

John Popper & The Duskray Troubadours

"Please Don't Bury Me"

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Woke up this morning.
Put on my slippers.
Walked in the kitchen and died.
And oh what a feeling!
When my soul went thru the ceiling.
And on up into heaven I did ride.
When I got there they did say John it happened this 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 that cold cold ground.
No, I'd druther have em' 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 of 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' out of here
Venus de Milo can have my arms look out! I've got your nose.
Sell my heart to the junkman and give my love to Rose

Repeat Chorus:

Please don't bury me, down in that cold cold ground.
No, I'd druther have em' 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 of 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.

Repeat Chorus:

Please don't bury me, down in that cold cold ground.
No, I'd druther have em' 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 of my ears if they don't
mind the size.

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