

**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