

# Digging Holes (In the Alabama Rain)

by [Kenneth Francis](#) (November 2020)



*Death and the Gravedigger*, Carlos Schwabe, 1895

Got a job in a graveyard near Jackson  
Hurts my bones but doesn't hurt my brain  
Chucked my phone into the Chattahoochee River  
After digging holes in the Alabama rain

No more a slave for the psychos of silicone  
No more bondage or a shallow corporate whore  
No more masks, no more lies, or sleazy living  
No longer owe my soul to the company store

Now birds singing greet me every fine morning  
And I can smell the wet clay off the plains  
I start work early and finish at sundown  
After digging holes in the Alabama rain

Alabama is best of neighbor red states  
West Virginia is too poor through and through  
Carolina, she's too much like Indiana  
But Alabama, I'll be staying home with you

It's sometimes spooky in this windy old churchyard  
From dawn to dusk, I keep digging coffin holes  
At the weekend, I spread the Word to lost barflies  
As the devil, he comes looking for their souls

Many of his traitors haunt the dark side of Dixie  
As they try to bury Modesty, Morality, and God  
Tomorrow's list includes Truth and First Amendment  
As they aim to place them, beneath the wet Dixie sod

My bones belong here in God's little acre  
And when I'm dying, I'll be hoping and praying  
That my soul will make its way into Heaven  
As I'm lowered down, in the Alabama rain

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