

Joe Diffie

"Prop Me Up Beside The Jukebox"

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Well I ain't afraid of dying, 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 fill 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
Just let it burn in memory of all of my good times
Fix me up with a mannequin, 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 your 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

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

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