

# Underground

Washington

When I'm gone, don't bury me  
I will not lie under this town  
I will not lie where I can't see  
Please don't put me underground

If the day is sunny, let my father say some words  
If the night is starry, let my mother tell you all her stories  
Oh my sister will bake a cake, and on it she'll write something  
funny  
Go down to the city square and give the artists all my money

As for all that is inside  
You can give to medicine  
As for all my bones and hide  
Just find a fire to put 'em in

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If the night is starry, let my mother tell you all her stories  
Oh my sister will bake a cake, and on it she'll write something  
funny  
Go down to the city square and give the artists all my money

Though I may be relatively young  
I hope in the final moments  
I hear every song I've ever sung  
At once

When I'm gone don't weep and moan  
Where I'm going is a pleasant stay  
I'll visit my grandfather's home  
Drink gin with Billie Holiday

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If the night is starry, let my mother tell you all her stories  
Oh my sister will bake a cake, and on it she'll write something  
funny  
Go down to the city square and give the artists all my money

When I'm gone, don't bury me  
I will not lie under this dirty town  
I will not lie where I can't see  
Please don't put me underground  
No, please don't put me under