

## T.J.'s Last Ride

Mel McDaniel

Saturday in the town as we buried TJ Brown  
Good man spent his life on the K Roll ferry line  
He was just a man nothing grand just a man  
But I never heard him treat no one unkind

He ferried model A's to the Cape Cherado shore  
Way before my poppa ever had a son  
When I was eight or nine I would sit by his back porch  
He would tell me stories from back in World War one

Let him down slow in the ground slow  
Let him down slow while I dry my eyes  
Let him down slow in the ground slow  
Let him down slow it's old TJ's last ride

TJ's wife passed on it was back in '61  
Seems like yesterday my my how time does fly  
Still I would drop by and we'd sit and reminisce  
And I'd stare across the river so as not to watch him cry

Let him down slow in the ground slow...

Well now here we stand with our memories and prayers  
Mourning and crying down to the youngest child  
And all that's gathered here will remember TJ Brown  
He will miss his river and we'll miss his old smile

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