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

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