

## GRAVEDIGGER'S BOY

When the lamps are trimmed low  
And the fiddle plays sweet  
He stands in the corner  
Looks down at his feet  
As the partners take hands  
And glide 'cross the floor  
He's got no one to dance with  
He don't ask anymore

He's the gravedigger's boy, the gravedigger's boy  
Won't somebody dance with the gravediggers boy?

He's got dirt on his shoes,  
Got dust in his lungs  
And his face, it is brown  
From the cruel midday sun  
Though he smiles only seldom,  
He's not as bleak as he seems  
He's got love for that fiddle,  
He's got Lazarus dreams

(chorus)

He could stand there forever, so silent and still  
'Cus he knows that in time, every hole shall be filled

Sure as sickness steals in,  
Long as cannon will roar  
The gravedigger's boy  
Won't be done with his chores  
Still he strolls out some evenings,  
Past wrought iron gates  
To the Saturday social,  
Where he listens and waits

(chorus)