

Prop Me Up Beside The Jukebox (If I Die)

Hardy

Well, I ain't afraid of dying, it's the thought of being dead
I wanna go on bein' me once my eulogy's been read
Don't spread my ashes out to sea, don't lay me down to rest
You can put my mind at ease if you fill my last request

Prop me up beside the jukebox if I die
Lord, I wanna go to Heaven, but I don't wanna go tonight
Fill my boots up with sand, put a stiff drink in my hand
Prop me up beside the jukebox if I die

A-just a-let my headstone be a neon sign
A-just a-let it burn in memory of all of my good times
A-fix me up with a mannequin, just remember I like blondes
I'll be the life of the party even when I'm dead and gone

Prop me up beside the jukebox if I die
Lord, I wanna go to Heaven, but I don't wanna go tonight
Fill my boots up with sand, put a stiff drink in my hand
Prop me up beside the jukebox if I die

Oh yeah

Just make your next selection, and while you're still in line
You can pay your last respects one quarter at a time

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Lord, I wanna go to Heaven, but I don't wanna go tonight
Fill my boots up with sand, put a stiff drink in my hand
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Prop me up beside the jukebox if I die
If I die
Lord, I wanna go to Heaven, but I don't wanna go tonight
Fill my boots up with sand, put a stiff drink in my hand
Prop me up beside the jukebox if I die
Oh, if I die
Oh, prop me up beside the jukebox if I die