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Country Mourning

Jon Paulette

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COUNTRY MOURNING

My Baby left me here alone
My pickup truck is broke
My hound dog Elmer ate a chicken
Swallowed a bone and choked
Hell, y'know, I'd kill myself. . .
But I'm too drunk.

I'm running out of bourbon
I sucked down all the beer
I got sick off my barbecue
The puddle's in the rear
I'd prob'ly kill myself
But I'm too drunk.

My baby took the rifle
From my pickup's rifle rack.
Now that she's got that, well, hell,
I hope she don't come back. . .
I was gonna kill myself.
But I think I'll just take a leak
Off the front porch instead.

Jon Paulette