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The Ballad of Alfred Packer (Waste Not, Want Not)

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In the Colorado Rockies,
Where the snow is deep and cold
And a man afoot can starve to death
Unless he's brave and bold

They sing of Alfred Packer
And some of them still rave
'Bout the Hinsdale County Democrats
Who never saw a grave

Old Packer set out on a trip
With five of his old friends
In the Colorado Rockies
In the snow and howling winds

But the way was long and weary
And the food got mighty short
But Alfred had his dinner
On the very last resort

Oh, Alfred Packer, you'll surely go to hell
While all the others starved to death
You dined a bit too well

Old Packer, fat and healthy
Came down onto the plains
He was lonely, he was horny
But he had no stomach pains

When he told his story
It made the strong men pale
So they grabbed old Alfred Packer
And they flang him into jail

They brought old Packer to the court
And had a speedy trial
A gory tale it was he told
That went into the file

The testimony shook the judge
Who trembled where he sat
He was horrified, but then of course

He was a Democrat

Oh, Alfred Packer
Please tell me for my sake
Did the Hinsdale County Democrats
Give you a tummy ache

Old Packer didn't kill them
He just et 'em when they died
So they couldn't call it murder
Or even fratricide

But they sent old Al to prison
To settle up his debt
For all the votin' Democrats
That Alfred Packer et

When the judge pronounced the sentence
He was in a righteous rage
And what he said can still be read
Upon the yellowed page

He wished that he could hang old Al
Until completely dead
So when he banged the gavel
It was in anger that he said

"Oh, Alfred Packer
You should be skinned alive
There was only seven Democrats
And you bastard, you et five

DP
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