

Country Songs

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A Little Good News

by Charlie Black, Rory Bourke, and Tommy Rocco (1983)

C I rolled out this morning, kids had the mornin news show on $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $F/G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
C Bryant Gumbel was talkin, bout the fighting in Lebanon $Am_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $Am_{(\frac{1}{4})}$
F Some senator was squawkin, bout the bad economy, C
Am It's gonna get worse you see, we need a change in policy $Fma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G9_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $G7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$

C There's a local paper rolled up in a rubber band $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F/G
C One more sad story's one more than I can stand $Am_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $Am_{(\frac{1}{4})}$
F Just once how I'd like to see the headline say C
Am Not much to print today, can't find nothin bad to say , $Fma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G9_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $G7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ because

C Nobody robbed a liquor store on the lower part of town $F6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G9_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
C Nobody O.D.'ed, nobody burned a single buildin down $F6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G9_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
C Nobody fired a shot in anger, nobody had to die in vain $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Dm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
C $_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ C $F6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ C $F6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
We sure could use a little good news today

I'll come home this evenin, I'll bet that the news will be the same
Somebody takes a hostage, somebody steals a plane
How I wanna hear the anchor man talk about a county fair
And how we cleaned up the air, how everybody learned to care

Whoa, tell me, Nobody was assassinated in the whole good world today
And in the streets of Ireland, all the children had to do was play
And everybody loves everybody in the good old USA
We sure could use a little good news today

Act Naturally

by Buck Owens (1963)

F *F* *Bb* *Bb*
They're gonna put me in the movies
F *F* *C7* *C7*
They're gonna make a big star out of me
F *F* *Bb* *Bb*
We'll make a film about a man that's sad and lonely
C7 *C7* *F* *F*
And all I have to do is act naturally

C7 *C7* *F* *F*
Well, I bet you I'm gonna be a big star
C7 *C7* *F* *F*
Might win an Oscar you can never tell
C7 *C7* *F* *F*
The movie's gonna make me a big star,
G *G7* *C7* *C7*
'Cause I can play the part so well

Well, I hope you come and see me in the movie
Then I'll know that you will plainly see
The biggest fool that ever hit the big time
And all I have to do is act naturally

We'll make a film about a man that's sad and lonely
Begging down upon his bended knee
I'll play the part but I won't need rehearsing
All I have to do is act naturally

All the Gold in California by Larry Gatlin (1979)

$F_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $Bb_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
 All the gold in Cali fornia is in a
 F F F $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
 bank in the middle of Beverly Hills in somebody else's name. So if you're
 $F_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $Bb_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
 dreaming about Cali fornia, it don't
 F F $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F
 matter at all where you played before California's a brand new game

F Bb Bb F
 Trying to be a hero, winding up a zero
 $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F F C
 Can scar a man forever right down to his soul
 $F_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $Bb_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ F $F_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $Bb_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ F
 Living in the spotlight can kill a man outright
 $F_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $Bb_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ F $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F
 Cause everything that glitters is not gold. And all the

$F_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $Bb_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
 All the gold in Cali fornia is in a
 F F F $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
 bank in the middle of Beverly Hills in somebody else's name. So if you're
 $F_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $Bb_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
 dreaming about Cali fornia, it don't
 F F $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ Bb
 matter at all where you played before California's a brand new game
 Bb Eb Bb F $F_{(hold)}$
 Ga--me a brand new game

Amie

by Craig Lee Fuller (Pure Prairie League) (1971)

A5 (4X) A5 (8X) A G_(1/2) D_(1/2) A G_(1/2) D_(1/2)

A G_(1/2) D_(1/2) A G_(1/2) D_(1/2)

I can see why you think you belong to me.

A G_(1/2) D_(1/2) A A

I never tried to make you think, or let you see one thing for your

D D C C

self But now your off with someone else and I'm

D D C C

alone You see I thought that I might keep you for my

E E E E

own

A A G D
Amie, what you wanna do?

A A G D

I think, I could stay with you for a

Bm Bm E E A G_(1/2) D_(1/2) A G_(1/2) D_(1/2)

while, maybe longer if I do (longer if I do)

Don't you think the time is right for us to find

All the things we thought weren't proper could be right in time and can you

see which way we should turn together or

alone I can never see what is right or what is

wrong --(will it take too long to see)

Now it's come to what you want you've had your way

and all the things you thought before just faded into gray and can you

see, That I don't know if it's you or if it's

me if it's one of us I'm sure we'll both will

see (won't you look at me and tell me)

A5 A5 G D/A
I keep fallin' in and out of love with you

A5 A5 G D/A

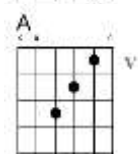
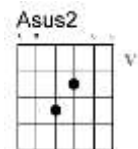
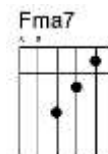
Fallin' in and out of love with you

A A G D/A

Don't know what I'm gonna do I keep

A A D D Fma7 Fma7 A+2 A+2 A_(hold)

fallin' in and out of love with you ... with you



Always on My Mind

(with music and lyrics by Johnny Christopher, Mark James, and Wayne Carson Thompson (1972))

D *D* *A/C#* *A/C#*
Maybe I didn't love you
Bm *D* *G* *A*
Quite as often as I could have
D *D* *A/C#* *A/C#*
And maybe I didn't treat you
Bm *D* *Em7* *Em7*
Quite as good as I should have

G *G* *D* *D*
If I made you feel second best
G *D/F#* *Em* *Em*
Girl, I'm sorry I was blind
A *Bm(½)* *A7(½)* *D* *Em(½)* *F#m(½)*
But you were always on my mind
G *A7* *D* *G(½)* *A(½)*
You were always on my mind

Maybe I didn't hold you
All those lonely, lonely times
And I guess I never told you
I'm so happy that you're mine

Little things I should have said and done
I just never took the time
You were always on my mind
You were always on my mind

D *A* *Bm* *D* *G* *D* *Em* *G(½)* *A7(½)*
Tell me, tell me that your sweet love hasn't died
D *A* *Bm* *D* *G* *D* *Em* *Em*
Give me, give me one more chance to keep you satisfied
A *A* *D* *D*
I'll keep you satisfied
G *A7* *D* *D*
But you were always on my mind

Angel Flying Too Close to the Ground

by Willie Nelson (1980)

A *C#m*
If you had not have fallen *slide G# chromatically down to F# (G# G# G F#) D*
D *A*
then I would not have found you
D Dma7 E A E
Angel flying too close to the ground

A *C#m* *D* *A*
I patched up your broken wing and hung around for a while
B7 B7 E E
trying to keep your spirits up and your fever down *walkup to A: E E F# G#*
A C#m D D
I knew someday that you would fly away
B7 B7 E E7
for love's the greatest healer to be found *walkdown to A: E E D C# B A*

A *A 7 D D#dim*
So leave me if you need to, I will still remember
A E A E
Angel flying too close to the ground

break: A C#m D A D E A E A C#m D A B7 E

A *C#m* *D D*
Fly on fly on past, the speed of sound
B7 B7 E E7
I'd rather see you up than see you down

A *A7 D D#dim*
So leave me if you need to, I will still remember
A E A E
Angel flying too close to the ground

Angel From Montgomery

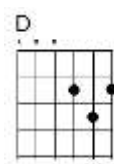
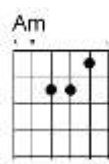
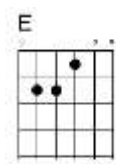
by John Prine (1971)

E *A* *E* *A*
I am an old woman named after my mother,
E *A* *D* *E*
My father is another child that's grown old.
E *A* *E* *A*
If dreams were lightning and thunder was desire,
E *A* *D* *E*
This old house would've burnt down a long time ago.

E *D* *A* *E*
Make me an angel that flies from Montgomery.
E *D* *A* *E*
Make me a poster of an old rodeo.
E *D* *A* *E*
Just give me one thing that I can hold on to.
E *A* *D* *E*
To believe in this living is just a hard way to go.

E *A* *E* *A*
When I was a young girl I had me a cowboy,
E *A* *D* *E*
He weren't much to look at, just a free ramblin' man.
E *A* *E* *A*
But that was a long time, and no matter how I try,
E *A* *D* *E*
These dreams go by like a broken-down dam.

E *A* *E* *A*
There's flies in the kitchen, I can hear 'em there buzzin'
E *A* *D* *E*
and I ain't done nothin' since I woke up today.
E *A* *E* *A*
How the hell can a person go to work in the mornin'
E *A* *D* *E*
and come home in the evenin' and have nothin' to say?



Angel of the Morning

by Chip Taylor (1967)

G C D C G C D C
There'll be no strings to bind your hands, not if my love can't bind your heart.
G C D C G C D C
There's no need to take a stand, for it was I who chose to start
Am C D D Am C D C
I see no need to take me home, I'm old enough to face the dawn

G C D C_(1/2) D_(1/2)
Just call me angel of the morning, An gel
G C D C_(1/2) D_(1/2)
Just touch my cheek before you leave me, ba by
G C D C_(1/2) D_(1/2)
Just call me angel of the morning, An gel
C C G C D C
Then slowly turn away from me

Maybe the sun's light will be dim and it won't matter anyhow
If morning's echo says we sinned, well, it was what I wanted now
And if we're the victims of the night, I won't be blinded by light

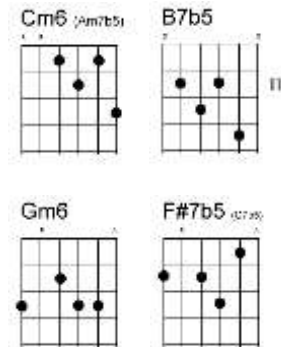
Just call me angel of the morning, Angel
Just touch my cheek before you leave me, baby
Just call me angel of the morning, Angel

C C C C C C C
Then slowly turn away, I won't beg you to stay with
G G G G C C C C
me through the tears, of the
G G G G C C D D7
day of the years, ba by.

Just call me angel of the morning, Angel
Just touch my cheek before you leave me, baby
Just call me angel of the morning, Angel
Just touch my cheek before you leave me, darlin'
Just call me angel of the morning, Angel
Just touch my cheek before you leave me, dar-r-lin'

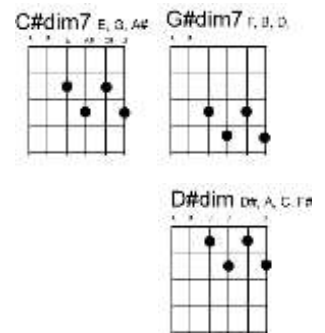
Any Time by Herbert Happy Lawson (1921)

(D F#7b5) **B7 B7** **E7 E7** (E7 E7 D#7 E7)
 An y time you're feeling lonely
A7 A7 **D D**
 Anytime you're feeling blue
G Gm6 **D7**(D D7 C#7 C7) **B7**
 Anytime you feel down hearted
E7 E7 **A A7**(½) **D**(¼) **F#7b5**(¼)
 That will prove your love for me is true An y



B7 B7 **E7 E7** (E7 E7 D#7 E7)
 Any time you're thinking 'bout me
A7 A7(½) **(A G#7 G7)**(½) **F#7 F#7** (F#7 F#7 F7 F#7)
 That's the time I'll be thinking of you
B7 B7 **E7 E7**(½) **G#dim7**(½)
 So anytime you say you want me back again that's the
A7 A7 **D**(½) **D#dim**(½) **A7**(½) **N.C.**
 That's the time I'll come back home to you

(D F#7b5) **B7 B7** **E7 E7** (E7 E7 D#7 E7)
 An y time your world gets lonely
A7 A7 **D D**
 And you find true friends are few
G Gm6 **D7**(D D7 C#7 C7) **B7**
 Anytime you see a rainbow
E7 E7 **A A7**(½) **D**(¼) **F#7b5**(¼)
 That will be a sign the storm is through An y



B7 B7 **E7 E7** (E7 E7 D#7 E7)
 time will be the right time
A7 A7(½) **(A G#7 G7)**(½) **F#7 F#7** (F#7 F#7 F7 F#7)
 Anytime at all will do
B7 B7 **E7 E7**(½) **G#dim7**(½)
 So anytime you say you want on ly my love
A7 A7 **D**(½) **G**(½) **D**(hold)
 That's the time I'll come back home to you

Beautiful Brown Eyes traditional

G *G7* *C* *C*
Beautiful, beautiful brown eyes,
G *G* *D7* *D7*
Beautiful, beautiful brown eyes,
G *G7* *C* *C*
Beautiful, beautiful brown eyes,
D7 *D7* *G* *D7*
I'll never love blue eyes again.

Willie, my darling, I love you,
love you with all of my heart.
We could have been married,
But liquor has kept us apart."

Down to the barroom he staggered,
and fell down by the door,
the very last words that he uttered,
"I'll never see brown eyes no more."

Seven long years I've been married,
And I wish I was single again.
A woman never knows her troubles
Until she has married a man.

Beer Run by Tom Snider (2002)

A *A* *A* *A*
B Double-E double R-U-N Beer Run

A *A* *A* *E*
B Double-E double R-U-N Beer Run

A *A*
All we need is a ten and a-fiver

D *D*
Car and a key and a sober driver

A *E* *A* *A*
B Double-E double R-U-N Beer Run

A *E*
A couple a frat guys from Albeline ,drove out all night to see Robert Earl Keen at the
F#m *D*

KPIG {K-PIG} swine and sworie dance they wore baseball caps and Kakhi pants

A *E*
..They wanted cigarettes so to save a little money

A *D*
They got one from this Hippy that smelled kinda funny

A *E* *Bm* *E*
and the next thing they knew they were both really hungry and pretty thirsty too

B double E double R – U – N beer run
B double E double R – U – N beer run
All we need is a ten and a fiver
A car, and a key, and a sober driver
B double E double R – U – N beer run

Found a store with a sign said their beer was coldest
Sent in Brad 'cuz he looked the oldest
He got a case of beer and a candybar
Walked over to where the registers are
Laid his fake I.D. on the countertop
The clerk looked and turned, and looked back and stopped
He said: "Boy, I ain't gonna call the cops . . . but I am gonna keep your card."
The guys both took it pretty hard

Chorus (with "better fake ID" part)

We met another old hippie named Sleepy John
Claimed to be the one from the Robert Earl song
So they gave 'em their cash, he bought 'em some brews
It was a beautiful day in Santa Cruz
Feelin' so good, shoulda been a crime
Crowd was cool and the band was primed
They made it back up to their seats just in time to sing with all their friends
"The road goes on forever and the party never ends"

Big Iron

by Marty Robbins (1959)

E *E* *C#m* *C#m* *C#m* *C#m*
To the town of Agua Fria rode a stranger one fine day
E *E* *C#m* *C#m* *C#m* *C#m*
Hardly spoke to folks around him didn't have too much to say
A *A* *E* *E*
No one dared to ask his business no one dared to make a slip
E *E* *C#m* *C#m* *A* *E* *E* *E* *E*
for the stranger there amongst them had a big iron on his hip Big iron on his hip

It was early in the morning when he rode into the town
He came riding from the south side slowly lookin' all around
He's an outlaw loose and running came the whisper from each lip
And he's here to do some business with the big iron on his hip. Big iron on his hip

In this town there lived an outlaw by the name of Texas Red
Many men had tried to take him and that many men were dead
He was vicious and a killer though a youth of twenty four
And the notches on his pistol numbered one an nineteen more. One and nineteen more

Now the stranger started talking made it plain to folks around
Was an Arizona ranger wouldn't be too long in town
He came here to take an outlaw back alive or maybe dead
And he said it didn't matter he was after Texas Red. After Texas Red

Wasn't long before the story was relayed to Texas Red
But the outlaw didn't worry men that tried before were dead
Twenty men had tried to take twenty men had made a slip
Twenty-one would be the ranger with the big iron on his hip. Big iron on his hip

The morning passed so quickly it was time for them to meet
It was twenty past eleven when they walked out in the street
Folks were watching from their windows every-body held their breath
They knew this handsome ranger was about to meet his death. About to meet his death

There was forty feet between them when they stopped to make their play
And the swiftness of the ranger is still talked about to-day
Texas Red had not cleared leather when a bullet fairly ripped
And the ranger's aim was deadly with the big iron on his hip. Big iron on his hip

It was over in a moment and the folks had gathered round
There before them lay the body of the outlaw on the ground
Oh he might have gone on living but he made one fatal slip
When he tried to match the ranger with the big iron on his hip. Big iron on his hip

C#m *C#m* *C#m* *C#m*
He tried to match
When he tried to match the ranger with the big iron on his hip. Big iron on his hip.

Big River

by Johnny Cash (1957)

E *E* *E* *E*
Now I taught the weeping willow how to cry,
E *E7* *F#7* *B7*
and I showed the clouds how to cover up a clear blue sky.
E *E7* *A7* *A7*
And the tears that I cried for that woman are gonna flood you Big River.
E *B7* *E* *E*
Then I'm gonna sit right here until I die.

I met her accidentally in St. Paul (Minnesota).
And it tore me up ev'ry time I heard her drawl, Southern drawl.
Then I heard my dream was back downstream cavortin' in Davenport,
And I followed you, Big River, when you called.

Then you took me to St. Louis later on (down the river).
A freighter said she's been here but she's gone, boy, she's gone.
I found her trail in Memphis, but she just walked up the block.
She raised a few eyebrows and then she went on down alone.

Now, won't you batter down by Baton Rouge, River Queen, roll it on.
Take that woman on down to New Orleans, New Orleans.
Go on, I've had enough; dump my blues down in the gulf.
She loves you, Big River, more than me.

Blue Eyes Cryin' in the Rain

by Fred Rose (1947)

E *E* *E* *E*

In the twilight glow I see her

B7 *B7* *E* *E*

Blue eyes crying in the rain

E *E* *E* *E*

When we kissed goodbye and parted

B7 *B7* *E* *E*

I knew we'd never meet again

chromatic walk-up to B (A A# B)

chromatic walk-up to B (A A# B)

walk-up to A (E F F# G#)

A *A* *A* *A*

Love is like a dying ember

E *E7* *B7* *B7*

Only memories remain

E *E* *E* *E*

Through the ages I remember

B7 *B7* *E* *E7*

Blue eyes crying in the rain

walk-down to E (G# F# E)

walk-down to E (B A G# F#)

walk-up to B (G# A)

walk-up to A (E F F# G#)

A *A* *A* *A*

Someday when we meet up yonder

E *E* *B7* *B7*

We'll stroll hand in hand again

E *E* *E* *E*

In a land that knows no parting

B7 *B7* *E* *E*

Blue eyes crying in the rain

Blue Moon of Kentucky

by Mr. Bill Monroe (1946)

A *D*
Blue Moon, blue moon
A *E*
blue moon keep shining bright
A *A* *rockabilly verse*
Blue moon keep on shining bright
D
You gonna bring me back my baby tonight
A *A*
Blue Moon keep shining bright

A *A7* *D* *D7*
I said blue moon of Kentucky keep on shining
A *A* *E* *E*
shine on the one that's gone and left me blue
A *A7* *D* *D*
I said blue moon of Kentucky keep on shining
A *E* *A* *A*
Shine on the one that's gone and left me blue

D *D*
Well it was on one moonlight night
A *A*
Stars shining bright
D7 *D7*
Whisper on high
A *E*
Love said goodbye

A *A* *D* *D7*
Blue moon of Kentucky keep on a-shinin
A *E* *A* *A*
Shine on the one that's gone and left me blue

Blue Moon Revisited (Song for Elvis) by

Margo Timmins and Michael Timmins, (original music by Richard Rodgers and original lyrics by Lorenz Hart, by the Cowboy Junkies (1988)

C Am F G
I only want to say
C Am F G
That if there is a way
C Am F G
I want my baby back with me
C Am F G
'cause he's my true love, my only one don't you see?

