

Please Don't Bury Me

John Prine I-81

D G
Woke up this morning, put on my slippers
D A
Walked in the kitchen and died
D G
And oh what a feeling when my soul went through the ceiling
A D
And on up into heaven I did rise
G D
When I got there they did say John it happened this-a-way
A A7
You slipped upon the floor and hit your head
D G D
And all the angels say just before you passed away
A D
These are the very last words that you said

Chorus:

G D
(But) Please don't bury me down in the cold cold ground
A
No, I'd 'druther have 'em cut me up and pass me all around
D
Throw my brains in a hurricane
G D
And tho blind can have my eyes
G D
And the deaf can take both of my ears
A D
If they don't mind the size

<u>Give</u> my stomach to Milwaukee if they <u>run</u> out of <u>beer</u>	D G D
Put my socks in a cedar box just <u>get</u> 'em out'a <u>here</u>	E7 A7
<u>Venus</u> de Milo can have my arms	D
Look <u>out!</u> I've got your <u>nose</u>	G D
<u>Sell</u> my heart to the <u>junk</u> man	G D
And <u>give</u> my love to <u>Rose</u>	A7 D

Chorus

Instrumental: D G D E7 A7 D G D G D A7 D

<u>Give</u> my feet to the foot-loose	D
Careless, fancy-free	G D
Give my knees to the needy	G D
Don't pull that stuff on me	E7 A7
Hand me down my walkin' cane, it's a sin to tell a lie	D G D
Send my mouth way down south and kiss my ass good-bye	G D A D

Chorus