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

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

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

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

Now 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

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

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