

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

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

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

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

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