# Please Don’t Bury Me

John Prine 1973

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**INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 / [A] / [A] /**

**[A]** Woke up this morning **[D]** put on my slippers

**[A]** Walked in the kitchen, and **[E7]** died **[E7]**

And **[A]** oh, what a feeling when my **[D]** soul went through the ceiling

And **[E7]** on up into heaven I did **[A]** rise **[A]**

When I **[D]** got there they did say, John it **[A]** happened this-a-way

You **[A]** slipped upon the floor and hit your **[E7]** head **[E7]**

And **[A]** all the angels say just be-**[D]**fore you passed a-**[A]**way

These **[A]** were the very **[E7]** last words that you **[A]** said **[A]**

**CHORUS:**

**[D]** Please don't bury me down **[A]** in the cold, cold ground

No, I'd **[A]** rather have 'em cut me up, and pass me all a-**[E7]**round

**[A]** Throw my brain in a hurricane and the **[D]** blind can have my **[A]** eyes

And the **[D]** deaf can take **[A]** both of my ears if **[E7]** they don't mind the **[A]** size

**[D] / [A] / [E7] / [A] / [A] /**

**[A]** Give my stomach to Milwaukee if **[D]** they run out of **[A]** beer

**[A]** Put my socks in a cedar box just **[B7]** get 'em out'a **[E7]** here

**[A]** Venus de Milo can have my arms, look **[D]** out! I've got your **[A]** nose

**[D]** Sell my heart to the **[A]** junk man, and **[E7]** give my love to **[A]** Rose

**CHORUS:**

But **[D]** please don't bury me, down **[A]** in that cold, cold ground

No, I'd **[A]** rather have 'em cut me up, and pass me all a-**[E7]**round

**[A]** Throw my brain in a hurricane and the **[D]** blind can have my **[A]** eyes

And the **[D]** deaf can take **[A]** both of my ears if **[E7]** they don't mind the **[A]** size

**[D] / [A] / [E7] / [A] / [A] /**

**[A]** Give my feet to the foot-loose **[D]** careless, fancy-**[A]**free

**[A]** Give my knees to the needy, don't **[B7]** pull that stuff on **[E7]** me

**[A]** Hand me down my walkin' cane, it's a **[D]** sin to tell a **[A]** lie

**[D]** Send my mouth **[A]** way down south and **[E7]** kiss my ass good-**[A]**bye

**CHORUS:**

But **[D]** please don't bury me, down **[A]** in that cold, cold ground

No, I'd **[A]** rather have 'em cut me up, and pass me all a-**[E7]**round

**[A]** Throw my brain in a hurricane and the **[D]** blind can have my **[A]** eyes

And the **[D]** deaf can take **[A]** both of my ears if **[E7]** they don't mind the **[A]** size

**[D] / [A] / [E7] / [A]↓**

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