

Bury Me In Blue Jeans

Midland

Yeah, the finer things
They never really fit me
Ain't no sense in chasin' dollars
That I can't take with me
My favorite truck
Two hundred thousand miles on it
Yeah, when my day comes
It's yours if you want it

'Cause I'll be on my way
Ridin' on angel's wings
You know I've always been
A man of simple means
So it don't really matter
Where you lay my bones
When I'm headed home
Bury me in blue jeans

Yeah, these four walls
I know are just on loan
My name's on the mailbox
But the bank still owns
And I ain't tryin' to line my pockets
In some gold rush town
Yeah, 'cause all that gold
Would only weigh me down

'Cause I'll be on my way
Ridin' on angel's wings
You know I've always been
A man of simple means
So it don't really matter
Where you lay my bones
When I'm headed home
Bury me in blue jeans

All the kings buried with all their things
Rubies and diamond rings
Don't really mean anything, hey
Bury me with my boots up
A life well-lived is a life well-loved

'Cause I'll be on my way
Ridin' on angel's wings
You know I've always been
A man of simple means
So it don't really matter
Where you lay my bones
When I'm headed home
Bury me in blue jeans

All the kings buried with all their things
Rubies and diamond rings
Don't really mean anything, no