Bury Me Not

Johnny Cash
Title: Bury Me Not

A
Lord, I've never lived where churches grow,
E
I loved creation better as it stood,

That day you finished it so long ago,
A
And looked upon your work and called it good.

A
I know that others find you in the light,
E
That sifted down through tinted window panes,

And yet I seem to feel you near tonight
A
In this dim, quiet starlight on the plains.

A
I thank you, Lord, that I'm placed so well,
E
That you've made my freedom so complete,

That I'm no slave to whistle, clock or bell,
A
Nor weak eyed prisoner of Wall Street.

A
Just let me live my life as I've begun,
E
And give me work that's open to the sky,

Make me a partner of the wind and sun,
A
And I won't ask a life that's soft or high.

verse 5
A
Let me be easy on the man that's down,
E

Visit www.traditionalmusic.co.uk for more songs.

Let me be square and generous with all,

I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in town,
A
But never let em say I'm mean or small.