And on that fateful day
Perhaps in the new sun of May
My baby walks back into my arms
I'll keep him beside me, forever from harm

You see I was afraid
To let my baby stray
I kept him too tightly by my side
And then one sad day, he went away and he died

Blue Moon, you saw me standing
Alone, without a dream in my
Heart, without a love of my
own

Blue Moon, you knew just what I was
there for, you heard me saying a
prayer for, someone I really could
care for

I only want to say
That if there is a way
I want my baby back with me
'cause he's my true love, my only one don't you see

Blue Sky by Dickey Betts (1974)

E *A* *A*_(¼) *B*_(¼) *A*_(¼) *E*_(¼) *E*
E *A* *A*_(¼) *B*_(¼) *A*_(¼) *E*_(¼) *E*
E *A* *D* *E* *E*

E *B* *A* *E*
 Walk along the river, sweet lullaby
E *B* *A* *A* *A* *A*
 It just keeps on flowing, it don't worry bout where it's going, no no
E *E* *B*_(½) *A*_(½) *E*
E *B* *A* *E*
 Don't fly Mister Bluebird, I'm just walking down the road
E *B* *A* *A* *A* *A*
 Early morning sunshine, tells me all I need to know

B *A* *E* *A*
 You're my blue sky, you're my sunny day
B *A* *E* *A*
 Lord you know it makes me high when you turn your love my way
A *A* *A* *A*
 Turn your love my way, yeah

E *B* *A* *E*
 Good old Sunday morning, bells are ringing everywhere
E *B* *A* *A* *A* *E*
 Goin' to Carolina, it won't be long and I'll be there

Brand New Tennessee Waltz

by Jesse Winchester
(1970) 6/8

^D Oh my, but you have such a pretty face, you favor a girl that I knew
^G I imagine that she's still in Tennessee and by God, I should be there too
^{A(½)} I've a sadness too sad to be true ^{D(½)} ^D ^D

^D But I left Tennessee in a hurry dear; the same way that I'm leaving you
^G Because love is mainly just memories, and everyone's got them a few
^{A(½)} So when I'm gone I'll be glad to love you ^{D(½)} ^D

^G At the Brand New Tennessee Waltz, you're lit'rally waltzing on air ^{A7}
^G At the Brand New Tennessee Waltz, there's no telling who will be there ^{G(½)} ^{D(½)} ^{D(½)} ^{A7(½)} ^D

When I leave it will be like I found you love, descending Victorian stairs
I'm feeling like one of your photographs, trapped while I'm putting on airs
Getting even by asking who cares

At the Brand New Tennessee Waltz, you're literally waltzing on air
At the Brand New Tennessee Waltz, there's no telling who will be there

So have all of your passionate violins play a tune for a Tennessee kid
Who's feeling like leaving another town with no place to go if he did
Cause they'll catch you wherever you're hid

At the Brand New Tennessee Waltz, you're literally waltzing on air
At the Brand New Tennessee Waltz, there's no telling who will be there

By The Time I Get To Phoenix by Jimmy Webb (1966)

Gm7 C7 Fma7 F6
By the time I get to Phoenix she'll be rising
Gm7 C7 Fma7 F7
She'll find the note I left hangin' on her door
Bb C7 Am Dm
She'll laugh when she reads the part that says I'm leavin'
Gm7 Gm7 Eb C7
'Cause I've left that girl so many times before

Gm7 C7 Fma7 F6
By the time I make Albuquerque she'll be working
Gm7 C7 Fma7 F7
She'll probably stop at lunch and give me a call
Bb C7 Am Dm
But she'll just hear that phone keep on ringin'
Gm7 Gm7 Eb C7
Off the wall that's all

Gm7 C7 Fma7 F6
By the time I make Oklahoma she'll be sleepin'
Gm7 C7 Fma7 F7
She'll turn softly and call my name out low
Bb C7 Am Dm
And she'll cry just to think I'd really leave her
Gm7 C7 Fma7_(1/2) F7_(1/2)
Though time and time I tried to tell her so
Bb Gm A7 D_(1/2) C_(1/2) D
She just didn't know I would really go.

Bb Gm A7 D_(1/2) C_(1/2) D
She didn't know I would really go.

Casey's Last Ride by Kris Kristofferson. (1970)

Dm *C*
Casey joins the hollow sound of silent people walking down
Bb *A*
The stairway to the subway and the shadows down below
Dm *C*
Following the footsteps through the neon darkened corridors
Bb *A*
Of silent desperation, never speaking to a soul
Bb *F*
The poison air he's breathing has a dirty smell of dying cause its
G7 *A7* *A7(½)*
Never seen the sunshine and it's never felt the rain
Dm *C*
Casey minds the arrows and ignores the fatal echoes of the
Bb *Am(½)* *Dm* *C7*
Clicking of the turnstile and the rattle of his chains
F *F* *C7*
"Oh",she said "Casey it's been so long since I've seen you"
C7 *C7* *F*
"Here",she said. "Just a kiss to make a body smile"
F *F* *C7*
"See",she said "I've put on new stockings just to please you"
C7 *C7* *F*
"Lord" she said "Casey can you only stay awhile"

Dm *C*
Casey leaves the underground and stops inside the golden crown
Bb *A*
For something wet to wipe away the chill that's on his bones
Dm *C*
Seeing his reflection in the lives of all the lonely men
Bb *A*
Who reach for anything they can to keep from going home
Bb *F*
Standing in the corner, Casey drinks his pint of bitter
G7 *A7* *A7(½)*
Never glancing in the mirror at the people passing by. Then he
Dm *C*
stumbles as he's leaving and he wonders if the reason is the
Bb *Am(½)* *Dm* *C7*
beer that's in his belly or the tear that's in his eye
F *F* *C7*
"Oh",she said " I suppose you seldom think about me"
C7 *C7* *F*
"Now",she said "Now that you've a family of your own"
F *F* *C7*
"Still",she said "It's so blessed good to feel your body"
C7 *C7* *F* *C7(½)* *F*
"Lord" she said "Casey, it's a shame to be alone"

City of Immigrants

by Steve Earle (2007)

A *A* *A* *D*
Livin' in a city of immigrants; I don't need to go travelin'
D *A* *E* *A* *A*
Open my door and the world walks in; livin' in a city of immigrants

Livin' in a city that never sleeps, my heart keepin' time to a thousand beats
Singin' in languages I don't speak,; livin' in a city of immigrants

E *E* *A* *A* *E* *E* *A* *A*
City of black, city of white, city of light, city of innocents
E *E* *A* *A* *E* *E* *A* *A*
City of sweat, city of tears, city of prayers, city of immigrants

Livin' in a city where the dreams of men reach up to touch the sky and then
Tumble back down to earth again; livin' in a city that never quits

Livin' in a city where the streets are paved with good intentions and a people's faith
In the sacred promise a statue made; livin' in a city of immigrants

City of stone, city of steel, city of wheels constantly spinnin'
City of bone, city of skin, city of pain, city of immigrants

All of us are immigrants , every daughter, every son
Everyone is everyone; all of us are immigrants (Everyone)

Livin' in a city of immigrants, river flows out and the sea rolls in
Washin' away nearly all of my sins; livin' in a city of immigrants

City of black, city of white, city of light, I'm livin' city of immigrants
[All of us are immigrants, every daughter, every son]
City of sweat, city of tears, city of prayers, livin' in a city of immigrants
[Everyone is everyone, all of us are immigrants][

Cold Cold Heart

by Hank Williams (1951)

^A I tried so hard my dear to show that you're my every dream
^{E7} yet you're afraid each thing I do is just some evil scheme
^A a memory from your lonesome past keeps us so far apart.
^{E7} Why can't I free your doubtful mind and melt your cold, cold heart?

Another love before my time made your heart sad and blue
and so my heart is paying now for things I didn't do
In anger unkind words are said that make the teardrops start.
Why can't I free your doubtful mind and melt your cold, cold heart.

You'll never know how much it hurts to see you sit and cry.
You know you need and want my love yet you're afraid to try.
Why do you run and hide from life to try it just just ain't smart?
Why can't I free your doubtful mind and melt your cold, cold heart?

There was a time when I believed that you belonged to me,
but now I know your heart is shackled to a memory.
The more I learn to care for you the more we drift apart.
Why can't I free your doubtful mind and melt your cold, cold heart?

Could I Have This Dance?

by Wayland Holyfield and Bob House (1980)

A A7 D E

I'll always remember the song they were playing
D E7 A E11
The first time we danced and I knew
A A7 D E7
As we swayed to the music and held to each other
D E7 A E7
I fell in love with you.

A A7 D D
Could I have this dance for the rest of my life?
E7 E7 D E7
Would you be my partner every night?
A A7 D Dm
When we're together it feels so right
A A E7 A E11
Could I have this dance for the rest of my life?

A A7 D E7
I'll always remember that magic moment
D E7 A E11
When I held you close to me
A A7 D E7
As we moved together I knew forever
D E7 A A
You're all I'll ever need

Crazy by Willie Nelson (1961)

A F#7 Bm Bm

Crazy, crazy for feelin' so lonely.

E E A_(1/2) A#dim7_(1/2) Bm_(1/2) E_(1/2)

I'm crazy, crazy for feelin' so blue.

A F#7 Bm Bm

I knew you'd love me as long as you wanted,

E E A A

and then someday you'd leave me for somebody new. *A B C# walk-up*

D D A A or A Ab A Bb

Worry, why do I let myself worry?

B7 Bm7 E_(1/2) Bm7_(1/2) E7

Wond'rin' what in the world did I do? *E D C# B walkdown*

A F#7 Bm Bm

Crazy, for thinking that my love could hold you.

Dma7_(1/2) C#m7_(1/2) Bm7_(1/2) Ama7_(1/2)

I'm crazy for tryin' and crazy for cryin'

Bm7_(1/2) E7_(1/2) A

and I'm crazy for loving you.

Crazy Arms

by Ralph E. Mooney and Charles P. Seals (1956)

D *D7* *G* *D*
Now, blue ain't the word for the way that I feel,
D *D* *A7* *A7*
There's a storm brewin' in this heart of mine.
D *D7* *G* *D*
This ain't no crazy dream, I know that it's real.
D *A7* *D*_(½) *G*_(½) *A7*
You're someone else's love now, you're not mine!

D *D7* *G* *D*
Crazy arms that seek to hold somebody new,
D *D* *A7* *A7*
But my burnin' heart keeps sayin' you're not mine!
D *D7* *G* *D*
My troubled mind knows soon to another you'll be wed,
D *A7* *D* *D*
And that's why I'm lonely all the time.

D *D7* *G* *D*
So please take these treasured dreams I had for you and me,
D *D* *A7* *A7*
And take all the love I thought was mine,
D *D7* *G* *D*
Someday my crazy arms may hold somebody new
D *A7* *D*_(½) *G*_(½) *A7*
But now I'm so lonely all the time!

D *A7* *D* *D*
And that's why I'm lonely all the time.

Crying

by Roy Orbison and Joe Melson (1951)

I was all right ^{A6(½)} for a while, ^{A(½)} I could smile ^{A6(½)} for a ^{Ama7(½)} while ^A
But I saw you last night, you held my hand so tight, as you stopped to say hello ^{Dm}
Oh you wished me well, you ^{E9} couldn't tell ^A that I'd been ^{E7} ^{E7}

Crying over you, ^A crying over you ^{C#m}
Then you said so long, left me standing all alone, alone and ^{E7}
crying, crying, crying. crying ^A ^{Aaug} ^D ^{Dm}

It's hard to understand, but the touch of your hand can start me ^{E7} ^{E7}
crying ^A I thought that ^A

I was over you, but it's true so true
I love you even more than I did before but darling what can I do
now you don't love me and I'll always be

Crying over you, crying over you
Yes now you're gone and from this moment on
I'll be crying, crying, crying, crying
Yeah cry ing, cry ing o ver you ^A ^A ^A ^{F#m} ^D ^{E7} ^{A(½)} ^{E(½)} ^{A(½)} ^{D(½)} ^A ^A

Cryin' Time

by Buck Owens (1964)

F *C7*
Oh it's crying time again you're gonna leave me
C7 *F*
I can see that far away look in your eyes
F7 *Bb*
I can tell by the way you hold me darling
F *C7* *F*
That it won't be long before its crying time

F *C7*
Now they say that absence makes the heart grow fonder
C7 *F*
And that tears are only rain to make love grow
F7 *Bb*
Well my love for you could never grow stronger
F *C7* *F*
If I live to be a hundred years old

Oh it's crying time again your gonna leave me
I can see that far away look in your eyes
I can tell by the way you hold me darling
That it won't be long before its crying time

F *C7*
Now you say that you've found someone you love better
C7 *F*
That's the way its happened every time before
F7 *Bb*
And as sure as the sun comes up tomorrow
F *C7* *F*
Crying time will start when you walk out the door

Oh it's crying time again your gonna leave me
I can see that far away look in your eyes
I can tell by the way you hold me darling
That it won't be long before its crying time

Danny's Song

by Kenny Loggins (1970)

D *C* *Bm* *Bm*
People smile and tell me I'm the lucky one
E7 *E7* *A* *A*
And we've just begun, think I'm gonna have a son.
D *C* *Bm* *Bm*
He will be like she and me as free as a dove,
E7 *E7* *A* *A*
Conceived in love, sun is gonna shine above.

Walking bass D C# B A G A B C#

G *A* *D* *Bm*
And even though we ain't got money, I'm, so in love with you honey,
G *A* *D* *Bm*
And everything will bring a chain of love.
G *A* *D* *C*
And in the morning when I rise, you bring a tear of joy to my eyes,
Bm *E7* *A* *A7*
And tell me everything is gonna be all right.

Seems as though a month ago I was Beta Chi,
Never got high. Oh, I was a sorry guy.
And now a smile, a face, a girl that shares my name,
Now I'm through with the game, this boy will never be the same.

Pisces, Virgo rising is a very good sign,
Strong and kind, and the little boy is mine.
Now I see a family where there once was none,
Now we've just begun. Yeah, we're gonna fly to the sun.

Love the girl who holds the world in a paper cup.
Drink it up. Love her and she'll bring you luck.
And if you find she helps your mind, buddy, take her home.
Don't you live alone. Try to earn what lover's own.

Dark As a Dungeon

by Merle Travis (1947)

A *A* *D* *E*
Come listen you fellers so young and so fine
A *A* *D* *A*
Oh seek not your fortune way down in the mine
A *A* *D* *E*
It will form as a habit and seep in your soul
A *A* *D* *A*
Till the stream of your blood is as black as the coal.

E *E* *D* *A*
It's dark as a dungeon and damp as the dew
E *E* *D* *A*
Where danger is double and pleasures are few
A *A* *D* *E*
Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines
A *A* *D* *A*
It's dark as a dungeon way down in the mines.

It's many a man I've known in my day
Who lived just to labor his young life away
Like a fiend with his dope and a drunkard his wine
A man will have lust for the lure of the mine.

The midnight, the morning, or the middle of the day
It's the same to the miner who labors away
Where the demons of the death often come by surprise
One fall of the slate and you're buried alive.

I hope when I'm gone and the ages shall roll
My body will blacken and turn into coal
Then I'll look from the door of my heavenly home
And pity the miner a-diggin' my bones.

Deep in the Heart of Texas

lyrics by June Hershey and
music by Don Swander (1941)

C C C C
 There is a land, a western land, mighty
 F_(1/2) F7_(1/2) Bb_(1/2) Bbm6_(1/2) F F_(1/2) Abdim7_(1/2)
 Wonder ful to see
 C7 C7 C7_(1/2) Bb_(1/2) C
 It is the land, I un der stand, and it's
 F_(1/2) F7_(1/2) Bb_(1/2) G9 C7_(1/2) Eb7_(1/2) C7
 There I long to be

C C C C C C C7 C7
 The stars at night are big and bright CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP, deep in the heart of Texas
 C7 C7 C7 C7 C7 C7 F F
 The prairie sky is wide and high CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP. deep in the heart of Texas
 F6 F6 F6 F6 F6 F6 C7 C7
 The sage in bloom is like perfume CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP, deep in the heart of Texas
 C7 C7 C7 C7 C7 C7 F F
 Reminds me of the one I love CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP, deep in the heart of Texas

The cowboys cry ki-yip-pie-yi CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP, deep in the heart of Texas
 The rabbits rush around the brush CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP, , deepp in the heart of Texas
 The coyotes wail along the trail CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP, deep in the heart of Texas
 The doggies bawl and bawl and bawl CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP, deep in the heart of Texas

Delta Dawn

by Alex Harvey and Larry Collins (1971)

G G C G
Delta Dawn, what's that flower you have on
 G G D D
Could it be a faded rose from days gone by
 G G C G
And did I hear you say he was a-meeting you here today
 G $G(\frac{1}{2})$ $D(\frac{1}{2})$ C G
To take you to his mansion in the sky

G F G G
She's forty-one and her daddy still calls her "baby"
 G F G G
All the folks around Brownsville say she's crazy
 $C(\frac{1}{2})$ $E/B(\frac{1}{2})$ $Am(\frac{1}{2})$ $D7(\frac{1}{2})$ G G
'Cause she walks around town with a suitcase in her hand
 G F G G
Looking for a mysterious dark-haired man

Delta Dawn, what's that flower you have on
Could it be a faded rose from days gone by
And did I hear you say he was a-meeting you here today
To take you to his mansion in the sky

In her younger days they called her Delta Dawn
Prettiest woman you ever laid eyes on
Then a man of low degree stood by her side
And promised her he'd take her for his bride

Delta Dawn, what's that flower you have on
Could it be a faded rose from days gone by
And did I hear you say he was a-meeting you here today
To take you to his mansion in the sky

Desperados Waiting for a Train by Guy Clark (1973)

D D D D(1/2) F#m/C#(1/4) G/B(1/4)
I'd play the Red River Valley, and he'd
A A Bm Bm(3/4) Bm7/A(1/4)
sit in his kitchen and cry. And run his
G(1/2) F#m(1/2) Em(1/2) D(1/2) Bm Bm
Fingers through seventy years of livin' and wonder
G(1/2) F#m(1/2) Em Asus4 Asus4(1/2) A(1/2)
Lord, has every well I drilled run dry. We were
A A(1/2) A/C#(1/2) D
friends me and this old man was like

Bm Bm G G
desperados waiting for a train
Bm Bm G F#m Em Asus4(1/2) A(1/2)
Like desperados waiting for a train

He's a drifter and a driller of oil wells
And an old school man of this world
He taught me how to drive his car when he's too drunk to
And he'd wink and give me money for the girls
And our lives was like some old western movie

From the time that I could walk he'd take me with him
To a bar called the Green Frog Cafe
And there was old men with beer guts and dominoes
Lyin' 'bout their lives while they'd play
And I was just a kid they all called his sidekick

One day I looked up and he's pushin' eighty
And there's brown tobacco stains all down his chin
To me he's one of the heroes of this country
So why's he all dressed up like them old men
Drinkin' beer and playin' Moon and forty-two

The day before he died I went to see him
I was grown and he was almost gone
So we just closed our eyes and dreamed us up a kitchen
And sang another verse to that old song
Come on Jack, that son of a bitch is coming

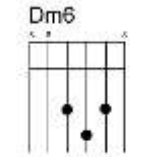
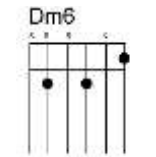
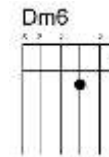
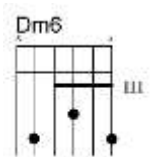
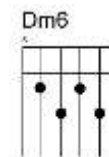
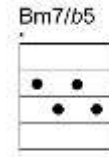
Don't It Make My Brown Eyes Blue (Richard

Leigh (1977)

C Am Dm7 G7 C Am Dm7 G7

note: Bm7b5 and Dm6 have the same notes

C *Am* *Dm7* *G7*
Don't know when I've been so blue
C *Am7* *Bm7b5* *E7*
Don't know what's come over you
Am *C/G* *D7/F#* *D7*
You've found someone new
F6 *Em7* *F6* *G7*
And don't it make my brown eyes blue



C *Am* *Dm7* *G7*
I'll be fine when you're gone
C *Am7* *Bm7b5* *E7*
I'll just cry all night long
Am *C/G* *D7/F#* *D7*
Say it isn't true
F6 *Dm7/G* *C6* *C6*
And don't it make my brown eyes blue

Am *Em7* *F* *C*
Tell me no secrets, tell me some lies
Am *Em7* *F* *C*
Give me no reasons, give me alibis
Am *Em7* *F* *C*
Tell me that you love me and don't let me cry
Dm7 *Em* *F* *G*
Say anything but don't say goodbye

C *Am* *Dm7* *G7*
I didn't mean to treat you bad
C *Am7* *Bm7b5* *E7*
Didn't know just what I had
Am *C/G* *D7/F#* *D7*
But honey now I do

F *Em7*
And don't it make my brown eyes
F *Em7*
don't it make my brown eyes
F *Dm7(1/2)* *G(1/2)* *C6*
don't it make my brown eyes blue.

Engine Engine Number Nine

by Rodger Dean Miller
(1965)

A *A* *A* *A*
Engine engine number nine coming down that railroad line
A *A* *G#dim7* *E7* *E7*
How much farther back did she get off
E7 *E7* *E7* *E7*
Old brown suitcase that she carried. I've looked for it everywhere, it
E7 *E7* *A*_(½) *G#dim7*_(½) *Bm*_(½) *E7*_(½)
just ain't here among the rest and I'm a little upset. Yes tell me

A *A* *A* *A*
Engine engine number nine coming down the railroad line
Em *A7* *C*_(½) *F#m*_(½) *Bm*_(½) *D*_(½)
I know she got on in Baltimore
D *A* *A* *A*
A hundred and ten miles ain't much distance, but it sure do make a difference
E7 *E7* *A* *E7*
I don't think she loves me any more

A *A* *A* *A*
I warned her of the dangers don't speak to strangers, if by
A *A* *G#dim7* *E7* *E7*
chance she finds a new romance. Warmer lips to kiss her
E7 *E7* *E7* *E7*
arms to hold her tighter, stirring new fires inside her, How I
E7 *E7* *A*_(½) *G#dim7*_(½) *Bm*_(½) *E7*_(½)
wish that it was me instead of he that stands beside her

E7 *E7* *A* *A*
I don't think she loves me any more
E7 *E7* *A* *A*
I don't think she loves me any more

Evangeline

by Robbie Robertson (1978)

^A She stands on the banks of the mighty Mississippi
^A Alone in the pale moonlight
^E Waitin' for a man, a riverboat gambler
^E Said that he'd return tonight

^A They used to waltz on the banks of the mighty Mississippi
^A Lovin' the whole night through
^E He was a riverboat gambler off to make a killin'
^E And bring it on back to you

^D ^D ^A ^A
Evangeline Evangeline
^E ^E ^A ^A
Curses the soul of the Mississippi Queen
^E ^E ^A ^A
That pulled her man away

Bayou Sam from South Louisian', had gamblin' in his veins
Evangeline from the maritime was slowly goin' insane

High on the top of a Hickory Hill, she stands in the lightning and thunder
Down on the river the boat was a-sinkin', she watched that Queen go under

Now she stands on the banks of the mighty Mississippi, holding a lantern light
Waitin' for a man who's a riverboat gambler, he said he'd return tonight

Everybody Wants to Go to Heaven

by Loretta Lynn (1965)

slowly

G Gm Ddim7 D7
Everybody wants to go to heaven but nobody wants to die

at tempo

G G C G G
Everybody wants to go to heaven but nobody wants to die

G G C G
Once upon a time there lived a man and his name was Hezekiah

G G C G
He walked with God both day and night but he didn't wanna die

G C G
He cried; "Oh Lord please let me live; death is close I know."

