

Joe Diffie, Prop Me Up Beside The Jukebox (If I Die)

Well, I ain't afraid of dyin', it's the thought of being dead
I want to go on being me once my eulogy's been read
Don't spread my ashes out to sea, don't lay me down to rest
You can put my mind at ease if you fill my last request

(Chorus)

Prop me up beside the juke box if I die
Lord, I want to go to heaven, but I don't want to 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 it burn in memory of all of my good times
Fix me up with a mannequin, just remember, I like blondes
I'll be the life of the party, even when I'm dead and gone

(Chorus)

Prop me up beside the juke box if I die
Lord, I want to go to heaven, but I don't want to 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 you're still in line
You can pay your last respects one quarter at a time

(Chorus)

Prop me up beside the juke box if I die
Lord, I want to go to heaven, but I don't want to 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 (Repeat line and fade)