

Johnny Burnette

"Bury Me Not"

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Recitation: Lord, I've never lived where churches grow I
loved creation better as it stood That day you finished
it so long ago And looked upon your work and called it
good I know that others find you in the light That sifted
down through tinted window panes And yet I seem to
feel you near tonight In this dim, quiet starlight on the
plains I thank you, Lord, that I'm placed so well That
you've made my freedom so complete That I'm no
slave to whistle, clock or bell Nor weak eyed prisoner of
Waller Street Just let me live my life as I've begun And
give me work that's open to the sky Make me a partner
of the wind and sun And I won't ask a life that's soft or
high Let me be easy on the man that's down Let me be
square and generous with all I'm careless sometimes,
Lord, when I'm in town But never let them say I'm mean
or small Make me as big and open as the plains And
honest as the horse between my knees Clean as a wind
that blows behind the rains Free as the hawk that
circles down the breeze Forgive me, Lord, if
sometimes I forget You know about the reasons that
are hid You understand the things that gall or fret Well,
you knew me better than my mother did Just keep an
eye on all that's done or said And right me

sometimes when I turn aside And guide me on that
long, dim trail ahead That stretched upward toward the
great divide

Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie These words came
low and mournfully From the pallid lips of a youth who
lay On his dying bed at the close of day

Oh, bury me not and his voice failed there But we took
no heed to his dying prayer In a shallow grave just six
by three We buried him there on the lone prairie.

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