

Johnny Burnette

"Oh, Bury Me Not"

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[Introduction - A Cowboy's Prayer:]

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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