

# Death Letter

Cassandra Wilson

I got a letter this mornin, how do you reckon it read?  
It said, "Hurry, hurry, yeah, your love is dead."  
I got a letter this mornin, I say how do you reckon it read?  
You know, it said, "Hurry, hurry, how come the gal you love is dead?" So, I grabbed up my  
suitcase, and took off down the road.  
When I got there she was layin on a coolin board.  
I grabbed up my suitcase, and I said and I took off down the road.  
I said, but when I got there she was already layin on a coolin board. Well, I walked up right  
close, looked down in her face.  
Said, the good ole gal got to lay here til the Judgment Day.  
I walked up right close, and I said I looked down in her face.  
I said the good ole gal, she got to lay here til the Judgment Day.  
Looked like there was 10, 000 people standin round the buryin ground.  
I didn't know I loved her til they laid her down.  
Looked like 10, 000 were standin round the buryin ground.  
You know I didn't know I loved her til they damn laid her down. Lord, have mercy on my  
wicked soul.  
I wouldn't mistreat you baby, for my weight in gold.  
I said, Lord, have mercy on my wicked soul.  
You know I wouldn't mistreat nobody, baby, not for my weight in gold. Well, I folded up my  
arms and I slowly walked away.  
I said, "Farewell honey, I'll see you on Judgment Day."  
Ah, yeah, oh, yes, I slowly walked away.  
I said, "Farewell, farewell, I'll see you on the Judgment Day."  
You know I went in my room, I bowed down to pray.  
The blues came along and drove my spirit away.  
I went in my room, I said I bowed down to pray.  
I said the blues came along and drove my spirit away. You know I didn't feel so bad, til the good  
ole sun went down.  
I didn't have a soul to throw my arms around

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