

## Ground to be Moved

*Bret Lundstrom*

The undertaker is gone today  
Up the hill digging graves  
Someone has died?  
I'm sorry to hear  
As you can see  
We are quite busy  
The horses and hearse  
Have been put to hard use  
Their legs are worn  
Knees sore, backs bent  
Ferrying men to rest  
Work to be done  
Ground to be moved  
How long has he sat?  
A day gone and in this heat  
What the world does to bodies  
Come night time I'm sure  
We will drop on by  
Pick him up and be off  
With the pine box and lantern  
Many friends and family?  
No? A small service then  
I'm sure the reverend  
Would be free for a bit  
Say a few half-hearted words  
And we can settle this  
Man into the ground

