

Bury My Bones

Whiskey Myers

If I die young, write my mother
Tell her that I love her but my soul's gone home
And take my vessel to Anderson County Drive real slow and take the long way home
Tell my kin to pick up a shovel
Wrestle that sugar sand and bury my bones
Won't you bury my bones beneath these pines
When it comes time for you to bury my bones And don't throw me no funeral, sister don't cry
Saw that fiddle, brother, pass that shine
Deep down in the holler, pick the tallest pine
Dig it real deep where the roots touch mine
Cross the Red River where it opens wide
The heroine sails to the Choctaw side
Follow my trail to a silver stone
And gather my body when you bury my bones
Won't you bury my bones
Yeah, if I die young, write my mother
Tell her that I love her but my soul's gone home
And take me back to Anderson County
Drive real slow and take the long way home
And tell my kin to pick up a shovel
Wrestle that sugar sand and bury my bones
Bury my bones beneath these pines
When it comes time
Yeah, if I die young
Yeah, if I die young
Yeah, if I die young

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