

# Unloved And Unclaimed

Roy Acuff

There were no loved one to weep over her  
Not a tear did I see shed  
For the lady they pulled from that muddy old river  
No one ever came to claim their dead

She lay on the cold marble slab at the marque  
Thousands viewed her but none knew her name  
They will lay her to rest in Potter's Field tomorrow  
She will lay there unloved and unclaimed

Inside the purse that she clutched in her hand  
A note written, 'Blame no one but me'  
As I looked in her faced I couldn't help but think  
What a poor wicked place this world can be