

See That My Grave Is Kept Clean

B.B. King

Well, there's one kind favor I'll ask of you
One kind favor I'll ask of you
Oh, there's one kind favor I'll ask of you
See that my grave is kept clean There's two white horses in a line
Two white horses in a line
Two white horses in a line
Gonna take me to my burying ground Well, my heart stopped beating
My hands are cold
Well, my heart stopped beating
And my hands are cold
Well, my heart stopped beating
And my hands are cold
I believe just what the Bible told Did you ever hear a coffin sound?
Did you ever hear a coffin sound?
Did you ever hear a coffin sound?
Then you know that the poor boys in the ground Dig my grave with a silver spade
Well, you dig my grave with a silver spade
Dig my grave with a silver spade
Let me down the golden chain Have you ever heard the church bell tone?
Ever heard the church bell tone?
Did you ever hear a church bell tone?
Then you know that the poor boys dead and gone I feel so good One kind favor I'll ask of you
One kind favor I'll ask of you
Its one kind favor I'll ask of you
Please see that my grave is kept clean

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