

## Diffie Joe

# "Prop Me Up Beside The Jukebox"

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Well I ain't afraid of dyin', it's the thought of being  
dead  
I wanna go on being me once my eulogy's been read  
Don't spread my ashes out to sea, don't lay me down to  
rest  
You can put my mind at ease if you fulfill my last  
request

Prop me up beside the jukebox if I die  
Lord, I wanna go to heaven but I don't wanna go tonight  
Fill my boots up with sand, put a stiff drink in my hand  
Prop me up beside the jukebox if I die

Just let my headstone be a neon sign  
Let it burn in mem'ry of all of my good times  
Fix me up with a manequin, just remember I like  
blondes  
I'll be the life of the party even when I'm dead and  
gone

Prop me up beside the jukebox if I die  
Lord, I wanna go to heaven but I don't wanna go tonight

Fill my boots up with sand, put a stiff drink in my hand  
Prop me up beside the jukebox if I die

Just make your next selection and while your still in line  
You can pay you last respects one quarter at a time

Prop me up beside the jukebox if I die  
Lord, I wanna go to heaven but I don't wanna go tonight  
Fill my boots up with sand, put a stiff drink in my hand  
Prop me up beside the jukebox if I die

Oh, prop me up beside the jukebox if I die

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