

## Roger Miller

### "On Dying And A Burying"

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One Dying and a Burying

Well I think I finely found me a sure fire way to forget,  
It's so simple, I'm surprised I haven't done thought of it  
before yet  
Its fool proof, well it's fool hatred maybe, but who  
knows,  
Anyway, here I am walking toward where the cold out  
water flows  
Is all it takes is,

One dying and a burying, one dying and a burying  
Some crying, six caring me, I want to be free.

Oh, I want to be free,  
Free from all this heart aching regret,  
And free from pining for the love I can't forget,  
The love that once was warm and then some how  
turned to hate  
Made my life a prison from which there is only one  
escape  
And that's one dying and a burying, One dying and a  
burying  
Some crying, six caring me, I want to be free.

One dying and a burying, one dying and a burying  
Some crying, six caring me, I want to be free.

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