

# Lyle Lovett, Family Reserve

(Lyle Lovett)

When I saw the ambulance  
Screaming down Main Street  
I didn't give it a thought  
But it was my Uncle Eugene  
He died on October the second 1981

And my Uncle Wilbert  
They all called him Skinner  
They said for his younger ways  
He'd get drunk in the morning  
And show me the rolls of fifties and hundreds  
He kept in the glove box of his old gray Impala

And we're all gonna be here forever  
So Mama don't you make such a stir  
Now put down that camera  
And come on and join up  
The last of the family reserve

Now my second cousin  
His name was Callaway  
He died when he'd barely turned two  
It was peanut butter and jelly that did it  
The help she didn't know what to do  
She just stood there and watched him turn blue

And we're all gonna be here forever  
So Mama don't you make such a stir  
Just put down that camera  
And come on and join up  
The last of the family reserve

And my friend Brian Temple  
He thought he could make it  
So from the third story he jumped  
He missed the swimming pool  
Only by inches  
And everyone said he was drunk

Now there was great Uncle Julius  
And Aunt Annie Mueller  
And Mary and Granddaddy Paul  
And there was Hanna and Ella  
And Alvin and Alec  
He owned his own funeral hall

And there are more I remember  
And more I could mention  
Than words I could write in a song  
But I feel them watching  
And I see them laughing  
And I hear them singing along

We're all gonna be here forever  
So Mama don't you make such a stir  
Just put down that camera  
And come on and join up  
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