

Rosewood Casket

Damien Jurado

There's a little rosewood casket
That is resting on a stand
There's a package of old letters
Written by loved one's hand

Go and bring them to me, brother
Come and sit upon my bed
Lay your head upon my pillow
While each cherished line is read

Read them gently to me, brother
Read them til I fall asleep
Fall asleep to wake in Heaven
Oh dear brother, do not weep

Last night I saw him walking
With a lady by his side
And I thought I heard him tell her
She could never be his bride

When at last I'm gone forever
And my friends are gathered 'round
When my narrow grave is ready
In some lonesome church yard ground

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