

Bury Me In This Bar

Dalton Dover

Yeah, there's one thing you can count on
Ain't no one getting out of
This wake up, working, wild world life
Some folks prefer a casket
Some get turned into ashes
But I got other plans for when I die

Oh, bury me in this bar
Where the women and the whiskey ain't too far
Yeah, my soul is meant to beat on
Underneath that neon
Smiling to the sound of a steel guitar
I'll rest in peace where all my people are
Bury me in this bar

If I come up in conversation
Just point to where I'm laying
Below that white oak sawdust hardwood floor
If anybody starts to miss me
Just pour that shot of whiskey
Let 'em know I never made it out that door

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When the good Lord calls last call
I won't mind at all

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