

Please Don't Bury Me -- By John Prine

Intro (G)// (D)// (A)// (D)////

(D)Woke up this morning, (G)put on my slippers
(D)Walked in the kitchen and (A)died
And (D)oh what a feeling when my (G)soul went through the ceiling
And (A)on up in to heaven I did (D)ride
When I (G)got there they did say John it (D)happened this-a-way
You slipped upon the floor and hit your (A)head (A7)
And (D)all the angels say just be-(G)-fore you passed a-(D)-way
These were the very (A)last words that you (D)said

(Chorus)

(G) Please don't bury me down (D)in the cold, cold ground
No, I'd rather have 'em cut me up, and pass me all a-(A)-round
(D)Throw my brain in a hurricane
And the (G)blind can have my (D)eyes
The (G)deaf can take (D)both of my ears
If (A)they don't mind the (D)size

(Instrumental)

(G)// (D)// (A)// (D)////

(D)Give my stomach to Milwaukee if (G)they run out of (D)beer
Put my socks in a cedar box just (E7)get 'em out'a (A7)here
(D)Venus de Milo can have my arms
Look (G)out! I've got your (D)nose
(G)Sell my heart to the (D)junk man
And (A7)give my love to (D)Rose, but....

(Repeat Chorus)

(Instrumental)

(D)//// (G)// (D)// //// (E7)// (A7)//
(D)//// (G)// (D)//
(G)// (D)// (A7)// (D)////

(D)Give my feet to the foot-loose
(G)Careless, fancy-(D)free
Give my knees to the needy
Don't (E7)pull that stuff on (A7)me
(D)Hand me down my walkin' cane, it's a (G)sin to tell a (D)lie
(G)Send my mouth (D)way down south and (A)kiss my ass good-(D)-
bye, but....

(Repeat Chorus)