

Shel Silverstein

"Bury Me In My Shades"

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In a pad with no heat, up on Sullivan Street,
The last of the hipsters lay dyin'.
Wearin' his shades, so like no one could tell
Like whether or not he was cryin'.
All the junkies and loners
An' coffee shop owners
Were all gathered 'round his bed.
He took one last puff
Of some imported stuff
And this are the last words he said.

He said, "Send my sandals home to Mom,
Hang my T-shirt away.
Burn my guitar
In Washington Squar',
'Cause I never learned how to play.
Give my pad
To some needy lad
And tell him the rent is all paid.
Keep my cash,
An' my stash,
An' my hash,
But bury me in my shades.

Bury me in my shades, boys,
Bury me in my shades.
Burn my guitar
In Washington Squar',
But bury me in my shades."

He said, "Give my Brooklyn chicks away
To anyone who needs 'em.
Give all of my poems away
To anyone who'll read 'em.
Dig me a grave 'neath the coffeeshop,
And let a sad folksong be played.
Get everyone high
On the moment I die,
Bury me in my shades.

Bury me in my shades, boys,

Bury me in my shades.
Burn my guitar
In Washington Squar',
But bury me in my shades."

We threw his sandals out in the hall,
We left his T-shirt lay.
We sold his guitar
At the corner bar
To someone who knew how to play.
We smoked all his stash,
And spent all his cash,
And threw all his poems away.
And Bob got his records,
And Ed got his books,
And I got the poor beatnik shades.

"Bury me in my shades, boys," he said,
"Bury me in my shades.
Burn my guitar
In Washington Squar',
But bury me in my shades."

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