

**Sam Broussard****"I Don't Care Where You Bury Me"**

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Buried in a mountain  
down a shaft dark and deep  
mounds of gold and miners' bones  
in a wreath laid at my feet  
Below the soaring falcon  
with a chicken in its beak  
but above the place they damn me  
every time my name they speak

I don't care where you bury me

Near some braggart poet  
cut down in a duel  
or some devil-loving whining singer  
found drowned in his pool

or in some sunken pirate ship  
our bleached bones wrapped in rags  
or in the arms of a student shot  
for pissing on the flag

I don't care where you bury me  
'cause I will never die

Bring on your fearsome Reaper  
I'll hold that pansy upside down  
I'll shake the souls from all his pockets  
and buy all hell a round  
Send your foulest demon  
I'll choke him with his tongue  
Send all your cutthroat lawyers, man  
I'll make them eat their young  
Yum Yum

Far from where my minions lie  
bent over at their knees  
the stain of yes upon their lips  
the grease of if you please

My thumbprint on their backs  
I smoked them all like weed

I smoked them 'til the ashes  
fell behind my teeth

I don't care where you bury me

In the dirt floor of the whorehouse  
below the bedspring squeak  
I'll poison the ivy by the window  
through which the children peek

My clutching hand thrust through the dirt  
oh the horror with mystique  
will paint the flush of guilt and death  
across their loins and cheeks

I don't care where you bury me  
'cause I will never die

I don't care where you bury me  
'cause I will never die  
I'll break out as you lower me  
and spit right in your eye-acapo

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