## Johnny Cash - Oh, Bury Me Not

Tom: A			6.	Make me as big and open as the plains,			
1. A	A Lord, I've never lived where churches grow,	E		C	and honest as the horse between my knees,		
	I loved creation better as it stood,			А	clean as the wind that blows behind the rains,		
	that day you finished it so long ago,				free as the hawk that circles down the breeze.		
	and looked upon your work and called it good.			7. E	A Forgive me, Lord, if sometimes I forget,		
2. F	I know that others find you in the light,				you know about the reasons that are hid,		
-	that sifted down through tinted window panes, and yet I seem to feel you near tonight		A	А	you understand the things that gall or fret,		
	in this dim, quiet starlight on the plains.				well, you knew me better than my mother did.		
	Α			8.	Just keep an eye on all that's done or said,		
	I thank you, Lord, that I'm placed so well,			E	and right me sometimes when I turn aside,		
	that you've made my freedom so complete, that I'm no slave to whistle, clock or bell,			А	and guide me on that long, dim trail ahead		
	nor weak-eyed prisoner of Waller Street.				that stretches upward toward the great divide		
4. E	Just let me live my life as I've begun,				A Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,		
5. E	and give me work that's open to the sky,		A	E	these words came low and mournfully		
	make me a partner of the wind and sun,				from the pallid lips of a youth who lay E	A	
	and I won't ask a life that's soft or high.						
	A Let me be easy on the man that's down,				on his dying bed at the close of day. A		
	let me be square and generous with all,				Oh, bury me not, and his voice failed there,		
A	I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in town	h			but we took no heed to his dying prayer,	А	
		',			in a shallow grave just six by three,		
	out never let 'em say I'm mean or small. A				<del>د</del> we buried him there on the lone prairie.		
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