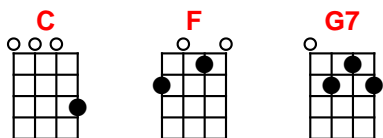


Send Me to Glory in a Glad Bag

Recorded by John Biggs; Written by Don J. Carson, Mim Carson, Steve Mason



Verse

C F F
 People tell me I ought to save my money
 G7 C C
 So that I could be laid away in style
 C F F
 In a walnut box with fancy trimmin's
 G7 C C
 Vacuum sealed to keep me fresh a while

Chorus

C F F
 But Send me to Glory in a glad bag
 G7 C C
 Don't waste a fancy coffin on my bones
 C F F
 Just put me out on the curb on Tuesday
 G7 C C
 Let the city sanitation bear me home

Verse

C F F
 I don't need a fancy funeral
 G7 C C
 Flowers and tears and all that jive
 C F F
 When I'm dead that won't impress me
 G7 C C
 Just buy me a beer while I'm alive

Chorus

C F F
 Then Send me to Glory in a glad bag
 G7 C C
 Don't waste a fancy coffin on my bones
 C F F
 Just put me out on the curb on Tuesday
 G7 C C
 Let the city sanitation bear me home

Verse

C F F
 Now it might be that I'm not bound for Glory
 G7 C C
 But to another place I would not choose
 C F F
 And if it seems I'm headed that direction
 G7 C C
 an oven bag would be the thing to use

Chorus

C F F
 So Send me to Glory in a glad bag
 G7 C C
 Don't waste a fancy coffin on my bones
 C F F
 Just put me out on the curb on Tuesday
 G7 C C
 Let the city sanitation bear me home

Verse

There's trouble at the sanitary landfill
It's filling' up with vermin And debris
So make my glad bag out of corn, not plastic
So it will decompose along with me

Chorus

Send me to Glory in a glad bag
Don't waste a fancy coffin on my bones
Just put me out on the curb on Tuesday
Let the city sanitation bear me home

Verse

If I should die upon the eve of Christmas
place my glad bag by the Christmas tree
And When the children open all their presents
The big surprise will be the death of me

Chorus

So Send me to Glory in a glad bag
Don't waste a fancy coffin on my bones
Just put me out on the roof on Christmas
And Let Santa and his reindeer bear me home

Verse

I went out with my wife to buy some glad bags
She winked as we were driving back
She said that paradise awaits me
As soon as she gets me in the sack

Chorus

So Send me to Glory in a glad bag
Don't waste a fancy coffin on my bones
Just put me out on the curb on Tuesday
Let the city sanitation bear me home