I Think I'm Gonna Kill Myself

Waylon Jennings

So long to you, hope I don't make you blue,
Think I'm gonna kill myself, think I'm gonna myself.
Apart we've grown, now I can't go on alone.
Think I'm gonna kill myself, think I'm gonna myself.

Now dig my grave with a silver spade, a gold chain lay me down
and down.
Send my remains to my best friend, the rest to my hole in the g
round.
Send the rest to my hole in the ground.

I bow my head, cause in the mornin' I'm a gonna be dead.
Think I'm gonna kill myself, think I'm gonna myself.

Now dig my grave with a silver spade, a gold chain lay me down
and down.
Send my remains to my best friend, the rest to my hole in the g
round.
Send the rest to my hole in the ground.