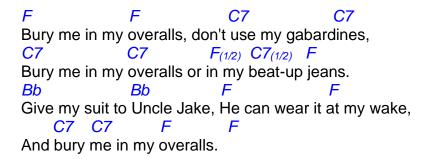
Bury Me in My Overalls by Malvina Reynolds (1956)



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.

