

I

Seems it's always quiet in the graveyard
Just don't hear too many sounds
And I have often walked in graveyards
And wondered bout the people in the ground
I have many times stopped and listened
To the lonesome sound of wind
The wind sounds different in the graveyard
Like it's talking to a long lost friend

II

There's always evergreens in the graveyard
With branches that look like they're weeping
Casting their long never ending shadows
And knowing secrets they'll forever be keeping
The silent shadows cover the graves
Like the earth covers the dead
Crying for these has long ago ceased
Just a name on a stone at their head

III

Still I oft times go to the graveyard
I go even when the graveyard is closed
Here I have friends and loved ones
And I sometimes take them a rose
Many times when I visit the graveyard
I just cannot help but cry
I stand alive in the graveyard today
And here I shall lay when I die