

# Please Don't Bury Me

John Prine

Woke up this morning  
Put on my slippers  
Walked in the kitchen and died  
And oh what a feeling!  
When my soul  
Went thru the ceiling  
And on up into heaven I did ride  
When I got there they did say  
John, it happened this way  
You slipped upon the floor  
And hit your head  
And all the angels say  
Just before you passed away  
These were the very last words  
That you said:

Please don't bury me  
Down in that cold cold ground  
No, I'd druther have "em" cut me up  
And pass me all around  
Throw my brain in a hurricane  
And the blind can have my eyes  
And the deaf can take both of my ears  
If they don't mind the size  
Give my stomach to Milwaukee  
If they run out of beer  
Put my socks in a cedar box  
Just get "em" out of here  
Venus de Milo can have my arms  
Look out! I've got your nose  
Sell my heart to the junkman  
And give my love to Rose

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 walking cane  
It's a sin to tell a lie  
Send my mouth way down south  
And kiss my ass goodbye

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