Don’t Bury Me - John Prine

D G
Woke up this morning, put on my slippers
D A
went to the kitchen and died
D G
And oh what a feeling when my soul went through the celing
A D
and on up in to heaven I did rise
G D
When I got there they did say John it happened this-a-way
A
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
Please don't bury me down in that cold cold ground
A
I'd rather have 'em cut me up and pass me all around
D
Throw my brains in a huricane
G D
The blind can have my eyes
G D A D
'deaf can take both of my ears if they don't mind the size

Give my stomach to Milwakee if they run out of beer
Put my socks in a cedar box just get 'em out'a 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

Give my feet to the foot-loose careless fancy free
Give my knees to the needy don't 'cha 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 good-bye

CHORUS