

Bury Me Far (From My Uniform)

Joe Pug

I was falling dead in battle
Must have been Tuesday
I don't know the date
I did everything everyone asked for
But I'll say where I'll be laidThe many dead of my comrades
all look the same in this place
Won't you bury me far from my uniform
So God might remember my faceDon't bother with congress
With the rich or with the rest
I've fought their battles in this world
I might fight for them in the nextDo not find me justice
Just find me a grave
And then bury me far from my uniform
So God might remember my faceMy mother, my mother you'll cry for me
You'll weep with the next of our kin
You must never to think of
what is not and what could have been
I'll not return to your table
So don't save me a placeJust bury me far from my uniform
From the iron cross medal I would've worn
From the statues that sisters and widows mourn
From the newspaper clippings in micro-form
From Geneva the (?) Nuremberg
From the sex of this world that I'll no longer tasteWon't you bury me far from my uniform
So God might remember my face
I know God will remember my face
Merciful God please remember my face

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