

PLEASE DON'T BURY ME

John Prine

[C] Woke up this morning, **[F]** put on my slippers
[C] Walked in the kitchen and **[G]** died
And **[C]** oh what a feeling, when my **[F]** soul went through the ceiling,
And **[G]** on up into heaven I did **[C]** rise

When I **[F]** got there they did say “John it **[C]** happened this-a-way”,
“You slipped upon the floor and hit your **[G]** head”
And **[C]** All the angels say, just **[F]** before you passed **[C]** away,
These are the very **[G]** last words that you **[C]** said

[F] Please don't bury me down **[C]** in the cold cold ground
No, I'd rather have 'em cut me up and pass me all **[G]** around
[C] Throw my brain in a hurricane. The **[F]** blind can have my **[C]** eyes
And the **[F]** deaf can take, **[C]** both of my ears,
If **[G]** they don't mind the **[C]** size **[F]** **[C]** **[G]** **[C]**

[C] Give my stomach to Milwaukee if they **[F]** run out of **[C]** beer
Put my socks in a cedar box just **[D7]** get 'em out'a **[G7]** here
[C] Venus de Milo can have my arms. Look **[F]** out! I've got your **[C]** nose
[F] Sell my heart to the **[C]** junk man, And **[G7]** give my love to **[C]** Rose

{chorus}

[C] Give my feet to the foot-loose, **[F]** Careless, fancy **[C]** free.
Give my knees to the needy, Don't **[D7]** pull that stuff on **[G7]** me.
[C] Hand me down my walkin' cane. It's a **[F]** sin to tell a **[C]** lie.
[F] Send my mouth **[C]** way-down-south and **[G]** kiss my ass good **[C]** bye

{chorus}