

*** Give That Boy Cremation**
Words & Music © 2016 Burnell Yow!

C E7 A7 D7 G7 C
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C E7 A7 D7 G7 C
 When I'm dead and gone my friend and cannot hear a sound,
 Won't you promise please not to bury me beneath that cold, cold ground.
 And I don't want no preacher eulogizing over me.
 Just a word or two from a couple of you 'bout the man that I used to be.

F C F C
 Mama, mama, mama, don't bury me. I wouldn't like that situation.
 F C F G7 C
 Just hand me over to the undertaker. Say give that boy cremation.

C E7 A7 D7 G7 C
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C E7 A7 D7 G7 C
 Dying is the hard part. Being dead is an easy thing.
 C E7 A7 D7 G7 C
 So please don't mourn, grab your uke and a horn, lift your voice and sing...
 C E7 A7 D7 G7 C
 Cause I don't want no sadness, don't want no one feeling sick.
 C E7 A7 D7 G7 C
 Just hand me over to the man in black. Tell him to flick his bic.

F C F C
 Mama, mama, mama, don't bury me. I wouldn't like that situation.
 F C F G7 C
 Just hand me over to the undertaker. Say give that boy cremation.

C E7 A7 D7 G7 C
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C E7 A7 D7 G7 C
 As far as music as the flames leap up and turn my corpse to ash,
 C E7 A7 D7 G7 C
 Play "Light My Fire" by The Doors, and pass around my stash.
 C E7 A7 D7 G7 C
 No talk of gods and heaven, just friends who share a toke.
 C E7 A7 D7 G7 C
 So light one up and pass around while I go "up in smoke."

F C F C
 Mama, mama, mama, don't bury me. I wouldn't like that situation.
 F C F G7 C
 Just hand me over to the undertaker. Say give that boy cremation.
 F C F G7 C C F C G7 C
 Just hand me over to the undertaker. Say give that boy cremation.