

Please don't bury me - John Prine

[NC] Woke up this [D] 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 thru the ceiling

And [A] on up into heaven I did [D] ride

When I [G] got there they did say

John, it [D] happened this way

You slipped upon the floor and hit your [A] head

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

And the deaf can take both of my ears If [A] they don't mind the [D] size

[G] [D] [A] [D] [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 of [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] junkman and [A] give my love to [D] Rose

Chorus

[G] [D] [A] [D] [G] [D] [A] [D]

[D] Give my feet to the footloose [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 walking cane it's a [G] sin to tell a [D] lie

[G] Send my mouth [D] way down south

to [A] kiss my ass good[D]bye

Chorus

[G] [D] [A] [D] [G] [D] [A] [D]

