

Bury Me with My Guitar On

Judy Collins

Picture me in the great Southwest
Six guns hot, star on my chest
I keep the peace the best I can
You can bury me when I finally fall
With boots and all

Picture me a riverboat man
Mississippi the back of my hand
Taking bets, run boilers hot
Put the hammer down, see what she's got
You'll find my bones in the final mile
Wearin' a smile

Well, I ain't a cowboy
I ain't a riverboat man
I talk the talk, I walk the walk
Of a guitar man

Picture me up on a stage
Never one to act my age
We all know the lightning strike
Maybe tomorrow, maybe tonight
When I'm gone, sing a lonely song
Bury me with my guitar on

Picture me in the saddle tall
That sunset a big red burning ball
Or blowin' steam movin' paddle wheel
Down that river the seconds I steal
I'll still sing, long past gone
If you bury me with a guitar on