

## John Prine

### "Please Don't Burry Me"

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I woke up this morning  
Put on my slippers  
Walked in the kitchen and died

And oh what a feelin  
When my soul went through the ceiling  
And on up to heaven I did ride.  
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:

Chorus:

Please don't bury me down in the cold cold ground!  
I'd rather have them cut me up and pass me all  
around!  
Throw my brain in a hurricane,  
The blind can have my eyes,  
And the deaf can take both a' 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 outta here!  
Venus de Milo can have my arms -  
Look out, I've got your nose!  
Sell my heart to the junk man,  
And give my love to Rose!

(chorus)

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 walkin' cane;  
It's a sin to tell a lie.  
Send my mouth way down south  
And kiss my ass goodbye!

(chorus)

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