Please Don't Bury Me

John Prine-Dana's version
https://tinyurl.com/ec5ds9jf
Edited 5-3-26

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A|---0-2-3|
E|33------|
C|--------|
G|--------|
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VERSE 1 (bass chord and strum?)
G | **C** |
Woke up this morning, put on my slippers
G | **D**
Walked in the kitchen and died
| **G**
And oh what a feeling,
| **C**
when my soul went through the ceiling
| **D** **C** | **G**
And on up into heaven I did ride
| **C**
When I got there they did say,
| **G** |
John, it happened this ole way, You
G **G7** | **D**
slipped upon the floor and hit your head
| **G**
And all the angels say,
| **C** **G** | **D**
just bef ore you passed away These
C | **G** |
where the very last words that you said

CHORUS
C | **G**
Please don't bury me down in the cold cold
| **G**
ground. No, I'd druther have 'em cut me up and
G7 **D** | **G**
pass me all around Throw my brain in a
| **C** **G**
hurricane and the blind can have my eyes.
| **C** **G**
And the deaf can take both my ears
| **D** **G** |
if they don't mind the size

C G | D G |

VERSE 2
G | **G**
.. Give my stomach to Milwaukee if
C | **G**
they run out of beer
| **G**
Put my socks in a cedar box,
A7 **D** |
just get 'em out of here
G
Venus de Milo can have my arms,
| **C** **G** |
look out, I've got your nose
C **G**
Sell my heart to the junkman
| **D** **G** |
and give my love to Rose

CHORUS
C | **G**
Please don't bury me down in the cold cold
| **G**
ground. No, I'd druther have 'em cut me up and
G7 **D** | **G**
pass me all around Throw my brain in a
| **C** **G**
hurricane and the blind can have my eyes.
| **C** **G**
And the deaf can take both my ears
| **D** **G** |
if they don't mind the size

(Bass chord and pick?)
G | C G | G | A D |
G | C G | C G | D G |

VERSE 3
G | **G** |
..Give my feet to the footloose,
C **G** |
careless, fancy free
G
Give my knees to the needy,
| **A** **D** |
don't pull that stuff on me
G
Hand me down my walking cane,
| **C** **G** |
it's a sin to tell a lie
C **G**
Send my mouth way down south
| **D** **G** |
and kiss my ass goodbye

CHORUS
C | **G**
Please don't bury me down in the cold cold
| **G**
ground. No, I'd druther have 'em cut me up and
G7 **D** | **G**
pass me all around Throw my brain in a
| **C** **G**
hurricane and the blind can have my eyes.
| **C** **G**
And the deaf can take both my ears
| **D** **G ** |
if they don't mind the size