G G C G G
God smiled down on Hezekiah and gave him fifteen years to go

G G C G
Everybody wants to go to heaven but nobody wants to die

G G C D7
Lord I wanna go to heaven but I don't wanna die

G G C C
So I long for the day when I'll have new birth; still I love the living here on earth

G G C G G
Everybody wants to go to heaven, but nobody wants to die

G G C G
When Jesus walked here on this earth he knew his father's plan

G G C G
He knew that he must give his life to save the soul of men

G G C G
When Judas had betrayed him His father heard him cry

G G C G G
He was brave until his death but he didn't wanna die

Faded Love

by Bob Wills, Johnnie Lee Wills, and Billy John Wills (1950)

$A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Ama7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A7$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Dma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Adim7$
As I look at the letters that you wrote to me

$A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Ama7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $F\#7$ $B7$ $E7$
It's you that I am thinking of

$A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Ama7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A7$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Dma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Adim7$
As I read the lines that to me were so dear

A $E7$ A A
I remember our faded love

$A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Ama7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A7$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Dma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Adim7$
I miss you, darling, more and more every day

$A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Ama7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $F\#7$ $B7$ $E7$
As heaven would miss the stars above

$A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Ama7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A7$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Dma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Adim7$
With every heartbeat, I still think of you

A $E7$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Adim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E7sus4_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
And remember our faded love

As I think of the past and all the pleasures we had
As I watched the mating of the doves
It was in the springtime that you said goodbye
I remember our faded love

I miss you, darling, more and more every day
As heaven would miss the stars above
With every heartbeat, I still think of you

A $E7$ $A_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $Dm_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $Dm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ A
And remember our faded love

Fire on the Mountain

by Toy Caldwell (1973)

Am *Am* *F* *F*
Took my fam'ly away from my Carolina home
Am *Am* *F* *F*
Had dreams about the West and started to roam
Am *Am* *F* *F*
Six long months on a dust-covered trail
Am *Am* *F* *F*
They say heaven's at the end but so far it's been hell

C *C* *G* *G*
And there's fire on the mountain, lightnin' in the air
Dm *Dm* *F* *Am*
gold in them hills and it's waitin' for me there
C *C* *G* *G*
fire on the mountain, lightnin' in the air
Dm *Dm* *F*
gold in them hills and it's waitin' for me
*Am/E*_(½) *G/D*_(½) *Am/C*_(½) *Em/B*_(½) *Am/A*_(½) *Am*_(A→B, ½) *Am*_(C→D, ½) *Am/E*_(½)
there
*Am/E*_(½) *G/D*_(½) *Am/C*_(½) *Em/B*_(½) *Am* *Am*

We were diggin' and siftin' from five to five
sellin' everything we found just to stay alive
gold flowed free like the whiskey in the bars
sinnin' was the big thing, Lord and Satan was his star

Dance hall girls were the evenin' treat
Empty cartridges and blood lined the gutters of the street
Men were shot down for the sake of fun
Or just to hear the noise of their forty-four guns

Now my widow she weeps by my grave
Tears flow free for her man she couldn't save
Shot down in cold blood by a gun that carried fame
All for a useless and no good worthless claim

C *C* *G* *G*
And there's fire on the mountain, lightnin' in the air
Dm *Dm* *F* *Am*
gold in them hills and it's waitin' for me there
 C *C* *G* *G*
And there's fire on the mountain, lightnin' in the air
Dm *Dm* *F* *Am*
gold in them hills and it's waitin' for me there
*Am/E*_(½) *G/D*_(½) *Am/C*_(½) *Em/B*_(½) *F* *Am*
Waitin' for me there.

Fish and Whistle

by John Prine (1978)

G G C G
I been thinking lately about the people I meet
C G D D
The carwash on the corner and the hole in the street
G G C C
The way my ankles hurt with shoes on my feet
G D G G
And I'm wondering if I'm gonna see tomorrow

Father forgive us for what we must do
You forgive us we'll forgive you
We'll forgive each other till we both turn blue
Then we'll whistle and go fishing in Heaven

I was in the army but I never dug a trench
I used to bust my knuckles on a monkey wrench
Then I'd go to town and drink and give the girls a pinch
But I don't think they ever even noticed me

On my very first job I said "thank you" and "please"
They made me scrub a parking lot down on my knees
Then I got fired for being scared of bees
And they only give me fifty cents and hour

D D D D G G G G
Fish and whistle, whistle and fish. Eat every thing that they put on your dish
C C G G
And when we get through we'll make a big wish
A7 A7 D7 D7
That we never have to do this again Again? Again???

G D G G
We'll whistle and go fishing in Heaven
G D G G
We'll whistle and go fishing in Heaven

Five Feet High and Rising

by J. R. Cash (1969)

A How high's the water, Mama? *A* *A* *A* Two feet high and ris in'.
A How high's the water, Papa? *A* *A* *A* *A* She said it's two feet high and ris in'. Well we can
A make it to the road in a homemade boat, *A7* *D* *D* 'cause that's the only thing we got left that'll float.
E *E* *E* *A* *C* It's already over all the wheat and oats; Two feet high and ris in'.

C How high's the water, Mama? *C* *C* *C* Three feet high and risin'.
C How high's the water, Papa? *C* *C* *C* *C* She said it's three feet high and risin'. Well the
C hives are gone; I lost my bees. *C7* *F* *F* Chickens are sleepin' in the willow trees.
G *G* *G* *C* *D* Cow's in water up past their knees; three feet high and ris in'.

D How high's the water, Mama? *D* *D* *C* Four feet high and risin'.
D How high's the water, Papa? *D* *D* *C* She said it's four feet high and risin'.
D Hey, come look through the window pane. *D7* *G* *G* The bus is comin', gonna take us to the train
A *A* *A* *D* *E* Looks like we'll be blessed with a little more rain. Four feet high and ris in'.

E How high's the water, Mama? *E* *E* *E* Five feet high and risin'.
E How high's the water, Papa? *E* *E* *E* *E* She said it's five feet high and risin'.
E Well, the rails are washed out north of town. *E7* *A* *A* We gotta head for higher ground.
E *E* *E* *E* We can't come back till the water goes down; Five feet high and ris in'.
E *E* Well, it's five feet high and risin'.

Folsom Prison Blues

by John R. Cash (1956)

B7

E *E* *E* *E*
I hear the train a comin', it's rollin' 'round the bend,
E *E* *E* *E*
And I ain't seen the sunshine, since, I don't know when,
A *A* *A* *A* *E* *E* *E* *E*
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison, and time keeps draggin' on,
B7 *B7* *B7* *B7* *E* *E* *E* *E*
But that train keeps a-rollin' on down to San Antone.

When I was just a baby, my Mama told me, "Son,
Always be a good boy, don't ever play with guns,"
But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die,
B7 *B7* *B7* *B7* *E* *E*
When I hear that whistle blowin', I hang my head and cry.

E *E* *E* *E* *A* *A* *E* *E* *B7* *B7* *E* *E*

I bet there's rich folks eatin', in a fancy dining car,
They're probably drinkin' coffee, and smokin' big cigars,
But I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free,
But those people keep a-movin', and that's what tortures me.

Well, if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine,
I bet I'd move out over a little farther down the line,
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay,
And I'd let that lonesome whistle, blow my blues away.

For the Good Times by Kris Kristofferson (1968)

Don't look so sad, Gm_(3/4) Gm7_(1/4) C7 I know it's over. F_(1/2) F6_(1/2) Fma7_(1/2) F6_(1/2)
 But life goes on, and this old world will keep on turning. Gm_(3/4) Gm7_(1/4) C7_(3/4) C7sus_(1/4) F_(1/2) F6_(1/2) Fma7_(1/2) F7_(1/2) Let's just be
Bb glad we had some time to spend to gether. C7_(3/4) C7sus_(1/4) F_(1/2) F6_(1/2) Fma7_(1/2) F7_(1/2) There's no
Bb need to watch the bridges that we're burning. Gm_(3/4) Gm7_(1/4) C7sus_(1/2) C7_(1/2) C7

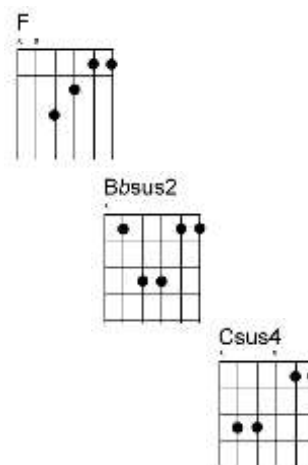
F F C7 C7
 Lay your head upon my pillow.
C7 C7
 Hold your warm and tender body
F Gm_(1/2) C7_(1/2)
 close to mine.
F_(1/2) Fma7_(1/2) F7_(1/2)
 Hear the whisper of the raindrops blowin'
Bb Bbm
 soft against the window
C7 Gm
 And make believe you love me
C7sus_(1/2) C7_(1/2) C7
 one more time,
F_(1/2) F6_(1/2) Fma7_(1/2) F6_(1/2)
 for the good times.

Gm_(3/4) Gm7_(1/4) C7 I'll get along, F_(1/2) F6_(1/2) Fma7_(1/2) F6_(1/2) you'll find another
Gm_(3/4) Gm7_(1/4) C7_(3/4) C7sus_(1/4) F_(1/2) F6_(1/2) Fma7_(1/2) F7_(1/2)
 And I'll be here if you should find you ever need me.
Bb C7_(3/4) C7sus_(1/4) F_(1/2) F6_(1/2) Fma7_(1/2) F7_(1/2)
 Don't say a word about tomorrow or for ever
Bb Gm_(3/4) Gm7_(1/4) C7sus_(1/2) C7_(1/2) C7
 There'll be time enough for sadness when you leave me.

Free Falling by Tom Petty and Jeff Lynne (1989)

$F_{(3/8)}$ $Bbsus2_{(5/8)}$ $Bbsus2_{(1/8)}$ $F_{(2/8)}$ $Csus4_{(5/8)}$

$F_{(3/8)}$ $Bbsus2_{(5/8)}$ $Bbsus2_{(1/8)}$ $F_{(2/8)}$ $Csus4_{(5/8)}$
 shes a good girl, loves her mama,
 $F_{(3/8)}$ $Bbsus2_{(5/8)}$ $Bbsus2_{(1/8)}$ $F_{(2/8)}$ $Csus4_{(5/8)}$
 loves Jes us and Amer ica too
 $F_{(3/8)}$ $Bbsus2_{(5/8)}$ $Bbsus2_{(1/8)}$ $F_{(2/8)}$ $Csus4_{(5/8)}$
 shes a good girl, cra zy 'bout Elvis,
 $F_{(3/8)}$ $Bbsus2_{(5/8)}$ $Bbsus2_{(1/8)}$ $F_{(2/8)}$ $Csus4_{(5/8)}$
 loves hors es and her boy friend too



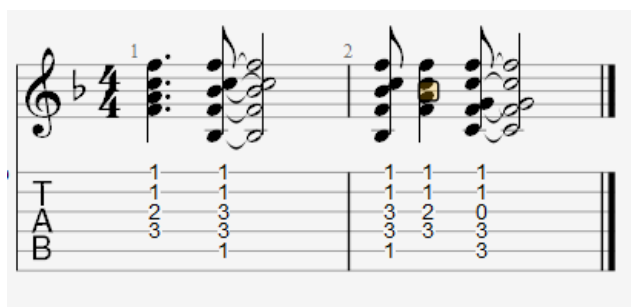
$F_{(3/8)}$ $Bbsus2_{(5/8)}$ $Bbsus2_{(1/8)}$ $F_{(2/8)}$ $Csus4_{(5/8)}$

Its a **long day** **livin' in** Reseda. There's a **free way** **runnin' through** the **yard**
 and I'm a **bad boy**, cause I **don't even miss** her. I'm a **bad boy** for **breakin'** her **heart**

$F_{(3/8)}$ $Bbsus2_{(5/8)}$ $Bbsus2_{(1/8)}$ $F_{(2/8)}$ $Csus4_{(5/8)}$ $F_{(3/8)}$ $Bbsus2_{(5/8)}$ $Bbsus2_{(1/8)}$ $F_{(2/8)}$ $Csus4_{(5/8)}$
 now I'm free, free fallin'
 $F_{(3/8)}$ $Bbsus2_{(5/8)}$ $Bbsus2_{(1/8)}$ $F_{(2/8)}$ $Csus4_{(5/8)}$ $F_{(3/8)}$ $Bbsus2_{(5/8)}$ $Bbsus2_{(1/8)}$ $F_{(2/8)}$ $Csus4_{(5/8)}$
 ya, I'm free, free fallin'

All the **vampires walkin'** **through** the **valley**, move **west down** Ventura Boulevard.
 and all the **bad boys** are **standing** in the **shadows**, all the **good girls** are at **home with**
 broken **hearts**

I wanna **glide down over** Mulholand I wanna **write her name in** the **sky**
 I wanna **free fall out into** **nothin'**, gonna **leave this world** for a **while**



Gambler

by Dan Schlitz (1978)

F F Bb F
On a warm summer's evening on a train bound for nowhere
 Bb F F C
I met up with a gambler. We were both too tired to sleep.
 F F Bb F
So we took turns a starin' out the window at the darkness
 Bb F $C7$ F
till boredom overtook us and he began to speak.

He said, "Son, I've made a life out of readin' people's faces
and knowin' what their cards were by the way they held their eyes.
So if you don't mind my sayin' I can see you're out of aces;
for a taste of your whiskey I'll give you some advice."

So I handed him my bottle, and he drank doen my last swallow.
Then he bummed a cigarette and asked me for a light.
And the night got deathly quiet and his face lost all expression.
Said, "If you're gonna play the game, boy, you gotta learn to play it right."

$F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F Bb F
"You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em.
 Bb F F C
Know when to walk away and know when to run.
 $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F Bb F
You never count your money when you're sittin' at the table.
 Bb F $C7$ F
Ther'll be time enough for countin' when the dealin's done."

"Ev'ry gambler knows that the secret to survivin'
Is knowin' what to throw away and knowin' what to keep.
'Cause ev'ry hand's a winner, and ev'ry hand's a loser.
And the best that you can hope for is to die in your sleep."

And when he'd finished speakin' he turned back toward the window.
Crushed ou his cigarette and faded off to sleep.
And somewhere in the darkness the gambler he broke even.
But in his final words I found an ace that I could keep

Gentle on My Mind

by John Hartford (1967)

A *Ama7* *A6* *Ama7*
It's knowing that your door is always open and your path is free to
Bm Bm Bm Bm
walk, that
Bm Bm Bm7 E7
makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag rolled up and stashed behind your
A A A A
couch and it's
A Ama7 A6 Ama7
knowing I'm not shackled by forgotten words and bonds. And the
A Ama7 Bm Bm Bm Bm
ink stains that have dried if on some line, that
Bm Bm/A Bm/G# Bm7/F#
keeps you in the backroads by the rivers of my mem'ry that
Bm(½) Bm7(½) E7 A A A A
keeps you ever gentle on my mind

It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy planted on their columns now that binds me
Or something that somebody said because they thought we fit together walking
It's just knowing that the world will not be cursing or forgiving when I walk along some
railroad track and find
That you are moving on the backroads by the rivers of my mem'ry and for hours you're
just gentle on my mind

Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines and the junkyards and the highways come
between us
And some other woman crying to her mother cause she turned and I was gone
I still might run in silence, tears of joy might stain my face, and the summer sun might
burn me 'til I'm blind
But not to where I cannot see you walkin' on the backroads by the rivers flowing gentle
on my mind

I dip my cup of soup back from the gurglin' cracklin' caldron in some train yard
My beard a-rufflin' coal pile and a dirty hat pulled low across my face
A Ama7 A6 Ama7 Bm Bm Bm Bm
Through cupped hands 'round a tin can, I pretend I hold you to my breast, and find
That you're waving from the backroads by the rivers of my mem'ry, ever smilin' ever
gentle on my mind

Give My Love to Rose by Johnny Cash (1957)

A *E* *A* *A*
 I found him by the railroad track this morning
A *E* *A* *A7* (walkup *A A B C#*)
 I could see that he was nearly dead
D *D* *A* *A*
 I knelt down beside him and I listened just to
B *B7* *E* *E7* (walkup *E E F# G#*)
 hear the words the dying fellow said
A *E* *A* *A*
 He said, they let me out of prison out in Briscoe
A *E* *A* *A7* (walkup *A A B C#*)
 For ten long years I've paid for what I'd done
D *D* *A* *A* (walkdown *A A G F#*)
 I was trying to get back to Louisiana to
E *E* *A* *A7* (walkup *A A B C#*)
 see my Rose and get to know my son
D *D* *A* *A* (walkdown *A A G F#*)
 Give my love to Rose, please won't you mister
E *E7* *A* *A7* (walkup *A A B C#*)
 Take her all my money; tell her buy some pretty clothes
D *D* *A* *A*
 Tell my boy that daddy's so proud of him and
E *E7* *A* *A A* (walkdown *A A G F#*)
 don't forget to give my love to Rose

Won't you tell 'em I said thanks for waiting for me?
 Tell my boy to help his mom at home
 Tell my Rose to try to find another cause
 it ain't right that she should live alone
 Mister here's the bag with all my money
 It won't last them long the way it goes
 God bless you for finding me this morning. Now
 don't forget to give my love to Rose
 Give my love to Rose, please won't you mister
 Take her all my money; tell her buy some pretty clothes
 Tell my boy that daddy's so proud of him and
 don't forget to give my love to Rose



God Bless America by Irving Berlin (1938)

F Fma7(½) Abdim7(½) C7 C7
 God bless A merica,
C7 Gm7(½) C7(½) F(½) Fma7(½) F7
 Land that I love; Stand be

Bb Bb(½) Bbm(½) F F(½) Dm(½)
 side her, and guide her, thru the
G7 C7 F F
 night with a light from above.

