

John Prine

"Dont Bury Me"

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Please Don't Bury Me Down in the Cold Cold Ground
from a John Prine LP (did John write this?)

Woke up this morning,
Put on my slippers,
Walked in the kitchen and died.
And, oh, what a feeling!
When my soul went through the ceiling
And on up into heaven I did rise.

When I got there they did say,
"John, it happened this-a-way,
You slipped upon the floor and hit your head,
And all the angels say, just before you passed away,
these were the very last words that you said:"

Please don't bury me down in the cold cold ground,
No, I don't wanna have them cut me up and pass me all
around.
Throw my brain in a hurricane, and the blind can have
my eyes,
And the deaf can take both o'my ears if they don't
mind the size.

Give my stomach to Milwaukee if they run out of beer,
Put my socks in a cedar box, just get 'em outa here!
Venus de Milo can have my arms, look out, I've got
your nose,
Sell my art to the junk man, and give my love to Rose.

Please don't bury me down in the cold cold ground,
No, I don't wanna have them cut me up and pass me all
around.
Throw my brain in a hurricane, and the blind can have
my eyes,
And the deaf can take both o'my ears if they don't
mind the size.

Give my feet to the footloose, careless, fancy-free,
Give my knees to the needy, don't pull that stuff on me,
Hand me down my walking cane, it's a sin to tell a lie,

Send my mouth way down south, and kiss my ass
goodbye.

Please don't bury me down in the cold cold ground,
No, I don't wanna have them cut me up and pass me all
around.

Throw my brain in a hurricane, and the blind can have
my eyes,

And the deaf can take both o'my ears if they don't
mind the size.

Transcribed by Rich Kulawiec, rsk@ecn.purdue.edu

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