

## 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 wanna 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 wanna go to Heaven, but I don't wanna 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 memory 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

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Lord I wanna go to Heaven, but I don't wanna 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 make your next selection  
And while your still in line  
You can pay your last respects  
One quarter at a time

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