

**Please Dont Bury Me**  
**John Prine**

PLEASE DON T BURY ME by John Prine

[Verse]

**C** **F**  
Woke up this morning, put on my slippers  
**C** **G**  
Walked in the kitchen and died  
**C** **F**  
And oh, what a feelin when my soul went through the ceiling  
**G** **C**  
And on up into heaven I did rise  
**F** **C**  
When I got there they did say John it happened this a-way  
**G**  
You slipped upon the floor and hit your head  
**C** **F** **C**  
And all the angels say just before you passed away  
**G** **C**  
These were the very last words that you said

[Chorus]

**F** **C**  
Please don t bury me down in the cold, cold ground  
**G**  
No, I druther have them cut me up and pass me all around  
**C** **F** **C**  
Throw my brain in a hurricane and the blind can have my eyes  
**F** **C** **G** **C**  
And the deaf can take both my ears if they don t mind the size

[Verse]

Give my stomache to Milwaukee if they run out of beer  
Put my socks in a cedar box, just get them out of here  
Venus de Milo can have my arms, look out, I ve got your nose  
Sell my heart to the junk man and give my love to rose

[Chorus]

**F** **C**  
Please don t bury me down in the cold, cold ground  
**G**  
No, I druther have them cut me up and pass me all around  
**C** **F** **C**  
Throw my brain in a hurricane and the blind can have my eyes  
**F** **C** **G** **C**  
And the deaf can take both my ears if they don t mind the size

[Instrumental verse]

[Verse]

Give my feet to the footloose, careless, fancy free  
Give my knees to the needy, don't pull that stuff on me  
Hand me down my walkin' cane it's a sin to tell a lie  
Send my mouth way down south, and kiss my ass goodbye

[Chorus]

**F** **C**  
Please don't bury me down in the cold, cold ground

**G**  
No, I'd rather have them cut me up and pass me all around

**C** **F** **C**  
Throw my brain in a hurricane and the blind can have my eyes

**F** **C** **G** **C**  
And the deaf can take both my ears if they don't mind the size