

# Prop Me Up Beside The Jukebox (If I Die)

Joe Diffie

Well I ain't afraid of dying it's the thought of being dead  
I want to go on being me once my eulogy's been read  
Don't spread my ashes out to sea don't lay me down to rest  
You can put my mind at ease if you fill my last request  
Prop me up beside the jukebox if I die  
Lord I want to go to heaven but I don't want to go tonight  
Fill my boots up with sand put a stiff drink in my hand  
Prop me up beside the jukebox if I die  
Just let my headstone be a neon sign  
Just let it burn in mem'ry of all of my good times  
Fix me up with a mannequin just remember I like blondes  
I'll be the life of the party even when I'm dead and gone  
Prop me up...[Guitar - Steel ]Just make your next selection and while you're still in line  
You can pay your last respects one quarter at a time  
Prop me up...  
Prop me up...  
Oh prop me up beside the jukebox if I die

Songwriters

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