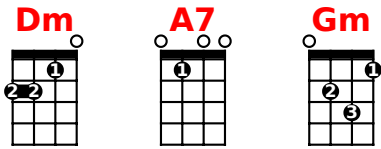


Hearse Song

Traditional (many versions)



Don't **[Dm]** ever laugh
As a hearse goes by
For you may be the **[A7]** next to die
They **[Dm]** wrap you up
In a big white sheet
From your head down **[A7]** to your feet
They **[Dm]** put you in a big black box
And **[Gm]** cover you up with **[A7]** dirt and **[Dm]** rocks.

And **[Dm]** all goes well
For about a week
And then your coffin **[A7]** begins to leak
And the **[Dm]** worms crawl in, the worms crawl out
The worms play pinochle **[A7]** on your snout
They **[Dm]** eat your eyes, they eat your nose
They **[Gm]** eat the jelly **[A7]** between your **[Dm]** toes...

And **[Dm]** all goes well
For about a week
And then your coffin **[A7]** begins to leak
And the **[Dm]** worms crawl in, the worms crawl out
The worms play pinochle **[A7]** on your snout
They **[Dm]** eat your eyes, they eat your nose
They **[Gm]** eat the jelly **[A7]** between your **[Dm]** toes...

A **[Dm]** big green worm with rolling eyes
Crawls in your stomach and **[A7]** out your eyes
And the **[Dm]** worms crawl out and the worms crawl in
The worms that crawl in are **[A7]** lean and thin
The **[Dm]** ones that crawl out are fat and stout
Your eyes fall in and your **[A7]** hair falls out
Your **[Gm]** brain comes tumbling **[A7]** down your **[Dm]** snout...

Your **[Dm]** stomach turns a slimy green
And pus comes out like **[A7]** whipping cream
You **[Dm]** spread it on a slice of bread (slower)
And **[Gm]** that's what you eat when **[A7]** you are **[Dm]** dead!