

Roger Miller, On Dying And A Burying

On Dying and a Burying

Well I think I finely found me a sure fire way to forget,
It's so simple, I'm surprised I haven't done thought of it before yet
Its fool proof, well it's fool hatred maybe, but who knows,
Anyway, here I am walking toward where the cold out water flows
Is all it takes is,

One dying and a burying, one dying and a burying
Some crying, six caring me, I want to be free.

Oh, I want to be free,
Free from all this heart aching regret,
And free from pining for the love I can't forget,
The love that once was warm and then some how turned to hate
Made my life a prison from which there is only one escape
And that's one dying and a burying, One dying and a burying
Some crying, six caring me, I want to be free.

One dying and a burying, one dying and a burying
Some crying, six caring me, I want to be free.