Prop Me Up Beside the Jukebox

Joe Diffie

Well I ain't afraid of dying, it's the thought of being dead
I wanna 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 requestProp me up beside the jukebox if I die
Lord I wanna go to Heaven, but I don't wanna go tonight
Fill my boots up with sand, put a stiff drink in my hand
Prop me up beside the jukebox if I dieJust let my headstone be a neon sign
Just let it burn in memory 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 goneProp me up beside the jukebox if I die
Lord I wanna go to Heaven, but I don't wanna go tonight
Fill my boots up with sand, put a stiff drink in my hand
Prop me up beside the jukebox if I dieJust make your next selection
And while your still in line
You can pay your last respects
One quarter at a timeProp me up beside the jukebox if I die
Lord I wanna go to Heaven, but I don't wanna go tonight
Fill my boots up with sand, put a stiff drink in my hand
Prop me up beside the jukebox if I dieProp me up beside the jukebox if I die
Lord I wanna go to Heaven, but I don't wanna go tonight
Fill my boots up with sand, put a stiff drink in my hand
Prop me up beside the jukebox if I die
Lord prop me up beside the jukebox if I die

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