

## Pinstripe Suit

Johnny Reid

I went down the road to see my old man this morning  
Sat down beside his bed  
He woke up and said son good morning  
I put a pillow behind his head

We talked about him and all his friends  
We talked about now and what he did back then  
We talked about life, we talked about death  
Then he grabbed me by the arm and said  
Son, don't bury me in no pinstriped suit  
On my feet put my working boots  
On my back a blue collared shirt  
An old pair of coveralls and a fistful of dirt  
Son all I ask of you, is don't bury me in no pinstriped suit

Born and raised on the hard side of a steel town  
With burning fires and mountains of black coal  
All alone is where he lives now  
With calloused hands and a broken heart of gold

He still talks about time that he never spent  
And all the angry words he wished he'd never said  
And all the little things in life he regrets  
He still grabs me by the arm and says

Son, don't bury me in no pinstriped suit  
On my feet put my working boots  
On my back a blue collared shirt  
An old pair of coveralls and a fistful of dirt  
Son all I ask of you, is don't bury me in no pinstriped suit