C7 C7 F F
 From the mountains to the prairies, to the
C7 C7 F7(½) Ab7(½) Cm(½) F7(½)
 Oceans, white with foam,

Bb F(½) C7(½) F(¼) A7(¼) Dm(½) Dm(½) Gm7(½)
 God bless A mer i ca, my
F C7 F7(½) Ab7(½) Cm(½) F7(½)
 home sweet home,

Bb F(½) C7(½) F(¼) A7(¼) Dm(½) Dm(½) Gm7(½)
 God bless A mer i ca, my
F C7 F F(hold)
 home sweet home,

God May Forgive You But I Won't

by Harlan

Howard and Bobby Braddock (1987)

G G C C
You say that you're born again, cleansed of your former sins

G G D7 D7
You want me to say I forgive and forget

G G C C
But you've done too much to me; don't you be touching me

G G D7 G
Go back and touch all those women you've met

C D7 G G
God may forgive you but I won't

C D7 G G
Yes Jesus loves you but I don't

C C G G
They don't have to live with you and neither do I

C C G G
You say that you're born again well so am I

C C D7 D7 G G
God may forgive you but I won't and I won't even try

G G C C
The kids used to cry for you, I had to try to do

G G D7 D7
Things that a dad should do since you've been gone

G G C C
Well you really let us down; you may be heaven bound

G G D7 G
But you've made one hell of a mess here at home

God Will

by Lyle Lovett (1971)

Bb C F Bb Bb C Bb F

F F Bb F
Who keeps on trusting you, when you've been cheating
F F C C
And spending your nights on the town
Bb F Bb F
And who keeps on saying that he still wants you
F F C C
When you're through running around

Bb F Bb F
And who keeps on loving you when you've been lying
F F C C
Saying things ain't what they seem

Bb C F Bb
God does but I don't. God will but I won't
Bb C Bb F
And that's the difference between God and me
Bb C F Bb
God does but I don't. God will but I won't
Bb C Bb F
And that's the difference between God and me

Bb C F Bb Bb C Bb F

Bb F Bb F
So who says he'll forgive you and says that he'll miss you
F F C C
And dream of your sweet memory

Good Christian Soldier

by Bobby Bare and Billy Joe Shaver
(1971)

C *G7* *C* *C*
Not so long ago in Oklahoma
G *G7* *C* *C7*
The son of an Okie preacher knelt to pray
F *F* *C* *C*
He said Lord I wanna be a Christian soldier just like you
D *D7* *G* *G7*
And fight to build a new and better day

C *G7* *C* *C*
Now many years and miles from Oklahoma
G *G7* *C* *C7*
That same young Okie boy still kneels to pray
F *F* *C* *C*
But he don't pray to be no Christian soldier anymore
C *G7* *C* *C7*
He just prays to make it through another day

F *F* *C* *C*
Cause it's hard to be a Christian soldier when you tote a gun
F *F* *C* *C*
And it hurts to have to watch a grown man cry
F *G* *C*_(½) *C/B*_(½) *Am*_(½) *Am/G*_(½)
But we're playin' cards writin' home havin' lots of fun
Dm *Dm7* *G* *G7*
Telling jokes and learning how to die

Now the things I've come to know seem so confusin'
It's gettin' hard to tell what's wrong from right
I can't separate the winners from the losers anymore
And I'm thinking of just giving up the fight

Cause it's hard to be a Christian soldier when you tote a gun
And it hurts to have to watch a grown man cry
But we're playin' cards writin' home ain't we hadn't fun
Turning on and learning how to die

Good Hearted Woman

by Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson
(1971)

D *D*_(½) *D7*_(½) *G* *G*
A long time forgotten are dreams that just fell by the way
A7 *A7* *D* *D*
The good life he promised ain't what she's living today
D *D*_(½) *D7*_(½) *G* *G*
But she never complains of the bad times or bad things he's done, Lord
A7 *A7* *D* *D*
She just talks about the good times they've had and all the good times to come

D *D*_(½) *D7*_(½) *G* *G*
She's a good-hearted woman in love with a good-timin' man
A7 *A7* *D* *D*
She loves him in spite of his ways that she don't understand
D *D*_(½) *D7*_(½) *G* *G*
Through teardrops and laughter, they'll pass through this world hand-in-hand,
A7 *A7* *D* *D*
A good-hearted woman loving her good timing man

D *D*_(½) *D7*_(½) *G* *G*
He likes the night life, the bright lights and good-timin' friends
A7 *A7* *D* *D*
When the party's all over she'll welcome him back home again
D *D*_(½) *D7*_(½) *G* *G*
Lord knows she don't understand him, but she does the best that she can
A7 *A7* *D* *D*
'Cause she's a good-hearted woman; she loves her good timin' man

Got Me a Woman by Paul Kennerley (1985)

Oh, I got me a woman she's a pretty good woman at that
We live with a monkey and a Chinese acrobat
She calls me Tex makes me wear a cowboy hat
But I don't care she's a pretty good woman at that

Nothing in the world make me treat that woman mean
She shaves my beard and she keeps my tractor clean
She burns my bread, makes me eat turnip greens
But I don't care she's the best little woman I've seen

Some folks they move out to California
and some folks they stay in Tennessee
And I don't care where I'm headed
Just as long as that woman stands by me

Noting I'd rather do that spend my nights at home
Talking with my baby and blowing on the slide trombone
She talks in tongue Oh she really turns me on
With a woman like that a man never wants to roam

Some folks they move out to California
and some folks they stay in Tennessee
And I don't care where I'm headed
Just as long as that woman stands by me
Just as long as that woman stands by me
Just as long as that woman stands by me

Grandpa Was a Carpenter

by John Prine (1976)

^G Oh, ^G Grandpa ^C wore ^C his ^G suit ^D to ^G dinner ^C nearly ^C every ^D day
^C No ^G particular ^G reason, ^D he ^G just ^C dressed ^C that ^G way
^G Brown ^G necktie ^C with ^C a ^G matching ^C vest ^C and ^G both ^D his ^G wingtip ^G shoes
^C He ^G built ^D a ^G closet ^D on ^G our ^D back ^G porch ^D and ^G put ^D a ^G penny ^D in ^G a ^D burned-out ^G fuse

^C Grandpa ^C was ^C a ^G carpenter, ^G he ^C built ^G houses, ^D stores ^G and ^D banks
^C Chain-smoked ^G Camel ^G cigarettes ^D and ^G hammered ^D nails ^G in ^D planks
^G He ^G was ^G level ^G on ^C the ^G level, ^C he ^G shaved ^C even ^G every ^C door
^C And ^G voted ^D for ^G Eisenhower, ^D 'cause ^G Lincoln ^D won ^G the ^G war

^C ^D ^{D7} ^G

Well, he used to sing me "Blood on the Saddle" and rock me on his knee
And let me listen to the radio before we got TV
Well, he'd drive to church on Sunday and he'd take me with him too
Stained glass in every window, hearing aids in every pew

Well, my Grandma was a teacher, she went to school in Bowling Green
Traded in a milking cow for a Singer sewing machine
Well, she called her husband "Mister," and she walked real tall in pride
She used to buy me comic books after Grandpa died

Great White Horse

by Buck Owens (1971)

A A A A

When I was a young girl I used to dream of a—a lover
To be my shining knight of strength one day
He'd carry me to a castle in the—heavens
and battle a—all my dragons on—the way.

And he'd ride down on a gre—eat white horse
he'd bring me love I was lo—onging for
He'd bring me jo—oy and last ing peace
on a gre—eat white horse he'd ride awa—ay with me
Singing dum-di-de-dum-dum - dum-di-de-dum

When I was a young man I used to dream of a maiden
With long soft hair flowing i—in the wind
Her laughing eyes and loving a—arms would follow
When I'd sail around the world and back again

And I'd ride down on a gre—eat white horse I'd bring the lo—ove she was lo—onging for
I'd bring her laughter and su—unny days
And on a gre—eat white horse I'd carry he—er away
Singing dum-di-de-dum-dum-dum-di-de-dum

(The time has flown I find there are no—o dragons) and I don't wanna sail the seven se—eas
(Anywhere we are becomes o—our castle) and the only world I want is here with me
And we both ride on a gre—eat white horse we found the love we were lo—onging for
(You're my—y sunshine on a ra—ainy day) you're my April you're my May
Singing dum-di-de-dum-dum-dum-di-de-dum
Singing dum-di-de-dum-dum-dum-di-de-dum
Singing dum-di-de-dum-dum-dum-di-de-dum

Green Green Grass of Home by Curly Putman and Sheb Wooley (1965)

C
 The old home town looks the same C_(1/2) C7_(1/2) F C as I step down from the train and there to
C C G7 G7_(1/2) Dm7_(1/4) G7_(1/4)
 meet me is my ma ma and papa; Down the
C C7 F_(1/2) Fdim_(1/2) F_(1/2) Em7_(1/2) Dm7_(1/2)
 road I look and there runs Mary, hair of gold and lips like cherries, and it's
C G7_(1/4) Dm7_(1/4) G7_(1/2) C_(1/2) F_(1/2) C_(1/2) Dm7_(1/4) G7_(1/4)
 good to touch the green, green grass of home. Yes, they'll

C C7 F F
 all come to meet me arms a-reaching, smiling sweetly; and it's
C G_(1/2) Dm7_(1/4) G7_(1/4) C_(1/2) F_(1/2) C
 good to touch the green, green grass of home.

The old house is still standing, though the paint is cracked and dry, And there's that
 old oak tree that I used to play on; Down the
 lane I walk and with my sweet Mary, hair of gold and lips like cherries, it's
 good to touch the green, green grass of home.

(spoken) [same progression]

Then I awake and look around me at the four gray walls that surround me and I
 realize that I was only dreaming. For there's a
 guard and there's a sad old padre. Arm and arm we'll walk at day break - a
 gain I'll touch the green, green grass of home. Yes, they'll

C C7 F F
 all come to see me in the shade of that old oak tree; As they
C G_(1/2) Dm7_(1/4) G7_(1/4) F_(1/2) Em7_(1/4) Dm7_(1/4) C
 lay me 'neath the green, green grass of home

Hands On the Wheel by Bill Callery (1975) (¾ time)

F Bb₍₁₎ F₍₁₎ C7₍₁₎ F F

F F F₍₂₎ F7₍₁₎ Bb
At a time when the world seems to be spinnin'

F F C C7 (walkdown C Bb G)
Hopelessly out of control

F F F₍₂₎ F7₍₁₎ Bb (walkup F G A)
There's deceivers and believers and old in-be tweeners

F C7 F F (walk F E F or F E D)
That seem to have no place to go

C C7 Bb F
Well it's the same old song, it's right and it's wrong
Dm C# C C7 (walkdown C Bb G)
And livin' is just something that I do

F F F₍₂₎ F7₍₁₎ Bb
And with no place to hide, I looked in your eyes
F C7 F₍₂₎ Bb₍₁₎ F (walk F E F or F E D)
And I found myself in you

C C7 Bb F
I looked to the stars, tried all of the bars
Dm C# C C7 (walkdown C Bb G)
And I've nearly gone up in smoke

F F F₍₂₎ F7₍₁₎ Bb
Now my hand's on the wheel of somethin' that's real
F C7 F₍₂₎ Bb₍₁₎ F (walk F E F or F E D)
And I feel like I'm goin' home

C C7 Bb F Dm C# C C7 F F F₍₂₎ F7₍₁₎ Bb F C7 F₍₂₎ Bb₍₁₎ F

F F F₍₂₎ F7₍₁₎ Bb
And in the shade of an oak, down by the river

F F C C7
Sat an old man and a boy

F F F₍₂₎ F7₍₁₎ Bb
Settin' sails, spinnin tales, and fishin' for whales

F C7 F₍₂₎ Bb₍₁₎ F
With a lady that they both enjoy

Harper Valley PTA

by Tom T. Hall (1968)

D7 I want to tell you all a story 'bout a Harper Valley widowed wife
G7 Who had a teenage daughter who attended Harper Valley Junior High
D7 Well her daughter came home one afternoon and didn't even stop to play
G7 She said Mom I got a note here from the Harper Valley P.T.A.

The note said Misses Johnson, you're wearing your dresses way too high
It's reported you've been drinking and a runnin' round with men and going wild
And we don't believe you ought to be a bringing up your little girl this way
It was signed by the secretary, Harper Valley P.T.A.

Well, it happened that the P.T.A. was gonna meet that very afternoon
They were sure surprised when Misses Johnson wore her miniskirt into the room
And as she walked up to the blackboard I still recall the words she had to say
She said, I'd like to address this meeting of the Harper Valley P.T.A.

Eb7 Well there's Bobby Taylor, sitting there and seven times he's asked me for a date
Ab7 Misses Taylor sure seems to use a lot of ice whenever he's away
Eb7 And Mister Baker can you tell us why your secretary had to leave this town
Ab7 And shouldn't Widow Jones be told to keep her window shades all pulled completely down?

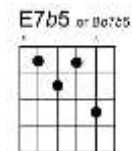
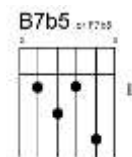
Well Mister Harper couldn't be here 'cause he stayed too long at Kelly's Bar again
And if you smell Shirley Thompson's breath you'll find she's had a little nip of gin
Then you have the nerve to tell me you think that as a mother I'm not fit
Well this is just a little Peyton Place and you're all Harper Valley hypocrites.

Eb7 No, I wouldn't put you on because it really did, it happened just this way
Ab7 The day my Mama socked it to the Harper Valley P.T.A.
Ab7 The day my Mama socked it to the Harper Valley P.T.A.

Have You Ever Been Lonely?

lyrics by George Brown
and music by Peter DeRose (1933)

*C*_(1/2) *C7*_(1/4) *C#dim7*_(1/4) *Dm7*_(1/2) *D7*_(1/4) *Ddim7*_(1/4)
 Two of a kind, ev'rywhere I see,
*C*_(1/2) *Cdim7*_(1/2) *G7*
 lovers in the moonlight robins in a tree
*C*_(1/2) *Am6*_(1/4) *B7*_(1/4) *Em*_(1/2) *A9*_(1/2)
 Now that we have parted, what am I to do? But
*Am7*_(1/2) *D7*_(1/2) *G7*
 make this plea to you. Have you ever been

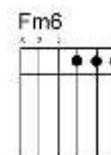


*C*_(1/2) *Cdim7*_(1/2) *G7* use for a short intro

*F*_(1/2) *C*_(1/2) *C* *G7* *G7*
 lone ly? Have you ever been blue? Have you ever loved
G7 *G7* *C*_(1/2) *Dm7*_(1/2) *C*_(1/2) *G7*_(1/4) *C7*_(1/4)
 some one just as I love you? Can't you see I'm

F *F*_(1/2) *F#dim7*_(1/2) *C*_(1/2) *G7*_(1/2) *C*_(3/4) *Eb7*_(1/4)
 sorry for each mistake I've made? Can't you see I've
*G*_(1/2) *G#dim7*_(1/2) *D7* *Dm7*_(1/4) *G7*_(1/2) *Dm7*_(1/4) *G7*
 changed, dear? Can't you see I've paid? Be a little for

*F*_(1/2) *C*_(1/2) *C* *G7* *G7*
 giv ing; take me back in your heart. How can I go on
G7 *G7*_(3/4) *B7b5*_(1/4) *E7*_(3/4) *E7b5*_(1/4) *A7*_(1/2) *A7+5*_(1/4) *A7*_(1/4)
 giving, now that we're a part? If you



Dm7 *Fm6*_(3/4) *Fm7*_(1/4) *C*_(1/2) *F*_(1/4) *Fm6*_(1/4) *C*
 knew what I've been thru, you would know why I ask you: "Have you ever been
*G7*_(1/2) *G9*_(1/2) *G7* *C*_(1/2) *Cdim7*_(1/4) *G7*_(1/4) *C*
 lonely? Have you ever been blue?" "Have you ever been
*G7*_(1/2) *G9*_(1/2) *G7* *C*_(1/2) *F*_(1/2) *C*_(hold)
 lonely? Have you ever been blue?"

My happiness two alone can share.
 Now that I have lost you, life is hard to bear
 You and I have quarreled, I'm a fool, it's true. Why
 can't we start anew? Have you ever been blue?

Heartaches by the Number

by Harlan Howard (1959)

G *G* *C* *C*
Heartache number one was when you left me
D7 *D7* *G* *G*
I never knew that I could hurt this way
G *G* *C* *C*
And heartache number two was when you came back again
D7 *D7* *G* *G*
You came back and never meant to stay. Now I've got

G *G* *C* *C*
heartaches by the number troubles by the score,
D7 *D7* *D7* *G* *G*
ev'ryday you love me less each day I love you more. Yes I've got
G *G* *C* *C*
Heartaches by the number a love that I can't win
D7 *D7* *D7* *G* *G*
But the day that I stop counting, that's the day my world will end

G *G* *C* *C*
Heartache number three was when you called me
D7 *D7* *G* *G*
And said that you were coming back to stay
G *G* *C* *C*
With hopeful heart I waited for your knock on the door
D7 *D7* *G* *G*
I waited but you must have lost your way

Heaven and Hell

by Willie Nelson (1974)

D *Dma7* *D7* *D7*
Sometimes it's heaven, sometimes it's hell
G *G* *D* *D7*
Sometimes I don't even know
G *G#dim7* *D* *B7*
Sometimes I take it as far as I can
E7 *E7* *A7* *A7*
Sometimes I don't even go

D *Dma7* *D7* *D7*
My front tracks are headed for a cold water well
G *G* *D* *D7*
My back tracks are covered in snow
G *G#dim7* *D* *B7*
Sometimes it's heaven, sometimes it's hell
E7 *A7* *D* *A*
Sometimes I don't even know

D *Dma7* *D7* *D7*
Heaven ain't walking a street paved with gold
G *G* *D* *D7*
Hell ain't a mountain of fire
G *G#dim7* *D* *B7*
Heaven is laying in my sweet baby's arms
E7 *E7* *A7* *A7*
Hell is when my baby's not there

My front tracks are headed for cold water well
My back tracks are covered in snow
Sometimes it's heaven, sometimes it's hell
Sometimes I don't even know

Sometimes it's heaven, sometimes it's hell
Sometimes I don't even know

He'll Have to Go by Joe Allison and Audrey Allison (1959)

Put your sweet lips a little closer to the phone.
Lets pretend that we're together all alone
I'll tell the man to turn the juke-box way down low. And you can
tell your friend there with you, he'll have to go

Whisper to me tell me do you love me true
Or is he holding you the way I do
Tho' love is blind make up your mind I've got to know. Should I
hang up or will you tell him, he'll have to go? You can't

say the words I want to hear while you're with another man. If you
want me answer yes or no darling I will understand

Put your sweet lips a little closer to the phone.
Lets pretend that we're together all alone
I'll tell the man to turn the juke-box way down low. And you can
tell your friend there with you, he'll have to go

Help Me Make It through the Night

Kristofferson (1970)

Em, Am, A7, D

D Take the ribbon from your hair, *D_(1/2) Dsus4_(1/2) D* Shake it loose and let it fall, *G*
Em Laying soft against your skin, *A A7* Like a shadow on the wall. *D*

D Come and lay down by my side, *D_(1/2) Dsus4_(1/2) D* till the early morning light, *G*
Em All I'm askin' is your time, *A A7* help me make it through the night. *D_(1/2) A_(1/2)*

D_(1/2) D7_(1/2) I don't care what's right or wrong, *G G* I won't try to understand, *D*
D7 Let the devil take tomorrow, *E E7* 'cause tonight I need a friend. *A_(1/2) A7_(1/2)*

D Yesterday is dead and gone, *D_(1/2) Dsus4_(1/2) D* and tomorrow's out of sight, *G*
Em And it's sad to be alone, *A A7* help me make it through the night. *D*

Em I don't want to be alone, *A A7* help me make it though the night. *D*

Hey Good Looking

by Hank Williams (1951)

Hey Hey Good Lookin' whatcha got cooking?
How's about cooking somethin' up with me?
Hey sweet baby don't you think maybe?
We could find us a brand new recipe.

I got a hot rod Ford and a two dollar bill,
and I know a spot right over the hill.
There's soda pop and the dancin's free,
so if you wanna have fun come along with me

Say Hey Good Lookin' whatcha got cooking?
How's about cooking somethin' up with me?

I'm free and ready so we can go steady.
How's about saving all your time for me?
No more lookin' I know I've been token.
How's about keepin' steady company?

I'm gonna throw my date book over the fence,
and buy me one for five or ten cents.
I'll keep it 'til it's covered with age
'Cause I'm writin' your name down on every page .

Say Hey Good Lookin' whatcha got cooking?
How's about cooking somethin' up with me?

Hobo's Meditation

by Jimmy Rodgers (1932)

A *E* *A* *A7*
Tonight as I lay on the boxcar
D *D* *A* *A7*
Just waiting for a train to pass by
D *D* *A* *F#m*
What will become of the hobo
B7 *B7* *E* *E*
Whenever his turn comes to die

A *E* *A* *A7*
There's a Master up yonder in Heaven
D *D* *C#* *C#*
Got a place that we might call our home
D *D* *A* *F#m*
Will we have to work for a living
B7 *B7* *E* *E7*
Or can we continue to roam

A *E* *A* *A7*
Will there be any freight trains in Heaven
D *D* *A* *A7*
Any boxcars in which we might hide
D *D* *A* *F#m*
Will there be any tough cops or brakemen
B7 *B7* *E* *E*
Will they tell us that we cannot ride

A *E* *A* *A7*
Will the hobo chum with the rich man?
D *D* *C#* *C#*
Will we always have money to spare?
D *D* *A* *F#m*
Will they have respect for the hobo,
B7 *E7* *A* *A*
In that land that lies hidden up there?

break: A E A A7 D D C# C## D D A F#m B7 B7 E E7

I Can't Stop Loving You by Don Gibson (1958)

Those happy hours that we once knew,
though long ago, still make me blue.
They say that time, heals a broken heart, but time has stood
still, since we've been apart.

I can't stop loving you, so I've made up my mind
To live in memory, of old lonesome time
I can't stop wanting you, it's useless to say
So I'll just live my life, in dreams of yesterday.

I can't stop loving you, there's no use to try.
Pretend there's someone new; I can't live a lie.
I can't stop wanting you the way that I do.
There's only been one love for me; that one love is you.

