the time fo  
r me  
Sam Jones deliver them bones

And I even dream of bones when I'm lying very ill  
Roomsfull of skeletons a-dancing the quadrille  
Rows and rows of skulls singing Blueberry Hill  
Sam Jones deliver them bones

And if you're unburied, the likes of me will find you  
You're no good to worms, but you might become the finest glue  
We'll grind you up and spread you out as fertiliser, too  
Sam Jones deliver them bones

And I've got a lorry, it's me own boneshaker  
Where's there old knuckle joints I'll be the undertaker  
I'll come calling 'round just like the butcher and the baker  
Sam Jones deliver them bones

Me name is Sam Jones and it's bones me occupation  
Chuck your old hocks out for my consideration  
Thirty years a bone man, up and down the nation  
Sam Jones deliver them bones  
Oh, Sam Jones deliver them bones  
Sam Jones deliver them bones