

## Poor Howard

Eddy Arnold

Poor Howard's dead and gone, left me here to sing his song  
Poor Howard's dead and gone, left me here to sing his song

Poor Howard had a wife and she nagged him all his life  
So he used his butcher knife... like I said he had a wife

Now poor Howard's dead and gone, left me here to sing his song  
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They took Howard off to jail, wouldn't let me go his bail  
They said if he is your friend, buy a lilly for his hand

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When we laid his bones to rest we fulfilled his last request  
He said buddies bury me far from her as I can be

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His last words were "Friends, goodbye. Don't you worry; don't you cry  
I don't mind this a gettin' hung, at least I stopped her naggin'  
' tongue"

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