

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Old Blue Suit

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When he was a boy, just sixteen years,
Bursting at the elbows, wet behind the ears,
Papa called him in and sat him in a chair,
Said, "Son, I think it's time you had a suit to wear."

It was his old blue suit, the one he used to wear,
With his pants all shiny and the cuffs worn bare.
He never had much, but he always bought the best,
And in his old blue suit, today they're laying him to rest

Every Friday evening, driving into town
In his '37 Chevy, with the top rolled down,
Waving at the ladies, he'd give his horn a toot
A-sitting there, a-beaming, in his old blue suit.

At a wedding or a funeral, a party of a dance
You'd better brush you jacket, don't forget to press your pants.
With polish on his shoes, Vitalis on his hair,
He always looked his finest every time he'd wear

His old blue suit . . .

Down at the feed store, only yesterday,
Why, everyone was talking 'bout how he passed away.
When he meets Peter on the golden stair,
I guess I don't have to tell you what he'll wear.

He'll wear his old blue suit . . .

Written by Jerry Rasmussen

Recorded on So Goes My Heart (FSI-99) by Ann Mayo Muir

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