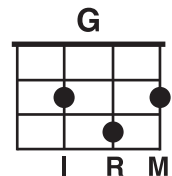
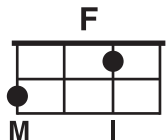
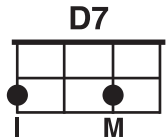
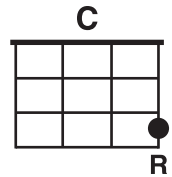


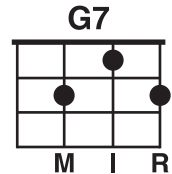
Please don't bury me — John Prine (1973)

C **F** **C** **G**
 Woke up this morning, put on my slippers, walked in the kitchen and died
C **F**
 And oh what a feeling when my soul went through the ceiling
G **G7** **C**
 and on up in to heaven I did rise
F **C**
 When I got there they did say John it happened this-a-way
G
 you slipped upon the floor and hit your head
C **F** **C**
 And all the angels say just before you passed away
G **C** **C7**
 these are the very last words that you said



=====**CHORUS:**

F **C**
 Please don't bury me down in that cold cold ground
G
 I'd rather have 'em cut me up and pass me all around
C **F** **C**
 Throw my brains in a hurricane, and the blind can have my eyes
F **C** **G** **C**
 And the deaf can take both of my ears if they don't mind the size
 =====



C **F** **C**
 Give my stomach to Milwaukee if they run out of beer
D7 **G7**
 Put my socks in a cedar box just get 'em out'a here
C **F** **C**
 Venus de milo can have my arms, Look out! I've got your nose
F **C** **G7** **C** **C7**
 Sell my heart to the junk man, And give my love to Rose but... **CHORUS**

C **F** **C**
 Give my feet to the foot-loose, careless fancy free
D7 **G7**
 Give my knees to the needy, don't'cha pull that stuff on me
C **F** **C**
 Hand me down my walkin' cane, it's a sin to tell a lie
F **C** **G** **C** **C7**
 Send my mouth way down south and kiss my ass good-bye but...

CHORUS