# Bury Me In Blue Jeans

## Granger Smith

I guess I learned it from my granddad
I like the shirts with a little pearl snaps
I'd die in boots if it was up to me
They'd bury me in blue jeans.

Couldn't be a cowboy, I'm a hundred years late,
I'm a six string poet and a radio slave.
I never ask for too many things,
Just bury me in blue jeans.

And I know, I know that's so far to go
Got the roots of an oak and a tumbleweed soul
When my time's up all this good ol' boy needs
Is to bury me in blue jeans.

I'm a brother, I'm a son, I'm a dad,
I'm a thankful one for everything I have.
I'm not gonna regret the past
When they bury me in blue jeans.

I know, I know that's so far to go
Got the roots of an oak and a tumbleweed soul
When my time's up all this good ol' boy needs
Is to bury me in blue jeans.

Something faded and worn in the knees
Fits like a glove and frayed at the seams
And throw this old guitar in there, please
When you bury me in blue jeans.

Please give me so far to go,
Oh, give me so far to go.
If you can hear me now
Give me so far to go.
Give me roots of an oak,
I got a tumbleweed soul
So far, so far to go, it's so far to go.
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