Send Me To Glory in a Glad Bag
by D. and M. Carlson, S. Mason and J. Biggs (1979)

People tell me I ought to save my money so that I could be laid away in style.
In a walnut box with all the fancy trimmings, vacuum-sealed to keep me fresh a while.

Chorus: Send me to glory in a Glad bag.
          | E7 . . . . | A . .
Don’t waste a fancy coffin on my bones.
          | A . . . . | D . .
Just put me out on the curb next Tuesday.
          | E7 . . . | A . . .
Let the sanitation local bear me home.

Sell all my worldly possessions, and buy yourself a case or two of Pabst.
Let the empties be my memorial tombstone, en-grave them with this epitaph.

Chorus: Send me to glory in a Glad bag.
          | E7 . . . . | A . .
Don’t waste a fancy coffin on my bones.
          | A . . . . | D . .
Just put me out on the curb next Tuesday.
          | E7 . . . | A . . .
Let the sanitation local bear me home------.

If I should die up-on the eve of Christmas, just place my baggie by the Christmas tree.
and when the children, open all their goodies, the big surprise would be the death of me.
Chorus: Send me to glory in a Glad bag.
   | E7 . . . | A . . .
Don’t waste a fancy coffin on my bones.
   | A . . . | D . . .
Just put me out on the curb next Tuesday.
   | E7 . . . | A . . .
Let the sanitation local bear me home-------.

But may-be, I’m not bound for glory, but to that other place I would not choose.
and if it seems I’m headed in that di-rection, then an oven bag would be the thing to use.

Chorus: Send me to glory in a Glad bag.
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Don’t waste a fancy coffin on my bones.
   | A . . . | D . . .
Just put me out on the curb next Tuesday.
   | E7 . . . | A . . .
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San Jose Ukulele Club
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