

Bury Me Far From My Uniform

Joe Pug

Capo 2

E...

E

I was falling dead in battle

E

A

E

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

C#m

A

I gave everything everyone asked for

A

E

But I'll say where I'll be laid

E7

A

The many dead of my comrades

A

E

All look the same in this place

E

A

E

Won't you bury me far from my uniform

E

B

E

So God might remember my face

Bridge:

E

A

E

Just bury me far from my uniform

A

E

From the iron cross medal I would've worn

A

E

From the statues that sisters and widows mourn

A

E

From the newspaper clippings in micro-form

A

E

From Geneva, the Hague, and Nuremberg

E

A

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

E

A

Won t you bury me far from my uniform

E

B

E

So God might remember my face