I Fall to Pieces

by Hank Cochran and Harland Howard (1961)

F Bb C7 C7(½) C(¼) B(¼)

I fall to pieces

Bb C7 F Gm7(½) C7(½)

Each time I see you again

F Bb C7 C7(½) C(¼) B(¼)

I fall to pieces

Bb C7 F F

How can I be just your friend

F7 F7 Bb Bb

You want me to act like we've never kissed

C7 C7 F F(½) Cm7(¼) F7(¼)

You want me to forget, pretend we've never met and I've

Bb C7 F F(½) Cm7(¼) F7(¼)

tried and I've tried but I haven't yet you walk

Bb C7 F Gm7(½) Bdim(¼) C7(¼)

by, and I fall to pieces

I fall to pieces

Each time someone speaks your name

I fall to pieces

Time only adds to the flame

You tell me to find someone else to love

Someone who'll love me, too, the way you used to do

But each time I go out with someone new

You walk by and I fall to pieces

I Still Miss Someone

by Johnny Cash and Ray Cash Junior
(1958)

C *F* *G7* *G7*
At my door the leaves are falling
F *G7* *C* *C*
The cold wild wind will come
C *F* *G7* *G7*
Sweethearts walk by together
F *G7* *C* *C*
And I still miss someone

C *F* *G7* *G7*
I go out on a party
F *G7* *C* *C*
And look for a little fun
C *F* *G7* *G7*
But I find a darkened corner
F *G7* *C* *C*
Because I still miss someone

F *G7* *C* *C*
I never got over those blue eyes
F *G7* *C* *C*
I see them everywhere
F *G7* *C* *C*
I miss those arms that held me
F *G7* *C* *C*
When all the love was there

C *F* *G7* *G7*
I wonder if she's sorry
F *G7* *C* *C*
For leaving what we'd begun
C *F* *G7* *G7*
There's someone for me somewhere
F *G7* *C* *C*
And I still miss someone

I Walk the Line

by Johnny R. Cash (1956)

Dm7 Gm7 C7 F6 F6
I keep a close watch on this heart of mine, I keep my
Gm7 G7 F6 F6(½) F7(½)
eyes wide open all the time. I keep the
Bb Bb(½) Gm7(½) F6 F6(¼) Dm7(¼) C7/E F6(¼)
ends out for the tie that binds. Be cause you're
Gm7 C7 F6 F(½) Dm7(½)
mine, I walk the line

I find it very easy to be true
I find myself alone when each day is through
Yes I'll admit I'm a fool for you
Because you're mine I walk the line

As sure as night is dark and day is light
I keep you on my mind both day and night
And happiness I've known proves that it's right
Because you're mine I walk the line

You've got a way to keep me on your side
You give me cause for love that I can't hide
For you I know I'd even try to turn the tide
Because you're mine I walk the line

I Wave Bye Bye

by Jesse Winchester (1999)

A *F#m*
Just out in the harbor, all the ships asleep
Bm *E*
Maybe one cold watchman walks a lonely beat
A *F#m*
Way out on the water a ship is under sail
Bm *E*
Leaving wavy starlight and a dreamer in her trail

A *F#m* *Bm* *E*
I wave bye bye, I pray God speed
A *F#m* *Bm* *E*
I wish lovely weather and more luck than you need
*A*_(½) *E/G#*_(½) *F#m*_(½) *A*_(½) *D*_(½) *C#m7*_(½) *Bm7*_(½) *E*_(½)
You'll only sail in circles, so there's no need to cry
*A*_(½) *D*_(½) *A*_(½) *F#m*_(½) *Bm*_(½) *E*_(½) *A*
No, I'll see you again one day and then I waved bye bye

A *F#m*
The sailing ship reminds me of a certain girl
Bm *E*
Who left a certain dreamer to sail into the world
A *F#m*
I've very friendly post-cards from very far away
Bm *E*
But they just remind me of a certain day

I'd Love You All Over Again by Alan Jackson (1991)

A A7 D B D E A E

A A7 D B
Has it been ten years since we said I do?
D E D A
I've always heard marriage made one seem like two
A7 D B B
But you're lookin' better than you did back then
D E E7 E7
You still make this old heart give in

A A7 D B
And if I had it to do it all over
D E A E
I'd do it all over again
A F# A B
If tomorrow I found one more chance to begin
D E A A7 D B D E A E
I'd love you all over again

A A7 D B
The preacher has said till death do us part
C E D A
That seemed like forever to a young man's heart
A7 D B B
Now the days seem much shorter the longer we love
D E E7 E7
And the memories just keep adding up

And if I had it to do all over
I'd do it all over again
If tomorrow I found one more chance to begin
I'd love you all over again
If tomorrow I found one more chance to begin
I'd love you all over again

I'm a Long Gone Daddy by Hank Williams (1947)

F *F*
All you want'a do is set aroun' and pout,
F *F(½)* *F7(½)*
An' now I got enough an' so I'm gettin' out,
Bb *Bb* *Bb(½)* *F(½)* *F*
I'm leavin' now, I'm leavin' now,
C7 *C7* *F(½)* *Bb(½)* *F*
I'm a long gone daddy I don't need you any how.

I've been in the doghouse so doggone long,
That when I get a kiss, I think that somethin's wrong,
I'm leavin' now, I'm leavin' now,
I'm a long gone daddy, I don't need you anyhow.

I'll go find a gal that wants to treat me right,
You go get ya'self a man that wants to fight,
I'm leavin' now, I'm leavin' now,
I'm a long gone daddy, I don't need you anyhow.

You start your jaws a'waggin' and they never stop,
You never shut your mouth until I blow my top,
I'm leavin' now, I'm leavin' now,
I'm a long gone daddy, I don't need you anyhow.

I remember back when you were nice and sweet,
Things have changed, you'd rather fight than eat,
I'm leavin' now, I'm leavin' now,
I'm a long gone daddy, I don't need you anyhow.

I'm a'gonna do some ridin' on the midnight train,
I'm takin' ever'thing except my ball and chain,
I'm leavin' now, I'm leavin' now,
I'm a long gone daddy, I don't need you anyhow.

I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry by Hank Williams (1949)

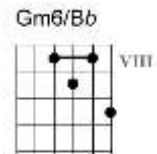
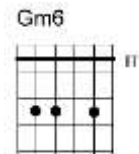
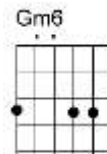
D F#m Bm D
D F#m Am7 D7
G Gm D Bm
D A7 D D

D F#m Bm D
Hear the lonesome whippoorwill
D F#m Am7 D7
He sounds so blue to fly
G Gm6 D Bm
The midnight train is whining low
D A7 D D
I'm so lonesome I could cry

D F#m Bm D
I've never seen a night so long
D F#m Am7 D7
When time keeps crawling by
G Gm6 D Bm
The moon has gone behind the clouds
D A7 D D
To hide his face and cry

Have you ever seen a robin weep
When leaves have turned to brown
Like me he's lost his will to live
I'm so lonesome I could cry

The silence of a falling star
Lights up a purple haze
And as I wonder where you are
I'm so lonesome I could cry



I'm Movin' On by Hank Snow (1950)

F F
 That big eight-wheeler, rollin' down the track, means your
F F7
 true-lovin' daddy ain't comin' back, I'm movin'
Bb Bb F F
 on, I'll soon be gone. You were
C7 C7 F Gm7(½) C7(½)
 flyin' too high, for my little old sky, so I'm movin' on.

That big loud whistle, as it blew and blew said: "Hello Alabama, we're comin' to you, we're movin' on, oh, hear my song. You had the laugh on me, so I set you free, and I'm movin' on."

Mister fireman, won't you please listen to me, cause I
got a pretty mama in Tennessee, keep movin' me
on, keep rollin' on. So
shovel the coal, let this rattler roll, and keep movin' on.

Mister engineer, take that throttle in hand, this
rattler's the fastest in the southern land, keep movin'
on, keep rollin' on. You're gon-
na ease my mind, put me there on time, and keep rollin' on.

I warned you baby, from time to time, but you just wouldn't listen or pay me no mind, I'm movin' on, I'm rollin' on. You have broken your vow, and it's all over now, so I'm movin' on.

You've switched your engine, now I ain't got time, for a
triflin' woman on my main line, cause I'm movin'
on, you done your daddy wrong. I
warned you twice, now you can settle the price, 'cause I'm movin on.

But someday baby, when you've had your play, you're gonna want your daddy, but your daddy will say, keep movin' on, you stayed away too long. I'm through with you, too bad you're blue, so keep movin' on.

If I Needed You

by Townes Van Zandt (1973)

^C If I needed you, ^C would you, ^C come to me? ^C Would you
^C come to me, ^F for to ease my pain? ^G ^C

If you needed me, I would come to you. I would
swim the seas, for to ease your pain

Well the night's forelorn, and the morning's born. And the
morning shines, with the lights of love

And you'll miss sunrise, if you close your eyes. And
that would break my heart in two.

If I needed you, would you come to me? Would you
come to me, for to ease my pain?

If you needed me, I would come to you. I would
swim the seas, for to ease your pain

solos

Baby's with me now, since I showed her how, to
lay her lilly hand in mine

Who would ill agree? She's a sight to see. A
treasure for the poor to find

If I needed you, would you come to me? Would you
come to me, for to ease my pain?

If you needed me, I would come to you. I would
swim the seas, for to ease your pain

If It Hadn't Been for Love

by Christopher Stapleton and Michael James (2004)

Am *Am* *Am* *Am*
Never woulda hitchhiked to Birmingham... if it hadn't been for love
Am *Am* *F* *F*
Never woulda caught the train to Louisian'... if it hadn't been for love
Am *Am* *F* *F*
Never woulda run through the blindin' rain without one dollar to my name
F *E* *Am* *Am*
if it hadn't been... if it hadn't been for love

Never woulda seen the trouble that I'm in... if it hadn't been for love
Woulda been gone like a wayward wind... if it hadn't been for love
Nobody knows it better than me, I wouldn't be wishing I was free
if it hadn't been... if it hadn't been for love

C *G* *Dm* *C* *C* *G* *Dm* *Am*
Four cold walls against my will, at least I know she's lying still
C *G* *Dm* *C* *C* *G* *Dm* *Am*
Four cold walls without parole, Lord have mercy on my soul

Never woulda gone to that side of town... if it hadn't been for love
Never woulda took a mind to track her down... if it hadn't been for love
Never woulda loaded up a forty-four, put myself behind a jail house door
if it hadn't been... if it hadn't been for love

Never woulda hitch hiked to Birmingham... if it hadn't been for love
Never woulda caught the train to Louisian'... if it hadn't been for love
Never woulda loaded up a forty-four, put myself behind a jail house door

F *E* *Am* *Am*
if it hadn't been... if it hadn't been for love
if it hadn't been... if it hadn't been for love
if it hadn't been... if it hadn't been for love

In the Jailhouse Now

by Jimmie Rodgers (1928)

C C G7 C_(½) G7_(½) C_(½)

C C C C
I had a friend named Ramblin' Bob, who used to steal, gamble and rob
C C7 F F
He thought he was the smartest guy in town
Dm A7 Dm A7
But I found out last Monday. that Bob got locked up Sunday
D7 Am_(¼) D7 G7
They've got him in the jailhouse way downtown.

G7 C C_(½) C7_(½) F F
He's in the jailhouse now. He's in the jailhouse now.
G7 G7 G7 G7
I told him once or twice, to quit playin' cards and shootin' dice
G7 C C F F F F C C C G7 G7 C C
He's in the jailhouse now. (Yodel)

He played a game called poker, pinochle, whist, an euchre;
But shootin' dice was his greatest game
Now he's downtown in jail, nobody to go his bail
The judge done said that he refused a fine.

I went out last Tuesday, met a girl named Susie
I told her I was the swellest man around
We started to spend my money, then she started to call me honey
We took in every cabaret in town.

We're in the jailhouse now; we're in the jailhouse now
I told the judge right to his face, we didn't like to see this place
We're in the jailhouse now. (Yodel)

It Wasn't God Who Made Honky Tonk Angels

by Jay.D. Miller (1952)

D *D*_(¾) *D7*_(¼) *G* *G*
As I sit here tonight the jukebox's playing a
A7 *A7* *D* *D*_(¾) *A7*_(¼)
tune about the wild side of life. As I
D *D*_(¾) *D7*_(¼) *G* *G*
listen to the words you are saying, it brings
A7 *A7* *D*_(½) *Em7*_(½) *D*_(½) *A7*_(¼) *G#dim7*_(¼)
memories when I was a trusting wife. It was n't

D *D*_(¾) *D7*_(¼) *G* *G*
God who made honky tonk angels, as you
A7 *A7* *D* *D*_(½) *A7*_(¼) *G#dim7*_(¼)
wrote in the words of your song. Too many
D *D*_(¾) *D7*_(¼) *G* *G*
times married men think they're still single. That has
A7 *A7* *D*_(½) *Em7*_(½) *D*_(½) *A7*_(¼) *G#dim7*_(¼)
caused many a good girl to go wrong. It's a

D *D*_(¾) *D7*_(¼) *G* *G*
shame that all the blame is on us women. It's not
A7 *A7* *D* *D*_(¾) *A7*_(¼)
true that only you men feel the same. From the
D *D*_(¾) *D7*_(¼) *G* *G*
start most every heart that's ever broken was be
A7 *A7* *D*_(½) *Em7*_(½) *D*_(½) *A7*_(¼) *G#dim7*_(¼)
cause there always was a man to blame. It was n't

Jackson

by Billie Ed Wheeler and Jerry Leiber (1963)

C *C* *C* *C*
We got married in a fever hotter than a pepper sprout
C *C* *C* *C7*
We've been talking 'bout Jackson, ever since the fire went out. I'm goin' to
F *F* *C* *C7*
Jackson, I'm gonna mess around. Yeah I'm goin' to
F *G7* *C* *C*
Jackson, look out Jackson town

Go on down to Jackson, go ahead and wreck your health
Go play your hand, you big talking man, and make a big fool of yourself
Yeah, go to Jackson, go comb your hair
Yeah, I'm gonna snowball Jackson, see if I care

When I breeze into that city, people gonna stoop and bow
all them women gonna make me--teach 'em what they don't know how
aw, I'm going to Jackson, turn a-loose of my coat,
yeah, I'm going to Jackson, goodbye, that's all she wrote

I'm gonna laugh at you in Jackson, and I'll be dancin' on a pony keg
they'll lead ya round town like a scalded hound, with your tail tucked between
your legs
yeah, go to Jackson, you big talking man
and I'll be waiting in Jackson, behind my jaypan(Japan) fan

We got married in a fever, hotter than a pepper sprout
We've been talking 'bout Jackson, ever since the fire went out
I'm going to Jackson, and that's a fact
yeah, I'm going to Jackson, ain't never comin' back

Jambalaya

traditional

^A Goodbye, ^E Joe, me gotta go, me oh my oh.
^E Me gotta go, pole the pirogue down the bayou.
^A My yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh my oh.
^E Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

^A Well jambalaya and a crawfish pie and fillet ^E gumbo
^E Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio.
^A Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be ^E gayo,
^E Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

^A Thibodaux, Fontaineaux, the place is buzzin', ^E
^E Kinfolk come to see Yvonne by the dozen.
^A We dress in style and go hog wild, me oh my oh. ^E
^E Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou. ^A

^A Well jambalaya and a crawfish pie and fillet ^E gumbo
^E Cause tonight i'm gonna see my ma cher amio.
^A We dress in style and go hog wild, me oh my oh. ^E
^E Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou. ^A

Jesus Was a Capricorn

by Kris Kristofferson (1972)

G *G* *C* *G*
Jesus was a Capricorn, he ate organic foods
G *G* *A7* *D7*
He believed in love and peace and never wore no shoes
G *G7* *C* *G*
Long hair beard and sandals and a funky bunch of friends
C *G* *D7* *G*
Reckon they'll just nail him up, if he come down again

C *C* *G* *G*
'Cause everybody's gotta have somebody to look down on
D7 *D7* *C* *G*
Who they can feel better than anytime they please
C *C* *G* *G*
Someone doin' somethin' dirty decent folks can frown on
D7 *D7* *C* *G*
If you can't find nobody else then help yourself to me

G *G* *C* *G*
Egghead's cussin' Redneck's cussin' hippies for their hair
G *G* *A7* *D7*
Others laugh at straights who laugh at freaks who laugh at squares
G *G7* *C* *G*
Some folks hate the Whites, who hate the Blacks who hate the Klan
C *G* *D7* *G*
Most of us hate anything that we don't understand

Jody and the Kid

by Kris Kristoferson (1968)

D *D* *D* *D*
She would meet me in the mornin' on my way down to the river,
D *D* *Em* *A7*
Waiting patient by the China Berry tree;
Em7 *A7* *Em7* *A7*
With her feet already dusty from the pathway to the levee,
Em7 *A7* *D* *D*
And her little blue jeans rolled up to her knees.
D *Dma7* *D6* *Dma7*
I'd pay her no attention as she tagged along beside me,
D *D7* *G6* *G6*
Trying hard to copy ev'rything I did;
Em7 *A7* *Em7* *A7*
But I couldn't keep from smiling when I'd hear somebody saying:
Em7 *A7* *D* *Dma7* *Bm* *D*
"Look a-yonder; there goes Jody and the kid."

Even after we grew older, we could still be seen together,
As we walked along the levee holding hands;
For as surely as the seasons, she was changin' to a woman,
And I'd lived enough to call myself a man.
And she often lay beside me, in the coolness of the evening,
'Til the morning sun was shining on my bed;
And at times, when she was sleeping, I would smile when I'd remember,
How they used to call us "Jody and the kid."

Now, the world's a little older, and the years have changed the river,
'Cos there's houses where they didn't used to be;
And on Sundays I go walking down the pathway to the levee,
With another little girl who follows me.
And it makes the old folks smile to see her tag along beside me,
Doing little things the way her Mamma did.
But it gets a little lonesome, when I hear somebody saying:
"Look yonder; there goes Jody and the kid."

King of the Road

by Roger Miller (1964)

C *F* *G7* *C*
Trailer for sale or rent, rooms to let fifty cents
C *F* *G7* *G7*
No phone, no pool, no pets: I ain't got no cigarettes

C *F* *G7* *C*
Ah, but two hours of pushin' broom buys an eight-by-twelve four-bit room
C7 *F*_(½) *(Fm)*_(½) *G7* *C*
I'm a man of means, by no means: King of the Road

Third boxcar, midnight train, destination...Bangor, Maine.
Old worn out clothes and shoes, I don't pay no union dues,

I smoke old stogies I have found, short, but not too big around
I'm a man of means by no means: King of the Road.

C *F*
I know every engineer on every train
G7 *C*
All of their children, and all of their names
C *F*
And every handout in every town
G *G7*
And every lock that ain't locked when no one's around. I sing,

Trailers for sale or rent, rooms to let, fifty cents
No phone, no pool, no pets, I ain't got no cigarettes

Ah, but, two hours of pushin' broom buys an eight by twelve four-bit room
I'm a man of means by no means: King of the Road.

Kiss the World Good-bye by Kris Kristoferson (1968)

G *C* *D7* *G*
I never had no regrets, boys; Not for nothing I've done.
G *C* *D7* *G*
I owed the devil some debts, boys, and paid them all up but one.
C *G* *D7* *G*
And I don't even regret the living that I'll be leaving behind.
G *C* *D7* *G*_(1/2) *C*_(1/2)
I've gotten weary of searching for something I couldn't find.

G *D7* *D7* *G* *G*_(1/2) *Gdim7*_(1/2)
I'm going down to the shade by the river one more time, and feel the
D7 *D7* *G* *G7*
breeze on my face before I die.
C *C* *G* *G*_(1/2) *Gdim7*_(1/2)
I'm gonna leave whatever's left of my luck to the losers, then bend me
D7 *D7* *G*_(1/2) *C*_(1/2) *G*_(1/2) *D7*_(1/2)
down and kiss the world goodbye.

G *C* *D7* *G*
Come to lucky-in-lovin', I never had no complaints.
G *C* *D7* *G*
They never said I was evil, but then, I wasn't no saint.
C *G* *D7* *G*
I'm just a river that rolled forever and never got to the sea.
G *C* *D7* *G*_(1/2) *C*_(1/2)
I ain't blaming nobody; I had it coming to me.

