

# Joe Diffie, Prop Me Up Beside The Jukebox

Well I ain't afraid of die'n, It's the thought of being dead  
I wanna go on being me once my eulogys been read  
Don't spread my ashes out to sea, don't lay me down to rest  
You can put my mind to 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 in burn in memory of all of my good times  
Fix me up with a manican just remember i like blondes  
Ill be the life of the party even when im dead and gone

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 make your next selection and while your still in line  
You can pay you last respects one quarter at a time

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

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  
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Oh prop me up beside the jukebox if I die