

## UNCLE LEM

The ladies of the garden club say his home is just a disgrace to the town, if the Mayor want's reelected, he'd better pass some laws and tear it down. They wanna cover it with flowers, maybe even plant some dogwood trees; I guess that they've forgotten, when we were kids what that place used to be. I know it's just a shanty now, but Lord that place was built with human tears, for it's the home of Uncle Lem who was born and raised and lived there ninety years. There's not a boy in this whole town hasn't stopped for water at his well, or sat on his porch in the evenin' and listened to the stories that he'd tell. (refrain) oh his hair was the color of a cottonfield and his skin was old and brown, and he was born in that rundown shack before there was a town. He bought that shack and a piece of earth for the highest price to pay; his mom was bought and sold there, Uncle Lem was born'd a slave.(end of refrain) the mayor and some ladies of the garden club went out to tell Uncle Lem that he'd have to find a new place to live; well they found him there in that old broken down rockin chair, and on an old paper bag they found his will. "nor I wanna leave my old shotgun to the fine mayor of this town, for I remember when he a little fella, he used to follow me around. I wish I had more to give to my friends that I love, but all I've got is this old shack and a piece of earth, and I want it to go to the ladies of the garden club.(refrain)