Last Cheater's Waltz by Sonny Throckmorton (1978)

A A A A
She was going to pieces when he walked in the door
D D D D
She had to see him she can't wait no more
E E E E
Tonight she'll be with him no matter the cost
E E A A
As the band plays the Last Cheater's Waltz

A Amaj7 A6 Amaj7 D D D D/
And oooooooooohh-don't they play lonely
E E9 E E A A A A/
Oooooooooohh-don't they play sad
A Amaj7 A6 Amaj7 D D D D
Oooooooooohh three quarter only
E E
See how he'll hold her
E E A A .
As the band plays The Last Cheater's Waltz

Instrumental

He tells her he loves her as the music plays on
He tells he loves her but someone's at home
The ball game's all over and she knows she's lost
As the band plays The Last Cheater's Waltz

And oooooooooohh-don't they play lonely
Oooooooooohh-don't they play sad
Oooooooooohh three quarter only
See how he holds her
As the band plays The Last Cheater's Waltz

Living in the Promised Land

by David Lynn Jones
(1986)

C G C9 G C C G G
Give us your tired and weak and we will make them strong. Bring us your
D7 D7 G G
foreign songs and we will sing along. Leave us your
C C G G
broken dreams we'll give them time to mend. There's still a
D7 D7 G G
lot of love living in the Promiseland. Living in the the

C C G G
Promiseland our dreams are made of steel. Prayers of
D7 D7 G G
every man is to know how freedom feels. There is a
C C G G
winding road across the shifting sand. And room for
D7 D7 G G
everyone living in the Promiseland

C C
So they came from a distant isle
C C G G G
Nameless woman faithless child like a bad dream
C C
Until there was no room at all.
C C D D7
No place to run and no place to fall. Give use a

C C G G
daily bread we have no shoes to wear. No place to
D7 D7 G G
call our home only this cross to bear. We are the
C C G G
multitudes, lend us a helping hand. Is there no
D7 D7 G G
love anymore, living in the Promiseland? Living in the

D7 G
And room for everyone living in the Promiseland

Lonestar

by Lee Alexander (2002)

$C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C/E_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F C C
Lonestar where are you out tonight
 G E $Am_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Am/G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D7/F\#$
This feeling I'm trying to fight
 G E $Am_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Am/G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D7/F\#$
It's dark and I think that I would give an y thing
 F G C $G7$
For you to shine down on me

$C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C/E_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F C C
How far you are I just don't know
 G E $Am_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Am/G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D7/F\#$
The distance I'm willing to go
 G E $Am_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Am/G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D7/F\#$
I pick up a stone that I cast to the sky
 F G C $G7$
Hoping for some kind of sign

$C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C/E_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F C C
Lonestar where are you out tonight
 G E $Am_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Am/G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D7/F\#$
This feeling I'm trying to fight
 G E $Am_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Am/G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D7/F\#$
It's dark and I think that I would give an y thing
 F G C $G7$
For you to shine down on me

Lookin' for Love

words and music by Wanda Mallette, Patti Ryan,
and Bob Morrison (1980)

Em F#m G A

Gma7 Gam7 D D
Well, I spent a lifetime lookin' for you
G D A A
single bars and good time lovers were never true
Gma7 Gma7 D D
playing a fools game, hopin' to win
G D A(½) A/G(½) A/F#(½) A/E(½)
And tellin' those sweet lies and losin' again I was

D D F#m F#m
Lookin' for love in all the wrong places, lookin' for love in too many faces
G G Em(½) F#m(½) G(½) A(½)
Searchin' her eyes, and lookin' for traces of what I'm dreamin of
D D F#m F#m
Hoping to find a friend and a lover, I'll bless the day I discover,
G Em(½) A(½) D D
another heart, lookin' for love

I was alone then, no love in site
I did every thing I could to get me through the night
Don't know where it started or where it might end
I turned to a stranger just like a friend

G G
Then you came a knockin' on my heart's door
Em(½) F#m(½) G(½) A
you're every thing I've been lookin' for

D D F#m F#m
lookin for love in all the wrong places, lookin' for love in too many faces
G G Em(½) F#m(½) G(½) A(½)
searchin her eyes, and lookin' for traces of what I'm dreamin of
D D F#m F#m
Hoping to find a friend and a lover, I'll bless the day I discover,
G Em(½) A(½) D D
another heart, lookin' for love

Louise

by Paul Siebel (1970)

E *E* *F#7* *F#7*
They all said Louise was not half bad
A *B* *E* *E*
It was written on the walls and window shades
E *E* *F#7* *F#7*
And how she'd act the little girl
A *B* *E* *E*
A deceiver, don't believe her, that's her trade
A *B* *E* *E*
Sometimes a bottle of perfume
A *B* *E* *E*
Flowers and maybe some lace
A *B* *C#m* *C#m*
Men brought Louise 10 cent trinkets
F# *F#* *B* *B*
The intentions were easily traced
E *E* *F#7* *F#7*
And everybody knew at times she cried
A *B* *E* *E*
But woman like Louise well they get by

E *E* *F#7* *F#7*
Ah, and everybody thought it kinda sad
A *B* *E* *E*
When they found Louise in her room
E *E* *F#7* *F#7*
They'd all put her down below their kind
A *B* *E* *E*
Still some cried when she died this afternoon
A *B* *E* *E*
Louise rode home on the mail train
A *B* *E* *E*
Somewhere to the south I heard 'em say
A *B* *C#m* *C#m*
Too bad it ended up so ugly
F# *F#* *B* *B*
Too bad she had to go this way
E *E* *F#7* *F#7*
But the wind is blowin' cold tonight
A *B* *E* *E*
Good night Louise good night

Low Spark of High-Heeled Boys

by Steve

Winwood and Jim Capaldi (1971)

Dm7 If you see something that looks like a star and it's shooting up out of the ground. And your
Dm7 head is spinning *Em7/D* from a loud guitar *Dm7* and you just can't escape from the sound. *Em7/D* Don't
Dm7 worry too much, it'll happen to you; we were children once, *Em7/D* playing with toys. *Dm7* And the
D thing that you're hearing is only the sound of the low spark of high-heeled boys *G(1/2)* *G(1/2)* *F* *F*
D7 *G(1/2)* *D7(1/2)* *D7* *G(1/2)* *D7(1/2)* boys

D7 The percentage you're paying is too high-priced *G(1/2)* *D7(1/2)*
D7 While you're living beyond all your means *G(1/2)* *D7(1/2)*
D7 And the man in the suit has just bought a new car *G(1/2)* *D7(1/2)*
F/C(1/4) *C(3/4)* *G* From the profit he's made on your dreams
F/C(1/4) *C(3/4)* *G(1/4)* *C(1/4)* *G(1/2)* But today you just read that the man was shot dead by a
F/C(1/4) *C(3/4)* *G(1/4)* *C(1/4)* *G(1/2)* gun that didn't make any noise But it
G *A* *F/C(1/4)* *C(3/4)* *C(1/2)* *G(1/2)* *F* wasn't the bullet that laid him to rest, , was the low spark of high-heeled boys
F *Dm7* *Em7/D* *Dm7* *Em7/D* high heeled boys

If you had just a minute to breathe and they granted you one final wish
 Would you ask for something like another chance or something similar as this
 Don't worry too much, it'll happen to you, as sure as your sorrows or joys
 And the thing that disturbs you is only the sound Of the low spark of high-heeled boys
 High-heeled boys

If I gave you everything that I owned and asked for nothing in return
 Would you do the same for me as I would for you or take me for a ride
 And strip me of everything, including my pride but spirit is something that no one destroys
 And the sound that I'm hearing is only the sound of the low spark of high-heeled boys
 Heeled boys

Lucille

by Roger Bowling and Hal Bynum (1976)

A A A A
In a bar in Toledo across from the depot on a
A A E7 E7
barstool she took off her ring
Bm E7 Bm E7
I thought i'd get closer so I walked on over I
Bm E7 A E7
sat down and asked her name
A A A A
When the drinks finally hit her she said I'm no quitter
A7 A7 D D
but I finally quit livin on dreams
E7 E7 E7 E7
I'm hungry for laughter and here ever after I'm
E7 E7 E7 A
after whatever the other life brings

In the mirror I saw him and I closely watched him I
thought how he looked out of place
He came to the woman who sat there beside me he
had a strange look on his face
The big hands were calloused he looked like a mountain
for a minute I thought I was dead
But he started shaking his big heart was breaking
he turned to the woman and said

A A D D
You picked a fine time to leave me Lucille
D D D A
with four hungry children and a crop in the field
D D D D
I've had some bad times lived through some sad times but
D D A A
this time your hurting won't heal
E7 E7 A A
you picked a fine time to leave me Lucille.

After he left us I ordered more whisky I thought how she'd made him look small
From the lights of the bar room to a rented hotel room we walked without talking at all
She was a beauty but when she came to me she must have thought I'd lost my mind
I could'nt hold her 'cos the words that told her kept coming back time after time

Lyin' Eyes

by Don Henley and Glenn Frey (1975)

G *Gmaj7* *C* *C*
City girls just seem to find out early,
Am *Am* *D* *D*
how to open doors with just a smile.
G *Gmaj7* *C* *C*
A rich old man and she won't have to worry;
Am *C* *G* *G*
she'll dress up all in lace and go in style.

Late at night a big old house gets lonely;
I guess every form of refuge has its price.
And it breaks her heart to think her love is only
Given to a man with hands as cold as ice.
 So she tells him she must go out for the evening
 To comfort an old friend who's feeling down.
 But he knows where she's goin' as she's leavin';
 She's headed for that cheatin' side of town.

G *C/G* *G* *G*
You can't hide your lyin' eyes,
Em *Bm* *Am* *D*
and your smile is a thin disguise.
G *G9* *C* *A*
I thought by now you'd realize
Am *D* *G* *Gma7* *Am* *D7* *G* *G*
there ain't no way to hide those lying eyes... ...Honey you can't hide your lyin' eyes

On the other side of town a boy is waiting
with stormy eyes and dreams no-one could steal
She drives on through the night anticipating
Cos she makes him feel the way she used to feel
 She rushes to his arms they fall together
 She whispers that it's only for a while
 She says that soon she'll be coming back forever
 She pulls away and leaves him with a smile

 She gets up and pours herself a strong one
 And stares out at the stars up in the sky.
 Another night, it's gonna be a long one;
 She draws the shade and hangs her head to cry.
 And she wonders how it ever got this crazy
 She thinks about a boy she knew in school
 Did she get tired or did she just get lazy
 She's so far gone, she feels just like a fool
 My, oh my, you sure know how to arrange things;
 You set it up so well, so carefully.
 Ain't it funny how your new life didn't change things?
 You're still the same old girl you used to be.

Make the World Go Away

by Hank Cochran (1963)

C *G7*
Do you remember when you loved me
G7 *C*
before the world took me astray?
C *F*
If you do then forgive me
G7 *C*
And make the world go away.

C *F*
Make the world go away,
G7 *C*
and get it off my shoulders
C *F*
Say the things you used to say,
G7 *C*
and make the world go away

C *G7*
I'm sorry if I hurt you
G7 *C*
I'll make it up – day by day
C *F*
Just say you love me like you used to
G7 *C*
And make the world go away .

Mammas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to Be Cowboys

written by Ed and Patsy Bruce (1978)

D *D* *D* *D* *G* *G* *G* *G*
Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to hold
A *A* *A* *A* *D* *D* *D* *D*
They'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold
D *D* *D* *D* *G* *G* *G* *G*
Lonestar belt buckles and old faded Levi's and each night begins a new day
A *A* *A* *A*
If you don't understand him and he don't die young
A7 *A7* *D* *D*
He'll probably just ride away

D *D* *D* *D* *G* *G* *G* *G*
Mammas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
A7 *A7* *A7* *A7*
Don't let them pick guitars and drive them old trucks
A *A* *A* *D* *D*
Let them be doctors and lawyers and such
D *D* *D* *D* *G* *G* *G* *G*
Mammas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
A *A* *A* *A* *A*
They'll never stay home and they're always alone
A7 *A7* *D* *D*
Even with someone they love

Cowboys like smoky ol' pool rooms and clear mountain mornings
Little warm puppies and children and girls of the night
Them that don't know him won't like him and them that do
sometimes won't know how to take him
He ain't wrong, he's just different but his pride won't let him
Do the things that make you think he's right

Me and Bobby McGee

by Kris Kristofferson and Fred Foster
(1969)

G G G G
Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waitin' for the train
G G D7 D7
Feelin' nearly faded as my jeans
D7 D7 D7 D7
Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained
D7 D7 G G
Took us all the way to New Orleans

G G G G
I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana
G G7 C C
And was blowing sad while Bobby sang the blues
C C G G
With those windshield wipers slappin' time and Bobby clapping hands
D7 D7 D7 D7
We finally sang up every song that driver knew

C C G G
Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose
D7 D7 G G
Nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free
C C G G
Feelin' good was easy, lord, oh, when Bobby sang the blues
D7 D7 D7 D7
Feelin' good was good enough for me
D7 D7 G G
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee

From the Kentucky coal mines to the California sun
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul
Standin' right beside me, Lord, through everything we done,
And every night he kept me from the cold.

Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let him slip away,
He's looking for that home and I hope he finds it
Now, I'd trade all my tomorrows for a single yesterday,
Holdin' Bobby's body next to mine.

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose,
Nothin' that's all that Bobby left me
Feelin' good was easy Lord, when Bobby sang the blues.
Feelin' good was good enough for me...
good enough for me and Bobby McGee.
La la la

Midnight Rider by Gregory L. Allman and Robert Kim Payne (1970)

I got to run to keep from hiding
And I'm bound to keep on riding
And I've got one more silver dollar

Dropped D tuning

But I'm not gonna let them catch me, no
Not gonna let them catch the midnight rider

I don't own the clothes I'm wearing
And the road goes on forever
And I've got one more silver dollar

But I'm not gonna let them catch me, no
Not gonna let them catch the midnight rider

D Am7 Gm7 Am7 Gm7 Am7 Gm Gm7 Gm7addE Gm7 D

I've gone past the point of caring
Some old bed I'll soon be sharing
And I've got one more silver dollar

But I'm not gonna let them catch me, no
Not gonna let them catch the midnight rider

No I'm not gonna let them catch me, no
Not gonna let them catch the midnight rider

RIFF: (play riff throughout while strumming D)



Mississippi You're on My Mind

by Jessie Winchester
(1974)

E *E* *A* *E*
I think I see, a wagon-rutted road
 E *E* *B* *B*
With the weeds growing tall between the tracks
E *E* *A* *E*
And along one side, runs a rusty barbed wire fence
 E *B* *E* *E*
And beyond that sits an old tar paper shack

A *A* *E* *E*_(½) *A*_(½)
Mississippi you're on my mind, Mississippi you're on my mind. Oh
E *A* *E* *E*
Oh, Mississippi you're on my mind

I think I hear, a noisy old John Deere
in a field specked with dirty cotton lint
And below the field, runs a little shady creek
and there you'll find the cool green leaves of mint

I think I smell, the honeysuckle vine
The heavy sweetness like to make me sick
And the dogs, my God, they're hungry all the time
And the snakes are sleeping where the weeds are thick

I think I feel, an angry oven heat,
the southern sun just blazes in the sky,
in the dusty weeds an old fat grasshopper jumps.
I want to make it to that creek before I fry

Mockingbird Hill

by Vaughn Houton (1949)

When the sun in the morning peeps over the hill
And kisses the roses 'round my window sill
Then my heart fills with gladness when I hear the trill
Of the birds in the treetops on Mockingbird Hill

Tra la la, tweedle dee dee dee it gives me a thrill
To wake up in the morning to the mockingbird's trill
Tra la la tweedle dee dee dee there's peace and good will
You're welcome as the flowers on Mockingbird Hill

Got a three-cornered plow and an acre to till
And a mule that I bought for a ten-dollar bill
There's a tumble-down shack and a rusty old mill
But it's my Home Sweet Home up on Mockingbird Hill

When it's late in the evening I climb up the hill
And survey all my kingdom while everything's still
Only me and the sky and an old whippoorwill
Singin' songs in the twilight on Mockingbird Hill

My Adobe Hacienda

by Louise Massey and Lee Penny (1941)

C C G7 G7 G7 G7 C C
In my adobe hacienda there's a touch of Mexico
C C G7 G7 G7 G7 C C
Cactus lovelier than orchids blooming in the patio
C C F F
Soft desert stars the strum of guitars
D7 D7 G7 G7
Make every evening seem so sweet
C C G7 G7 G7 G7 C C
In my adobe hacienda life and love are more complete

C C G7 G7 G7 G7 C C
In my adobe hacienda nested in the western hills
C C G7 G7 G7 G7 C C
Evening breezes softly murmur harmonize with whippoorwills
C C F F
When setting sun says the long day is done
D7 D7 G7 G7
Sweet music starts to fill the air
C C G7 G7 G7 G7 C C
In my adobe hacienda harmony is everywhere

G7 G7 C C
Life and love are more complete

My Heroes Have Always Been Cowboys

by Sharon Vaughn (1976)

D *D* *D* *D*
I grew up a-dreamin' of bein' a cowboy

G *G* *D* *D*
Lovin' the cowboy ways

D *D* *D* *D*
Pursuin' the life of my high-ridin' heroes

E *E7* *A7* *A7*
I burned up my childhood days

D *D* *D* *D*
I learned all the tricks of the modern-day drifter

G *G* *D* *D*
Don't you hold onto nothin' too long

G *G* *D* *G*
Just take what you need from the ladies then leave them

D *A7* *D* *D7*
The words of a sad country song

G *G* *D* *D*
My heroes have always been cowboys

E *E7* *A7* *A7*
And they still are, it seems

G *G* *D* *G*
Sadly in search of, but one step in back of

D *A7* *D* *D*
Themselves and their slow-movin' dreams

Cowboys are special with their own brand of misery
From bein' alone too long
You could die from the cold in the arms of a nightmare
Knowin' well your best days are gone

Pickin' up hookers instead of my pen
I let the words of my years fade away
Old worn-out saddles, old worn-out memories
With no one and no place to stay

Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia by

Bobby Russell (1972)

Am G Am D
He was on his way home from Candletop, Been two weeks gone and he thought he stop
Am E7 Am Am
at Web's and have him a drink 'for he went home to her
Am G Am D
Andy Wo-Lo said hello ,he said 'Hi, what's a doing', Wo said
Am E7 Am Am
sit down, I got some bad news that's gonna hurt.

Said I'm you best friend and you **know** that's right, But **your** young bride ain't **home** tonight
Since you've been gone she's been **seeing** that Amos boy, **Seth**
He got mad and **he** saw red, and **Andy** said, Boy, don't you **lose** your head
Cause to **tell** you the truth, I've been with her **myself**

F#m B7 E C#m
That's the night that the lights went out in Georgia
F#m B7 E C#m
That's the night that they hung an innocent man
F#m B7 E C#m
Don't trust your soul to no backwoods Southern lawyer
F#m B7 Em Em
Cause the judge in the town's got bloodstains on his hands

Andy got scared and he **left** the bar, **Walking** on home cause he **didn't** live far
See, **Andy** didn't have many **friends** and he just lost him **one**
Brother thought his **wife** must've left town, So **he** went home and **finally** found a
Metal no answer man, made **in** the form of a **gun**

He went off to **Andy's** house, **Slipping** through the **woods** as quiet as a mouse
Come upon some tracks too **small** for Andy to **make**
He **looked** through the screen at **the** back porch door
He saw Andy **lying** on the floor, In a **puddle** of blood, **and** he started to **shake**.

F#m7 B7 E C#m
The Georgia Patrol was making their rounds so he fired a shot just to flag them down
Fm#7 B7 E E
A big bellied sheriff grabbed his gun and said, "Why'd you do it?" Well the
Am G Am D
judge said "guilty" in a make-believe trial. Slapped the sheriff on the back with a smile,
Am G Am Am
said "supper's waitin' at home and' I gotta get to it

They **hung** my brother **before** I could say the **tracks** he saw while **on** this way
to **Andy's** house and **back** that night were **mine**
And his **cheatin'** wife had **never** left town, **That's** one body that'll **never** be found
You see, **little** sister don't **miss** when she aims her **gun**

Nine Pound Hammer traditional

^G ^G
Roll on buddy
^G ^C
Don't you roll so slow
^{C7} ^G
Well, tell me how can I roll, roll,
^D ^G
roll ! When the wheels won't go

^G ^G
This nine pound hammer
^G ^C
Is a little too heavy
^{C7} ^G
Buddy for my size
^D ^G
Buddy for my size

So I'm going on the mountain
Just to see my baby
And I ain't coming back
No, I ain't coming back

Roll on buddy
Pull your load of coal
Tell me how can I pull
When the wheels won't roll

It's a long way to Harlan
It's a long way to Hazard
Just to get a little brew, brew, brew
Just to get a little brew

And when I die
You can make my tombstone
Out of number nine coal
Out of number nine coal

Well, tell me how can I roll, roll, roll
When the wheels won't go
Well, tell me how can I roll, roll, roll
When the wheels won't go

Oh Lonesome Me

by Don Gibson (1958)

C C $G7$ $G7$
Everybody's going out and having fun
 $G7$ $G7$ C C
I'm just a fool for staying home and having none
 C $C7$ F F
I can't get over how she set me free
 $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Gdim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G7$ C C
Oh lonesome me

C C $G7$ $G7$
A bad mistake I'm making by just hanging round
 $G7$ $G7$ C C
I know that I should have some fun and paint the town
 C $C7$ F F
A lovesick fool is blind and just can't see
 $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Gdim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G7$ C C
Oh lonesome me

G G $D7$ $D7$
I'll bet she's not like me she's out and fancy free
 $D7$ $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D7sus4_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ G G
She's flirtin' with the boys with all her charms
 G G $D7$ $D7$
But I still love her so and brother don't you know
 $D7$ $D7$ G $G7$
I'd welcome her right back here in my arms

C C $G7$ $G7$
Well there must be some way I can lose these lonesome blues
 $G7$ $G7$ C C
Forget about the past and find somebody new
 C $C7$ F $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $E_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $F\#_{(\frac{1}{4})}$
I've thought of everything from A to Z
 $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Gdim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G7$ C $C_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $E_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $F\#_{(\frac{1}{4})}$
Oh lonesome me
 $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Gdim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G7$ C $C6$
Oh lonesome me

Old Dogs, Children, and Watermelon Wine

by Tom T. Hall (1972)

G - D - A - Bm - G - A - D

spoken

D

D7

G

Em

"How old do you think I am?" he said, I said, well, I didn't know.

A

A7

G(½)

A(½)

D

He said; "I turned 65 about 11 months ago."

D

D7

G

Em

I was sitting in Miami pouring blended whiskey down,

G

D

A

D

D

when this old, grey, black gentleman was cleaning up the lounge.

D

D7

G

Em

There wasn't any one around 'cept this old man and me,

A

A7

G(½)

A(½)

D

the guy who ran bar was watching Ironsides on t v.

D

D7

G

Em

Uninvited he sat down and opened up his mind,

G

D

A

D

D

on old dogs and children and watermelon wine.

"Ever had a drink of watermelon wine?" he asked.

He told me all about it, though I didn't answer back.

"Ain't but three things in this world that's worth a solitary dime,
but old dogs and children and watermelon wine."

He said; "women think about themselves when their men-folk aren't around,
and friends are hard to find when they discover that you're down."

He said; "I tried it all, when I was young and in my natural prime,
now it's old dogs and children and watermelon wine."

