## Please Don't Bury Me

John Prine 1973

| A7  | D          | E7 | G |
|-----|------------|----|---|
| •   |            | •  |   |
| ШЦ  | <b>+++</b> |    |   |
| ЦЦЦ |            |    |   |
|     |            |    |   |

### INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 / [D] / [D] /

**[D]** Woke up this morning **[G]** put on my slippers **[D]** Walked in the kitchen, and **[A7]** died **[A7]** And **[D]** on what a faciling when my **[G]** coul went through the c

And **[D]** oh, what a feeling when my **[G]** soul went through the ceiling And **[A7]** on up into heaven I did **[D]** rise **[D]** 

When I **[G]** got there they did say, John it **[D]** happened this-a-way You **[D]** slipped upon the floor and hit your **[A7]** head **[A7]** And **[D]** all the angels say just be-**[G]**fore you passed a-**[D]**way These **[D]** were the very **[A7]** last words that you **[D]** said **[D]** 

#### **CHORUS:**

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

No, I'd [D] rather have 'em cut me up, and pass me all a-[A7]round

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

And the **[G]** deaf can take **[D]** both of my ears if **[A7]** they don't mind the **[D]** size

## [G] / [D] / [A7] / [D] / [D] /

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

[D] Put my socks in a cedar box just [E7] get 'em out'a [A7] here

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

[G] Sell my heart to the [D] junk man, and [A7] give my love to [D] Rose

### CHORUS:

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

No, I'd **[D]** rather have 'em cut me up, and pass me all a-**[A7]**round

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

And the **[G]** deaf can take **[D]** both of my ears if **[A7]** they don't mind the **[D]** size

## [G] / [D] / [A7] / [D] / [D] /

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

[D] Give my knees to the needy, don't [E7] pull that stuff on [A7] me

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

**[G]** Send my mouth **[D]** way down south and **[A7]** kiss my ass good-**[D]**bye

#### **CHORUS:**

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

No, I'd **[D]** rather have 'em cut me up, and pass me all a-**[A7]**round

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

And the **[G]** deaf can take **[D]** both of my ears if **[A7]** they don't mind the **[D]** size

# [G] / [D] / [A7] / [D]↓

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