

Please Dont Bury Me

Woke up this morning, put on my slippers

Walked in the kitchen and died

And oh, what a feelin' when my soul went through the ceiling

And on up into heaven I did rise

When I got there they did say John it happened this a-way

You slipped upon the floor and hit your head

And all the angels say just before you passed away

These were the very last words that you said

Please don't bury me down in the cold, cold ground

No, I druther have them cut me up and pass me all around

Throw my brain in a hurricane and the blind can have my eyes

And the deaf can take both my ears if they don't mind the size

Give my stomache to Milwaukee if they run out of beer

Put my socks in a cedar box, just get them out of here

Venus de Milo can have my arms, look out, I've got your nose

Sell my heart to the junk man and give my love to rose

CHORUS & INSTRUMENTAL VERSE

Give my feet to the footloose, careless, fancy free

Give my knees to the needy, don't pull that stuff on me

Hand me down my walkin' cane it's a sin to tell a lie

Send my mouth way down south, and kiss my ass goodbye

CHORUS