Please Don't Bury Me John Prine

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Woke up this mornin, put on my slippers Walked in the kitchen and died
And oh what a feeling 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 ole way,
You slipped upon the floor and hit your head"
And all the angel say just before you passed away
These were the very last words that you said
----[Chorus]-----
    Please don't bury me down in the cold cold ground
    I'd rather have them cut me up and pass me all around
    Throw my brain in a hurricane and the blind can have my eyes
    _____
---[Verse 2]-----
Give my stomach 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 got your nose
Sell my heart to the junk man and give my love to rose
---[Chorus]------
---[Verse 3]-----
Give my feet to the foot loose , 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]------
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