

Pour Whiskey on My Grave

Jacob Bryant

When I'm gone, don't bring me pretty flowers.
And don't sit and cry for me at my tomb stone.
Come and visit me in the midnight hours,
With your party on.

Think of me and recall all the good times.
And bring your memories and a bottle of ol' Jim Beam.
And take a swig as a haunted honkeytonk moon shines,
And remember me. Pour whiskey on my grave,
Let it seep into my bones.
Have a drink with me,
Even when I'm gone.

I'll do the same for you, if you'll do the same for me.
Turn it up and take a shot,
Set my spirit free.

Don't forget the promise that you made, Pour whiskey on my grave.
When my time's up, don't let the good times be gone.

Let me still go out like I wanted to go.
Kickin' it up and drinking with my boots on,
With a rebel soul. Pour whiskey on my grave,
Let it seep into my bones.
Have a drink with me,
Even when I'm gone.

I'll do the same for you, if you'll do the same for me.
Turn it up and take a shot,
Set my spirit free.

Don't forget the promise that you made, Pour whiskey on my grave.
When I'm gone, don't bring me pretty flowers.

Don't sit and cry for me at my tomb stone.
Come and visit me in the midnight hours,
With your party on. Yeah, yeah, oh, yeah, yeah.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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