

Prop Me Up Beside The Jukebox (If I Die)

Jon Pardi

Well, I ain't afraid of dying, it's the thought of being dead
I wanna go on being me once my eulogy has 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 want to go tonight
Fill my boots up with sand, put a stiff drink in my hand
And prop me up beside the jukebox if I die

Just let my headstone be a neon sign
Just let it burn in memory of all of my good times
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

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

So let's make your next selection while you're still in line
You can pay your last respects one quarter at a time

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