

Roy Acuff, Unloved And Unclaimed

There were no loved one to weep over her,
Not a tear did I see shed,
For the lady they pulled from that muddy old river,
No one ever came to claim their dead,

She lay on the cold marble slab at the morque,
Thousands viewed her but none knew her name
They will lay her to rest in Potter's Field tomorrow,
She will lay there Unloved and Unclaimed.

Inside the purse that she clutched in her hand,
A note written "blame no one but me"
As I looked in her faced I couldn't help but think
What a poor wicked place this world can be.