

Please Don't Bury Me - John Prine

[Verse 1]

C F
Woke up this morning, put on my slippers
C G
Walked in the kitchen and died
C F
And oh what a feeling, when my soul went through the ceiling
G C
And on up into heaven I did ride
F C
When I got there they did say, John, it happened this ole way
C G
You slipped upon the floor and hit your head
C F C
And all the angels say, just before you passed away
C G C
These were the very last words that you said:

[Chorus]

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

[Verse 2]

C F C
Give my stomach to Milwaukee if they run out of beer
C D G
Put my socks in a cedar box, just get 'em out of here
C F C
Venus de Milo can have my arms, look out, I've got your nose

