

# Johnny Cash, The Caretaker

I live in the cemetery ol' caretaker they call me  
In the wintertime I rake the leaves and in the summer I cut the weeds  
When a funeral comes the people cry and pray  
They bury their dead and they all go away  
But through their grief I still can see their hate and greed and jealousy  
So here I work and I somehow hide from a world that rushes by outside  
And each night when I rest my head I'm contented as the peaceful death  
But who's gonna cry when old John dies who's gonna cry when old John dies  
Once I was a young man dashing with the girls  
Now no one wants an old man I lost my handsome curls  
But I wanna say when my time comes lay me facing the rising sun  
Put me in the corner where where I buried my pup  
Tell the preacher to pray then cover me up  
Don't lay flowers where my head should be maybe God let some grow for me  
And all the little children that I love like my own  
Will they be sorry that old John's gone  
Who's gonna cry when old John dies who's gonna cry when old John dies