

B.B. King, See That My Grave Is Kept Clean

Well, there's one kind favor I'll ask of you
One kind favor I'll ask of you
Oh, there's one kind favor I'll ask of you
See that my grave is kept clean
There's two white horses in a line
Two white horses in a line
Two white horses in a line
Gonna take me to my burying ground
Well, my heart stopped beating
My hands are cold
Well, my heart stopped beating
And my hands are cold
Well, my heart stopped beating
And my hands are cold
I believe just what the Bible told
Did you ever hear a coffin sound?
Did you ever hear a coffin sound?
Did you ever hear a coffin sound?
Then you know that the poor boy's in the ground
Dig my grave with a silver spade
Well, you dig my grave with a silver spade
Dig my grave with a silver spade
Let me down the golden chain
Have you ever heard the church bell tone?
Ever heard the church bell tone?
Did you ever hear a church bell tone?
Then you know that the poor boy's dead and gone
I feel so good
One kind favor I'll ask of you
One kind favor I'll ask of you
It's one kind favor I'll ask of you
Please see that my grave is kept clean