

Johnny Cash, The Caretaker

I live in the cemetery ol' caretaker they call me
In the wintertime I rake the leaves and in the summer I cut the weeds
When a funeral comes the people cry and pray
They bury their dead and they all go away
But through their grief I still can see their hate and greed and jealousy
So here I work and I somehow hide from a world that rushes by outside
And each night when I rest my head I'm contented as the peaceful death
But who's gonna cry when old John dies who's gonna cry when old John dies
Once I was a young man dashing with the girls
Now no one wants an old man I lost my handsome curls
But I wanna say when my time comes lay me facing the rising sun
Put me in the corner where where I buried my pup
Tell the preacher to pray then cover me up
Don't lay flowers where my head should be maybe God let some grow for me
And all the little children that I love like my own
Will they be sorry that old John's gone
Who's gonna cry when old John dies who's gonna cry when old John dies