"Old dogs care about you even when you make mistakes,

God bless little children while they're still too young to hate."

When he moved away I found my pen and copied down that line
'bout old dogs and children and watermelon wine.

I had to catch a plane up to Atlanta the next day,
as I left for my room I saw him picking up my change.

That night I dreamed in peaceful sleep of shady summer times,
of old dogs and children and watermelon wine.

On the Road Again

by Willie Nelson (1980)

^E On the road again, ^E just can't wait to get on the road again ^{G#7}
^{G#7} The life I love is makin' music with my friends ^{F#m}
^{A(½)} And I just can't wait to get on the road again ^{B7(½)} ^E

^E On the road again, ^E goin' places that I've never been ^{G#7}
^{G#7} Seein' things that I may never see again, ^{F#m}
^{A(½)} and I just can't wait to get on the road again. ^{B7(½)} ^E

^A On the road again, like a band of gypsies we go down the highway ^A ^E
^A We're the best of friends, insisting that the world be turnin' our way ^E
^{B7} And our way, is on the

^E On the road again, ^E just can't wait to get on the road again ^{G#7}
^{G#7} The life I love is makin' music with my friends ^{F#m}
^{A(½)} And I just can't wait to get on the road again ^{B7(½)} ^E

Pain of Loving You

by Dolly Parton and Porter Wagoner (1971)

B $B_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bsus4_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ B
Oh, the pain of loving you
 $F\#$ $F\#$ B B
Oh, the misery I go through
 B $B_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ B B
Never know ing what to do
 B $B_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $F\#_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ B B
Oh, the pain of loving you

B $B_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $F\#_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ B B
You just can't stand to see me happy
 $F\#$ $F\#$ B B
Seems you hurt me all you can
 B $B_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ B B
Still I go on loving you
 B $B_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $F\#_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ B B
But I ne ver under stand

B $B_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bsus4_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ B
Oh, the pain of loving you
 $F\#$ $F\#$ B B
Oh, the misery I go through
 B $B_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ B B
Never know ing what to do
 B $B_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $F\#_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ B B
Oh, the pain of loving you

B $B_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $F\#_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ B B
To love and hate at the same time
 B $B_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $F\#_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ B B
The line between the two is fine
 B $B_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ B B
The two have bound my heart and soul
 B $B_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $F\#_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ B B
So strong that I can't let you go

Peaceful Easy Feeling

by the Jack Tempchin (1972)

E *A* *E* *A*
I like the way your sparklin' earrings lay
E *A* *B* *B7*
Against your skin so brown.
E *A* *E* *A*
And I want to sleep with you in the desert tonight
E *A* *B* *B7*
With a billion stars all around.

A *A* *E* *E*
'Cause I got a peaceful, easy feeling
A *A* *B* *B7*
And I know you won't let me down
E *F#m7* *A* *B7*
'cause I'm already standing on the
E *E* *E* *E*
ground.

I found out a long time ago
What a woman can do to your soul.
Ah, but she can't take you any way
You don't already know how to go.

I got this feeling I may know you
As a lover and a friend.
But this voice keeps whispering in my other ear
Tells me I may never see you again

Release Me

words and music by Eddie Miller and W. S. Stevenson (1954)

$G_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $Gdim7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $Am7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Am7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ C C
Please re lease me let me go
 $D7_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $Am_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $D7$ $G7$ $D7$
for I don't love you anymore
 $G_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $Gdim7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $Am7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Am7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ C $C_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $Gdim7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$
To waste our lives would be a sin Re
 $G_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $D7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $D7$ G G
lease me and let me love again

I have found a new love dear
And I will always want her near
Her lips are warm while yours are cold
Release me my darling let me go

Please release me can't you see
You'd be a fool to cling to me?
To live a lie would bring us pain
So release me and let me love again
So release me and let me love again

Return of the Grievous Angel

by Gram Parsons
(1974)

Won't you scratch my itch sweet Annie Rich and welcome me back to town
Come out on your porch or I'll step into your parlour and I'll tell you how it all went down
Out with the truckers and the kickers and the cowboy angels
And a good saloon in every single town

And I remember something that you once told me
And I'll be damned if it did not come true
Twenty thousand roads that I went down, down, down
And they all lead me straight back home to you

Cause I headed West to grow up with the country
Across those prairies with those waves of grain
And I saw my devil, and I saw my deep blue sea
And I thought about a calico bonnet from Cheyenne to Tennessee

We flew straight across that river bridge last night half past two
The switchman waved his lantern goodbye and good day as we went rolling through
Billboards and truckstops pass by the grievous angel
and now I know just what I have to do

And the man on the radio won't leave me alone
He wants to take my money for something I've never been shown
And I saw my devil, and I saw my deep blue sea
And I thought about a calico bonnet from Cheyenne to Tennessee

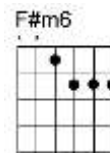
The news I could bring I met up with the king on his head an amphetamine crown
He talked about unbuckling that old bible belt and headed out for some desert town
Out with the truckers and the kickers and the cowboy angels
And a good saloon in every single town

And I remember something that you once told me
And I'll be damned if it did not come true
Twenty thousand roads that I went down, down, down
And they all lead me straight back home to you
Twenty thousand roads that I went down, down, down
And they all lead me straight back home to you

Rhinestone Cowboy by Larry Weiss (1974)

I've been walking these streets so long
 Singing the same old song
 I know every crack in the dirty sidewalks of Broadway
 Where hustle is the name of the game
 And nice guys get washed away like the snow and the rain

There's been a load of compromising
 On the road to my horizon
 And I'm gonna be where the lights are shining on me



Like a rhinestone cowboy
 Riding out on a horse in a star spangled rodeo.....o
 Like a rhinestone cowboy
 Getting cards and letters from people I don't even know
 And offers coming over the phone

I really don't mind the rain
 And smiles can hide all the pain
 Your down while taking the train that's taking you to the long way
 I dream of things I'll do
 With a subway token and a dollar tucked in my shoe

Rocky Top

by Felice and Boudleaux Bryant (1968)

Bm *A* *C* *G*
Rocky Top you'll always be home sweet home to me
G *D* *D*_(½) *C*_(½) *D* *D*_(½) *C*_(½) *D*
Good ole Rocky Top, Rocky Top Tennessee, Rocky Top Tennessee

D *G*_(½) *D*_(½) *Bm*_(½) *A7*_(½) *D*
Wish that I was on ole Rocky Top down in the Tennessee hills
D *G*_(½) *D*_(½) *Bm*_(½) *A7*_(½) *D*
Ain't no smoggy smoke on Rocky Top ain't no telephone bills
D *G*_(½) *D*_(½) *Bm*_(½) *A7*_(½) *D*
Once I had a girl on Rocky Top half bear other half cat
D *G*_(½) *D*_(½) *Bm*_(½) *A7*_(½) *D*
Wild as a mink but sweet as soda pop I still dream about that

Bm *A* *C* *G*
Rocky Top you'll always be home sweet home to me
G *D* *D*_(½) *C*_(½) *D* *D*_(½) *C*_(½) *D*
Good ole Rocky Top, Rocky Top Tennessee, Rocky Top Tennessee

Once two strangers climbed ole Rocky Top looking for a moonshine still
Strangers ain't come down from Rocky Top reckon they never will
Corn don't grow at all on Rocky Top ground's too rocky by far
That's why all the folks on Rocky Top drink their corn from a jar

Rocky Top you'll always be home sweet home to me
Good ole Rocky Top, Rocky Top Tennessee, Rocky Top Tennessee

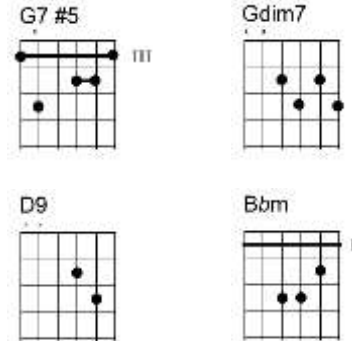
I've had years of cramped up city life trapped like a duck in a pen
All I know is it's a pity life can't be simple again

Rocky Top you'll always be home sweet home to me
Good ole Rocky Top, Rocky Top Tennessee, Rocky Top Tennessee

San Antonio Rose

by Bob Wills (Bob Willis and the Texas Playboys) (1938)

C C7 F D7
 Deep within my heart lies a melody,
G7 G7 (G+) C C
 A song of old San Antonio.
C C7 F D7
 Where in dreams I live with a memory,
G G C C
 Beneath the stars all alone.



C C7 F D7
 It was there I found beside the Alamo
G7 G7 (G+) C C
 Enchantment strange as the blue up above.
C C7 F D7
 A moonlit pass only she would know,
G7 G7 C C
 Still hears my broken song of love.

G (Gdim) D7(1/2) G(1/2) D7(1/2) Bbm(1/2) D9
 Moon in all your splendor, know only my heart
D (Bbm) D9 G G
 Call back my Rose, Rose of San Antonio.
G (Gdim) (G) D7(1/2) G(1/2) D D9
 Lips so sweet and tender, like petals falling apart.
D (Bbm) D9 G G7
 Speak once again of my love, my own.

C C7 F D7
 Broken song, empty words I know
G7 G7 (G+) C C
 still live in my heart all alone
C C7 F D7
 For that moonlit pass by the Alamo,
G7 G7 C C
 and Rose, my Rose of San Antonio.

Save the Last Dance for Me

by Doc Pomus and Morth Shuman (1960)

D *D* *D* *A7* *A7*
You can dance every dance with the guy who gave you the eye let him hold you tight
A7 *A7* *A7* *D*
You can smile every smile for the guy who holds your hand 'neath the pale moonlight
*D*_(½) *A7*_(¼) *D7*_(¼) *G* *G* *D*
But don't for get who's taking you home and in his arms you're gonna be
D *A7* *A7* *D* *D*
So darling save the last dance for me

Yes I know that the *music's* fine, like sparkling wine; go and *have* your fun
Dance and sing but while *we're* apart, don't *give* your heart to *any* one
And don't forget who's taking you home and in his arms you're gonna be
Oh darling save the last dance for me

N.C. *A7* *A7* *D*
Baby, don't you know I love you so? Can't you feel it when we touch?
N.C. *A7* *A7* *D* *D*
I will never never let you go. I love you, oh, so much.

You can *dance*, go and *carry* on till the *night* is gone and it's *time* to go
If he asks if you're *all* alone, can he *take* you home, you must *tell* him no.
Cause don't forget who's taking you home, and in whose arms you're gonna be
Oh darling save the last dance for me

Seven Spanish Angels by Eddie Setser and Troy Seals

(1984)

F
 He looked down into her brown eyes, and said "say a prayer for me."
 $C7sus2$ $C7(\frac{1}{2})$
 She threw her arms around him, whispered "God will keep us
 F F $F7(\frac{1}{2})$ $Bb(\frac{1}{2})$
 free." They could hear the riders comin', he said "this is my last fight, if they
 $Bb(\frac{1}{2})$ $F(\frac{1}{2})$ $C7(\frac{1}{2})$ F
 take me back to Texas, they won't take me back alive." There were

 F $F(\frac{1}{2})$ $C7$ $C7$
 seven Spanish angels, at the altar of the sun. They were prayin' for the lovers, in the
 $C7(\frac{1}{2})$ F F
 valley of the gun. When the battle stopped and the smoke cleared, there was
 $F7(\frac{1}{2})$ Bb $Bb(\frac{1}{2})$ $F(\frac{1}{2})$ $C7(\frac{1}{2})$ F F
 thunder from the throne, and seven Spanish angels took another angel home.
modulate after second time through on chorus $F(\frac{1}{2})$ $C\#7(\frac{1}{2})$

 F $F(\frac{1}{2})$ $C7(\frac{1}{2})$
 She reached down and picked the gun up, that lay smok in' in his hand.
 $C7$ $C7(\frac{1}{2})$ F
 She said, "Father, please for give me I can't make it without my man." And she
 F $F7(\frac{1}{2})$ $Bb(\frac{1}{2})$
 knew the gun was empty, and she knew she couldn't win, but her
 $Bb(\frac{1}{2})$ $F(\frac{1}{2})$ $C7(\frac{1}{2})$ F
 final prayer was answered when the rifles fired again. There were

 $F\#$ $F\#7(\frac{1}{2})$ $C\#7$ $C\#7$
 seven Spanish angels, at the altar of the sun. They were prayin' for the lovers in the
 $C\#7(\frac{1}{2})$ $F\#$ $F\#$
 valley of the gun. When the battle stopped and the smoke cleared, there was
 $F\#7(\frac{1}{2})$ B $B(\frac{1}{2})$ $F\#(\frac{1}{2})$ $C\#7(\frac{1}{2})$ $F\#$
 thunder from the throne, and seven Spanish angels took another angel home.
 $F\#$
 When the battle stopped and the smoke cleared, there was
 $F\#7(\frac{1}{2})$ B $B(\frac{1}{2})$ $F\#(\frac{1}{2})$ $C\#7(\frac{1}{2})$ B $F\#$
 thunder from the throne, and seven Spanish angels took another angel home

"Now the people in the valley swear/ That when the moon's just right/ They see the Texan and his woman/ Ride across the clouds at night",

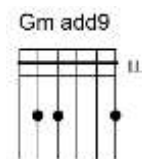
Sham-a Ling-Dong-Ding by Jesse Winchester (2007)

*D*_(1/2) *D/C#*_(1/2) *Bm7* *Em7* *Em7*_(1/2) *Em7*_(1/2)(E F# G)
 The boys were singing shing-a-ling , the summer night we met
A7 *A7* *D* *Em7*_(1/2) *A7*_(1/2) (E F# G)
 You were tan and seventeen, oh how could I forget
*D*_(1/2) *D/C#*_(1/2) *Bm7* *Em7* *Em7*_(1/2) *Em7*_(1/2) (E F# G)
 When every star from near and far was watching from above
A7 *A7* *D*_(1/2) *D/F#*_(1/2) *Em7*_(1/2) *A7*_(1/2)(A B C#)
 Watching two teenagers fall in love

The way we danced was not a dance but more a long embrace
 We held on to each other and we floated there in space
 And I was shy to kiss you while the whole wide world could see
A7 *A7* *D* *D*
 So shing-a-ling said everything for me

Em7 *A7* *D* *D*
 And oh the poor old old folks they thought we'd lost our minds
Bm7 *F#m7* *Em7* *A7sus4*_(1/2) *A7sus9*_(1/2)
 They could not make heads or tails of the young folks' funny rhymes
*D*_(1/2) *D/C#*_(1/2) *Bm7* *Em7* *Gm/Dadd9*
 But you and I knew all the words, and we always sang along to
*D*_(1/2) *D/C#*_(1/2) *Bm7* *Em7* *Em7*_(1/2) *A7*_(1/2)
 Oh sham-a-ling-dong- ding sham-a-ling- dang-
*D*_(1/2) *D/C#*_(1/2) *Bm7* *Em7* *Em7*_(1/2) *A7*_(1/2)
 dong

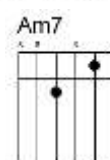
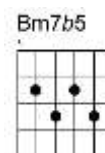
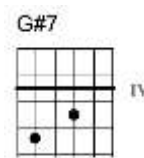
So after years and after tears and after summers past
 The old folks tried to warn us how our love would never last
 And all we'd get was soaking wet from walking in the rain
 And singing sham-a-shing-a-ling again



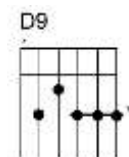
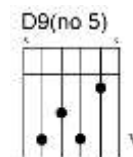
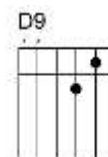
And oh the poor old old folks they smile and walk away
 But I bet they did some sham-a-lama-ding-dong in their day
*D*_(1/2) *D/C#*_(1/2) *Bm7* *Em7* *Gm/Dadd9*
 I bet that they still close their eyes and I bet they sing along to
*D*_(1/2) *D/C#*_(1/2) *Bm7* *Em7* *Em7*_(1/2) *A7*_(1/2) *D*
 Oh sham-a-ling-dong- ding sham-a-ling- dang-dong

She's No Lady by Lyle Lovett (1987)

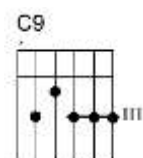
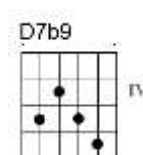
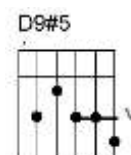
G7 *Bm7b6* *Am7* *D7#9*
 She hates my mamma, she hates my daddy too.
G7 *Bm7b6* *Am7* *D7#9*
 She loves to tell me, she hates the things I do.
G7 *G7(½)* *Bm7b6(½)* *Bbm7* *Am7*
 She loves to lie beside me, almost every night.
G7 *G#7* *G* *D7#9*
 She's no lady, she's my wife.



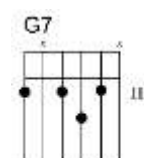
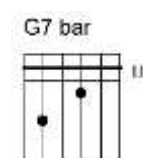
G7 *Bm7b6* *Am7* *D7#*
 The preacher asked her, and she said, "I do."
G7 *Bm7b6* *Am7* *D7#*
 The preacher asked me, she says, "He does too!"
G7 *G7(½)* *Bm7b6(½)* *Bbm7* *Am7*
 The preacher says, "I pronounce you ninety nine to life!"
G7 *G#7* *G* *D7#9*
 Man, she's no lady she's your wife!"



C9 *C9* *C9* *C9*
 I can't remember how I met her,
G7 *G#7* *G7* *G7*
 Seems, she's always been hangin' here off my right arm,
C9 *C9* *C9* *C9*
 I can't remember how I ever,
Am7 *Bbm7* *Am7* *D7#9*
 Thought that I just couldn't live without a woman's charm.



G7 *Bm7b6* *Am7* *D7#*
 Now, even though she likes the smell of that French perfume,
G7 *Bm7b6* *Am7* *D7#*
 And even though she walks around in them high-heeled shoes,
G7 *G7(½)* *Bm7b6(½)* *Bbm7* *Am7*
 All I know is that I'm the one that pays the price,
G7 *G#7* *G(½)* *Am7(½)* *Bbm7(½)* *Bm7b6(½)*
 Man, she's no lady, she's my wife.



G(½) *Am7(½)* *Bbm7(½)* *Bm7b6(½)* *C9(hold)* *D7#7(hold)* *G7* *G#7* *G7(hold)*
 Wife. Yes she's no lady she's my wife..

Silver-Tongued Devil and I by Kris Kristoferson (1971)

D D D D7 G G D D
I took myself down to the Tally Ho Tavern to buy me a bottle of beer
G G D Bm E7 E7 A7 A7
I sat myself down by a tender young maiden whose eyes were as dark as her hair

D D D D7 G G D D
And while I was searching from bottle to bottle for something un-foolish to say
G G D Bm A7 A7 D
That silver tongued devil just slipped from the shadows and smilingly stole her away I said

D G G D D
"Hey, little girl don't you know he's a devil?"
G G D D
"He's everything that I ain't."
G G D Bm
Hiding intentions of evil
E7 E7 A7 A7
under the smile of a saint
G G D D7
All he's good for is getting in trouble
G G D D
And shifting his share of the blame
G G D Bm
And some people swear he's my double
E7 E7 A7 A7
And some even say we're the same
G G D D
But the silver-tongued devil's got nothing to lose
G G D D
And I'll only live 'till I die
G G D Bm
We take our own chances and pay our own dues
Bm Bm A7 A7 D D D D
The silver tongued devil and I

Like all the fair maidens who'd laid down beside him, she knew in her heart that he lied
Nothing that I could have said could have saved her, no matter how hard that I tried
'Cause she'll offer her charms to the darkness and danger of a something that she's never known
And open her arms at the smile of a stranger who'll love her and leave her alone. I said

Sing Me Back Home by Merle Haggard (1967)

^A ^E ^D ^A
The warden led the prisoner down the hallway to his doom
^A ^A ^{E_(1/2)} ^{B7_(1/2)} ^E
I stood up to say good-bye like all the rest
^A ^E ^D ^A
And I heard him tell the warden just before he reached my cell
^A ^{E7} ^A ^A
'Let my guitar playing friend do my request.' Let him

^A ^E ^D ^A
Sing me back home with the songs I used to hear
^A ^A ^E ^E
Make my old memories come alive
^A ^E ^D ^A
Take me away and turn back the years
^A ^E ^A ^A
Sing Me Back Home before I die

^A ^E ^D ^A
I recall last Sunday morning a choir come off the street
^A ^A ^E ^E
Came in to sing a few old gospel songs
^A ^E ^D ^A
And I heard him tell the singers 'There's a song my mama sang.
^A ^E ^A ^A
Could I hear once before we move along?'

Sixteen Tons

written by Merle Travis (1946)

Am *Am* *F* *E*
Some people say a man is made outa mud
Am *Am* *F* *E*
A poor man's made outa muscle 'n blood...
Am *Am* *Dm* *Dm*
Muscle an' blood an' skin an' bone
Am *Am* *E7* *E7*
A mind that's weak and a back that's strong

Am *Am* *F* *E*
You load sixteen tons an' whaddya get?
Am *Am* *F* *E*
Another day older an' deeper in debt
Am *Am* *Dm* *Dm*
Saint Peter doncha call me 'cause I can't go
Am *Am* *E7* *Am* *Am* *Am* *Am*
I owe my soul to the company sto'

If ya hear me a-comin' ya better step aside
A lotta men din't an' a lotta men died
With one fist of iron an' the other of steel
If the right one don' getcha then the left one will.

