

Bury Me Far From My Uniform
Joe Pug

Capo 2

D...

D
I was falling dead in battle

D **G** **D**
Must have been Tuesday, I don't know the date

Bm **G**
I gave everything everyone asked for

G **D**
But I'll say where I'll be laid

D7 **G**
The many dead of my comrades

G **D**
All look the same in this place

D **G** **D**
Won't you bury me far from my uniform

D **A** **D**
So God might remember my face

Bridge:

D **G** **D**
Just bury me far from my uniform

G **D**
From the iron cross medal I would've worn

G **D**
From the statues that sisters and widows mourn

G **D**
From the newspaper clippings in micro-form

G **D**
From Geneva, the Hague, and Nuremberg

D **G**

From the sex of this world that I ll no longer taste

D **G**
Won t you bury me far from my uniform

D **A** **D**
So God might remember my face