

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)