

Road Kill Blues (C)

(Bob Cunningham, Victoria Cunningham, Lisa Ours, & Maureen Hall)

B -C

B -C

Oh Mr. Possum, Walkin' down the road

B -C

B -C

Goin' to see his woman, and smiling as he goes

B -C

B -C

His lady lives, on the other side

C

He's gotta cross the road, and he's a feared for his life

G

F

C

He's got the road kill blues, right down to his little possum shoes

He's lookin' to the left, he's lookin' to the right,

He looks left again, then he runs with all his might

He sees his woman on the other side

That little possum gets run down by a semi

He's got the road kills blues

Right down to his little possum shoes

The funeral was held, the following evening

Attended by more possums than man had ever seen

Little possum woman crying out her beady eyes

She's just too sad to go out with other guys

She's got the road kill blues, right down to her little possum shoes

Ten years she lamented, then on a cold November night

She was out on that same road and relived that awful sight

She thought she saw her lover comin' cross the road

She went half way to meet him, or so the story goes

There ain't no more road kill blues

She's flat, right down to her little possum shoes

The morale of the story, is two fold

Don't fall in love with a possum

And if you do, Stay out of the road