

I

On into the night he rode
Astride his trusty old mule
And he thought as he rode along
“I must be a complete fool”
He rode thru the dark forest
Past the ghostly, giant oak trees
Tho’ they looked sturdy and strong
Still they slightly swayed in the breeze

II

The sure-footed mule carried him
Ever closer to a feared fate
And his heart pounded inside him
And he knew he must not be late
Then, to add to his misery
To the already heartache and pain
Pelting his face like small pebbles
Came the cold unwelcome rain

III

At last he approached the graveyard
And his skin seemed to crawl
But he had a job to do
And as always he’d give it his all
He left his ride with shovel in hand
Stopped beside a new made mound
And here he started digging
His shovel making unkind sounds

IV

He cleaned the dirt from the coffin
And then he lifted the lid
He took the gold band from her finger
And his gun from where it was hid
The forty-four blazed in the darkness
As he filled the still form with lead
He said, "You won't cheat on me no more,
Cause now I know you're dead."