

TITLE: Dont Bury Me

ARTIST: John Prine

D G  
Woke up this morning, put on my slippers  
D A  
went to the kitchen and died  
D G  
And oh what a feeling when my soul went through the celing  
A D  
and on up in to heaven I did rise  
G D  
When I got there they did say John it happened this-a-way  
A  
you slipped upon the floor and hit your head  
D G D  
And all the angels say just before you passed away  
A D  
these are the very last words that you said

CHORUS:

G D  
Please don't bury me down in that cold cold ground  
A  
I'd rather have 'em cut me up and pass me all around  
D  
Throw my brains in a huricane  
G D  
The blind can have my eyes  
G D A D  
'deaf can take both of my ears if they don't mind the size  
  
Give my stomach to Milwakee if they run out of beer  
Put my socks in a cedar box just get 'em out'a here  
Venus de milo can have my arms // Look out! I've got your nose  
Sell my heart to the junk man // And give my love to Rose

CHORUS

Give my feet to the foot-loose // careless fancy free  
Give my knees to the needy // don't 'cha pull that stuff on me  
Hand me down my walkin' cane, it's a sin to tell a lie  
Send my mouth way down south and kiss my ass good-bye

CHORUS