

Bury Me in My Overalls

by Malvina Reynolds (1956)

F *F* *C7* *C7*
Bury me in my overalls, don't use my gabardines,
C7 *C7* *F(1/2)* *C7(1/2)* *F*
Bury me in my overalls or in my beat-up jeans.
Bb *Bb* *F* *F*
Give my suit to Uncle Jake, He can wear it at my wake,
C7 *C7* *F* *F*
And bury me in my overalls.

The undertaker will get my dough, the grave will get my bones,
And what is left will have to go, for one of those granite stones,
But this suit cost me two weeks pay, so let it live another day,
And bury me in my overalls.

The grave it is a quiet place, there is no labor there,
And I will rest more easy, in the clothes I always wear.
This suit was made for warmer climes, holidays and happy times,
So bury me in my overalls.

I gave a hand to clear the land, and make the cities rise,
I helped to bring the harvest in, and lay the railroad ties.
I boomed about from east to west, it's time I had a little rest,
So bury me in my overalls.

F *F* *C7* *C7*
And when I get to heaven, where they tally work and sin,
C7 *C7* *F(1/2)* *C7(1/2)* *F*
They'll open up those pearly gates, and holler, "Come on in!
Bb *Bb* *F* *F*
A workin' stiff like you, we know, has had his share of Hell below,
C7 *C7* *C7* *F*
So come to glory in your overalls!"