**Graveyard Tune**

Been hangin out at the edge of town

The white church house, the graveyard ground

Tradin’ songs with the late-night wind

Church bell talkin every now and then

Half-moon shines on the widow’s stone

She passed away in eighty-one

Put prairie flowers in her hand

For her loved one in the Promised Land

Night birds sing for the miller’s son

Went off to fight in 61

Got shot down in the Georgia hills

Tried to bury a boy he’d killed

An iron fence lies fallen down

Broken gravestones scattered round

Boards across the old church door

No one comes around much more

Off in the corner the weeds grow tall

The blue phlox blooms from spring till fall

Mother lies with her babe a girl

Who never made it to this world

Cedars shade the miner’s grave

One of those they could not save

Dug a thousand feet to find his soul

And put it in a six foot hole

William the gardener way back when

Left the world in 1910

Wild roses came from miles around

To guard Sweet William’s resting ground

Out beyond the summer shade trees

There’s a lot I’ve chosen just for me

Where nature sees to everything

Grows flowers round me every spring

Some stories a thousand words won’t tell

Cuz sometimes words don’t work so well

Then it’s time to put them words aside

And let the guitar tell it right