I was born one mornin' when the sun didn't shine
Picked up my shovel and I went to the mine
Loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal
And the strawboss said, "Well, Bless my soul!"

I was born one morning in the drizzlin' rain
Fightin' and trouble are my middle name
I was raised in the canebreak by an' ol' mama hound
Cain't no-a high-toned woman make me walk the line

So You Think You're a Cowboy

by Hank Cochran
and Willie Nelson (1979)

F *F* *C* *C*
So you think you're a cowboy but you're only a kid
G7 *G7* *C* *C*
With a mind to do everything wrong
F *F* *C* *C*
And it starts to get smoother when the circle begins
G7 *G7* *C* *C*
But by the time that you get there it's gone

C *C* *F* *C*
So you think you're a winner but you're losing again
G *G* *C* *C*
The cards have already been dealt
C *C* *F* *C*
And the hand that you're playing means nothing at all
G *G* *C* *C7*
And knowing is all that is left

F *F* *C* *C*
So you think you're a cowboy but you're only a kid
G7 *G7* *C* *C*
With a mind to do everything wrong
F *F* *C* *C*
And it starts to get smoother when the circle begins
G7 *G7* *C* *C*
But by the time that you get there it's gone

C *C* *F* *C*
So live life as you find it the best that you can
G *G* *C* *C*
Tomorrow cannot right the wrong
C *C* *F* *C*
Don't wait for tomorrow to bring you your dreams
G *G* *C* *C7*
By the time that you get there, it's gone.
G *G* *C* *C*
Yeah but by the time that you get there it's gone

Stand by Your Man by Tammy Wynette and Billy Sherrill (1968)

A **A** **E** **E**
 Sometimes its hard to be a woman
Bm **E7** **A** **A7**
 Giving all your love to just one man
D **D** **A** **A**
 You'll have bad times and he'll have good times
B **B7** **E** **E7**
 Doing things that you don't understand



A **A** **E** **E**
 But if you love him you'll forgive him
Bm **E7** **A** **A7**
 Even though he's hard to understand
D **D** **A** **D**
 And if you love him, oh be proud of him
A **E7** **A(½)** **D(½)** **A(½)** **E7(½)**
 Cause after all he's just a man

A **C#** **D** **C#m(½)** **Bm(½)**
 Stand by your man, Give him two arms to cling to
A **F#7** **B** **E7**
 And something warm to come to when nights are cold and lonely
A **C#** **D** **C#m(½)** **Bm(½)**
 Stand by your man and tell the world you love him
A **E7** **C#7** **F#**
 Keep giving all the love you can.
D **E** **A(½)** **D(½)** **A(½)** **E7(½)**
 Stand by your man

A **C#** **D** **C#m(½)** **Bm(½)**
 Stand by your man and show the world you love him
A **E(½)** **E7(½)** **C#7** **F#**
 Keep giving all the love you can.
D **E** **A(½)** **D(½)** **A(¼)** **E(¼)** **A(hold)**
 Stand by your man

Streets of Baltimore

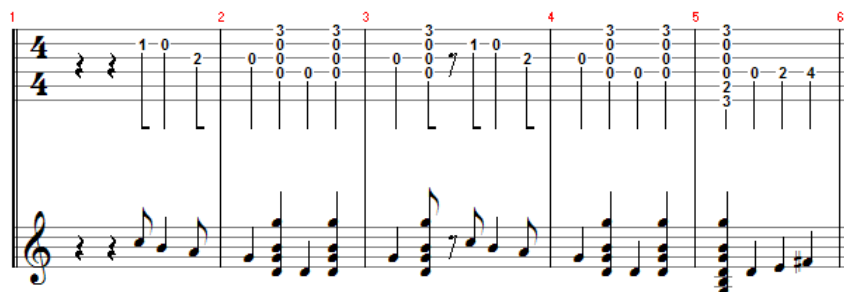
written by Tompall Glaser and Harlan Howard (1966)

Well I sold the farm to take my woman where she longed to be
We left our kin and all our friends back there in Tennessee
And I bought those one way tickets she had often begged me for
And they took us to the streets of Baltimore

Well her heart was filled with gladness when she saw those city lights
She said the prettiest place on earth was Baltimore at night
Well a man feels proud to give his woman what she's longing for
And I kind of like the Streets of Baltimore

Then I got myself a factory job, I ran an old machine
And I bought a little cottage in a neighborhood serene
And every night when I'd come home with every muscle sore
She'd drag me through the Streets of Baltimore

Well I did my best to bring her back to what she used to be
Then I soon learned she loved those bright lights more than she loved me
Now I'm-a-going back on that same train that brought me here before
While my baby walks the streets of Baltimore
Yes my baby walks the streets of Baltimore



Sunday Morning Coming Down

by Kris

Kristofferson (1969)

D *G* *D* *D*
Well I woke up Sunday morning with no way to hold my head that didn't hurt
D *Bm* *A7* *A7*
And the beer I had for breakfast wasn't bad so I had one more for dessert
D *G* *D* *Bm*
Then I fumbled in my closet through my clothes and found my cleanest dirty shirt
G *Em*_(½) *Em*_(½) *A7* *A7*
Than I shaved my face and combed my hair and stumbled down the stairs to meet the day

I'd smoked my mind the night before with cigarettes and songs I'd been picking
But I lit my first and watched a small kid playing with a can that he was kicking
Then I walked across the street and caught the Sunday smell of someone frying chicken and Lord it
*G*_(½) *Em*_(½) *G*_(½) *A7*_(½) *D*
took me back to something that I lost somehow somewhere along the way.

D *G* *G* *D*
On the Sunday mornin' sidewalks, wishing Lord that I was stoned.
D *A7* *Em*_(½) *A7*_(½) *D*
'Cause there's something in a Sunday that makes a body feel alone
D *G* *G* *D*
And there's nothing short of dying half as lonesome as the sound
D *A7* *A7* *D* *D*
of the sleeping city sidewalk and Sunday morning coming down

In the park I saw a Daddy with a laughing little girl that he was swinging
And I stopped beside a Sunday school and listened to the songs they were singing
Then I headed down the street and somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringing
And it echoed through the canyons like the disappearing dreams of yesterday`

Sunny

by Bobby Hebb (1965)

Em7 G9 Cmaj7 F#m7(½) B7(½)
Sunny, yesterday my life was filled with rain
Em7 G9 Cmaj7 F#m7(½) B7(½)
Sunny, you smiled at me and really eased the pain
Em7 G9
Now the dark days are done and the bright days are near
Cmaj7 Cm(½) F9(½) F#m7 B7
My sunny one shines so sincere Sunny, one so true
Em Em+5 Em6 Em7
I love you

Sunny, thank you for the sunshine bouquet
Sunny, thank you for the love you brought my way
You gave to me your all and all
And now I feel ten feet tall
Sunny, one so true
I love you

Em C7

Fm verse

Sunny, thank you for the truth you let me see
Sunny, thank you for the facts from A to Z
My life was torn like-a windblown sand, then
A rock was formed when we held hands
Sunny, one so true,
I love you

Fm C#7

F#m verse

Sunny, thank you for that smile upon your face
Sunny, thank you for that gleam that flows from grace
You're my spark of nature's fire
You're my sweet complete desire
Sunny, one so true,
I love you

F#m D7

Gm verse

Sunny, yesterday all my life was filled with rain
Sunny, you smiled at me and really really eased the pain
Now the dark days are done and the bright days are near
My sunny one shines so sincere
Sunny, one so true, I love you
Gm Cm D7 Gm
I love you

Take It to the Limit

by R Randy Meisner, Don Henley, Glenn Frey
(1975)

D D G G D D A G

D D G G
All alone at the end of the evening

D D G G
And the bright lights have faded to blue

D F#7 Bm Bm
I was thinkin' 'bout a woman who might have loved me, and I never
A A/G D/F# A
knew You know I've always been a

D D G G
Dreamer Spent my life running round, and it's so hard to
D D G G
change Can't seem to settle down. But the dreams I've seen
Em Em G G
lately, Keep turnin' out and
GaddA A G/A A
burnin' out and turnin' out the same

G D G D
So put me on a highway and show me a sign
G A D D G G D D A G
And take it to the limit one more time

You can spend all your time making money
You can spend all your love making time
If it all fell to pieces tomorrow would
you still be mine And when you're looking for your
Freedom nobody seems to care
And you can't find the door, can't find it anywhere
When there's nothin' to believe in. Still you're commin' back, you're
runnin' back, you're commin' back for more
So put me on a highway and show me a sign
And take it to the limit one more time

G A G A
Take it to the limit, take it to the limit
G A D D
Take it to the limit one more time

G A G A
You can take it to the limit, yes take it to the limit
G A D D G G D D A G D
And take it to the limit one more time

Tecumseh Valley

by Townes Van Zandt (1968)

C $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ C C
The name she gave was Caro line
 F F C C
The daughter of a miner
 F F $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C/B_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ Am
And her ways were free and it seemed to me
 G G F F
That the sunshine walked beside her

C $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ C C
She come from Spencer, a cross the hill
 F F C C
She said her pa had sent her
 F F $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C/B_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ Am
Cause the coal was low and soon the snow
 G G F F
Would turn the skies to winter.

She said she'd come to look for work
She was not seekin' favors
For a dime a day and a place to stay
She'd turn those hands to labor

Well times were hard and jobs were few
All through Tecumseh Valley
But she asked around and a job she found
Tending bar at Gypsy Sally's

They found her down beneath the stairs
That led to Gypsy Sally's
And in her hand when she died was a note that cried
Fare-thee-well, Tecumseh Valley

Well she saved enough to get back home
When spring replaced the winter
But her dreams were denied her pa had died
The word came down from Spencer.

The name she gave was Caroline
The daughter of a miner
And her ways were free and it seemed to me
That the sunshine walked beside her

Well she took to whorin' out in the streets
With all the grief inside her
And it was many a man who returned again
To walk that road beside her.

Tennessee Waltz

by Pee Wee King and Redd Stewart (1968)
Additional lyrics by Leonard Cohen

A E (walkup E F# G#) A A

A A A7 D
I was dancin' with my darlin to the Tennessee Waltz
A A E E
When an old friend I happened to see.
A A A7 D
I introduced him to my darlin' and while they were dancin'
A E7 A A
my friend stole my sweetheart from me.

A C#7 D A
I remember the night and the Tennessee Waltz
A A E7 E7
'cause I know just how much I have lost
A A A7 D
Yes I lost my little darlin' the night they were playin'
A E7 A A
That beautiful Tennessee Waltz

Now I wonder how a dance like the Tennessee Waltze
Could have broken my heart so complete
Well I couldn't blame my darlin', and who could help fallin'
In love with my darlin' so sweet

Well it must be the fault of the Tennessee Waltz
Wish I'd known just how much it would cost
But I didn't see it comin', it's all over but the cryin'
Blame it all on the Tennessee Waltz

Cohen Verse

She goes dancin' with the darkness to the Tennessee Waltz
and I feel like I'm falling apart
and it's stronger than drink and it's deeper than sorrow
this darkness she left in my heart

This City by Steve Earle (2011)

D *D*_(¼) *G*_(¼) *D*_(½)
This city won't wash a way
(slide into) *D* *A*_(¼) *D*_(¾)
This city won't ever drown
(slide into) *D*_(¾) *G*_(¼) *D*
Blood in the water, and Hell to pay
(slide into) *D* *A*_(¼) *D*_(¾)
Sky tear open and pain rain down

G *D*
Doesn't matter let come what may
Em *A7*_(¼) *D*_(¼) *A7*_(¼) *D*_(¼)
I ain't ever gonna leave this town
D *G*_(½) *D*_(½)
This city won't wash away
D *A*_(¼) *D*_(¾)
This city won't ever drown

Ain't the river or the wind to blame
As everybody around here knows
Nothing holding back Pontchartrain
'cept a prayer and a promise's ghost

This town's digging our graves
In solid marble above the ground
Maybe our bones will wash away
But this city won't ever drown

This city won't ever die
Just as long as our heart beats strong
Like a second line steppin' high
Raisin' hell as we roll along

Gentile to Vieux Carre
Lower 9, Central City, Uptown
Singing jockamo fee nané
This city won't ever drown

Doesn't matter 'cause there ain't no way
I'm ever gonna leave this town
This city won't wash away
This city won't ever drown.

This Ole House

by Stuart Hamblen (1954)

D $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ G G
This ole house once knew my children, this ole house once knew my wife.
 $A7$ $A7$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ D
This ole house was home and comfort as we fought the storms of life.
 D $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ G G
This ole house once rang with laughter, this ole house heard many shouts.
 $A7$ $A7$ $A7$ D
Now she trembles in the darkness, when the lightnin' walks about

G G D D
Ain't a-gonna need this house no longer. Ain't a-gonna need this house no more
 $A7$ $A7$ D D
Ain't got time to fix the shingles, ain't got time to fix the floor
 G G D D
Ain't got time to oil the hinges, nor to mend the window pane
 $A7$ $A7$ $A7$ D
Ain't a-gonna need this house no longer, I'm a-gettin' ready to meet the saints

This ole house is a-gettin' shaky, this ole house is a-gettin' old
This ole house lets in the rain, this ole house lets in the cold
On my knees I'm gettin' chilly, but I feel no fear nor pain
'Cause I see an angel peekin' through a broken window pane

This ole house is afraid of thunder, this ole house is afraid of storms
This ole house just groans and trembles when the night wind flings its arms
This old house is gettin' feeble, this ole house is needin' paint
Just like me its tuckered out but I'm a-gettin' ready to meet the saints

this ole house dog lies a-sleepin', He don't know I'm gonna leave
Else he'd wake up by the fireplace, and he'd sit there and howl and grieve
But my huntin' days are over, ain't gonna hunt the coon no more
Gabriel done brought in my chariot when the wind blew down the door

Tie a Yellow Ribbon Round the Ole Oak Tree

by Irwin Levine and L. Russel Brown (1972)

*C*_(½) *Adim7*_(½) *Dm7* *D9* *G7*

C *C* *Em* *Em*
I'm comin' home, I've done my time
Gm *A7* *Dm* *Dm*
Now I've got to know what is and isn't mine
F *Fm* *C* *Am*
If you received my letter tellin' you I'd soon be free
D7 *D7* *Fm6* *G7*
Then you'll know just what to do if you still want me
Fm6 *Fm6* *G7* *G7*
If you still want me

C *C* *Em* *Em*
Tie a yellow ribbon round the ole oak tree
Gm *Gm* *A*_(½) *A7*_(½) *Dm*
It's been three long years, do you still want me?
Dm *Fm* *C*_(½) *E*_(½) *Am*
If I don't see a ribbon round the ole oak tree
C *C/G* *Am*_(½) *Am7*_(½) *A9*
I'll stay on the bus, forget about us, put the blame on me
Dm7 *Fm6* *Dm9* *G7* *C* *C#dim7*_(½) *G7*_(½)
If I don't see a yellow ribbon round the ole oak tree

Bus driver please look for me
Cause I couldn't bear to see what I might see
I'm really still in prison and my love she holds the key
A simple yellow ribbon's what I need to set me free
I wrote and told her please

Dm7 *Fm6* *C* *A9*
Now the whole damn bus is cheerin' and I can't believe I see
Dm7 *Fm6* *Dm9* *G7*
A hundred yellow ribbons 'round the ole oak
*C*_(½) *Em*_(½) *Gm*_(½) *A*_(½) *Dm*_(½) *D9*_(½) *G7*_(½) *C*
tree

To All the Girls I've Loved Before

lyrics by Hal

David and music by Albert Hammond (1975)

To all the girls I've loved before, who travelled in and out my door
I'm glad they came along, I dedicate this song, to all the girls I've
loved before

To all the girls I once caressed, and may I say I've held the best
For helping me to grow, I owe a lot I know, To all the girls I've loved before

The winds of change are always blowing
And every time I try to stay
The winds of change continue blowing
And they just carry me away

To all the girls who shared my life, who now are someone else's wives
I'm glad they came along, I dedicate this
song, to all the girls I've loved before

To all the girls who cared for me, who filled my nights with ecstasy
They live within my heart I'll always be a part, of all the girls I've loved before

The winds of change are always blowing
And every time I try to stay
The winds of change continue blowing
And they just carry me away

To all the girls we've loved before, who travelled in and out our doors
We're glad they came along, We dedicate this song, to all the girls we've loved before

Two Story House

by Tammy Wynette, Glenn Tubb, and David Lindsey(1980) (hit by Tammy Wynette and George Jones)

C G C

C C G C George

We always wanted a big two story house

C C G C George

Back when we lived in that little two room shack

C C F F F F Both

We wanted fame and fortune and we'd live life the way the rich folks do

C C G C C

We knew some how we'd make it, together me and you

With dreams and hopes of things to come we worked and never stopped Tammy

Not much time for you and me we had to reach the top

We bought that big two story house and soon became the envy of the town both

With all our work behind us We'd finally settled down

C C F G
Now we live (yes we live) in a two story house

C C F G G George both
Whoa, what splendor but there's no love about

C G C F tammy george
I've got my story, and I've got mine, too

F C C G C C both
How sad it is, we now live, in a two story house

The house is filled with rare antiques there's marble on the floor

Beauty all around us like we've never seen before

There's chandeliers in every room, imported silks and satin all about

We filled the house with everything but somehow left love out

Torn Between Two Lovers

by Phillip Jarrell and Peter Yarrow (1976)

Am7 *D7* *G* *G*
There are times when a woman has to say what's on her mind
Am7 *D7* *G* *G*
Even though she knows how much it's gonna hurt
Am7 *D7* *G* *Em*
Before I say another word let me tell you I love you
Am *C* *Am7* *D*
Let me hold you close and say these words as gently as I can

There's been another man that I've needed and I've loved
But that doesn't mean I love you less
And he knows he can't possess me and he knows he never will
There's just this empty place inside of me that only he can fill

Am *D7* *Bm* *E7*
Torn between two lovers feeling like a fool
Am7 *D7* *G* *E7*
Loving both of you is breaking all the rules
Am *D7* *Bm* *E7*
Torn between two lovers, feeling like a fool
Am7 *D7* *G* *G*
Loving you both is breaking all the rules

You mustn't think you've failed me just because there's someone else
You were the first real love I ever had
And all the things I ever said I swear they still are true
For no one else can have the part of me I gave to you

Am7 *D7* *G* *Em*
I couldn't really blame you if you turned and walked away
Am *C* *Am7* *D*
But with everything I feel inside of me I'm asking you to stay

Wabash Cannonball

traditional (Carter Family 1929 lyrics)

^G From the ^G Great ^G Atlantic ^C Ocean, to the wide Pacific shore
^{D7} ^{D7} ^{D7} ^G ^G
From the queen of flowing rivers, to the Southland's verdant door
^G ^G ^G ^C
She's tall dark and handsome and known quite well by all
^{D7} ^{D7} ^{D7} ^G ^G
She's the regular combination, the Wabash Cannonball.

^G Oh, listen to the jingle, the rumor and the roar
^{D7} ^{D7} ^{D7} ^G ^G
As she glides along the woodland, o'r hills and by the shore
^G ^G ^G ^C
She climbs the flowery mountain, hear the merry hobos squall
^{D7} ^{D7} ^{D7} ^G ^G
She glides along the woodland, the Wabash Cannonball.

Out from the wide Pacific Ocean to the broad Atlantic shore
She climbs flowery mountain, o'r hills and by the shore
Although she's tall and handsome, and she's known quite well by all
She's a regular combination of the Wabash Cannonball.

Oh, the Eastern states are dandy, so the Western people say
Chicago, Rock Island, St. Louis by the way
To the lakes of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall
No changes to be taken on the Wabash Cannonball.

Oh, here's to daddy Claxton, let his name forever be
And long be remembered in the courts of Tennessee
For he is a good old rounder 'til the curtain 'round him fall
He'll be carried back to victory on the Wabash Cannonball.

I have rode the I.C. Limited, also the Royal Blue
Across the Eastern countries on Elkhorn Number Two
I have rode those highball trains from coast to coast that's all
But I have found no equal on the Wabash Cannonball.

Walk Right Back by Sony Curtis (1960)

D *D* *D* *D*
I want you to tell me why you walked out on me
D *D* *A7* *A7*
I'm so lonesome every day

A7 *A7* *A7* *A7*
I want you to know that since you walked out on me
A7 *A7* *D* *D*
Nothin' seems to be the same old way

D *D* *D* *D*
Think about the love that burns within my heart for you
D7 *D7* *G*_(½) *B7*_(½) *Em*
The times we had before you went away, oh me

Em(G) *Em(G)* *D* *D*
Walk right back to me this minute. Bring your love to me, don't send it
A7 *A7* *D* *D*
I'm so lonesome every day

These eyes of mine that gave you loving glances once
Changed to shades of cloudy gray

I want so very much to see you, just like before
I've gotta know you're coming back to stay

Please believe me when I say it's great to hear from you
But there's a lot of things a letter just can't say, oh me

*A more complex chording is to play
the following licks on D and A chords.*

D D6 Dma7 D6
A A9 A7 A9

Walkin' After Midnight

by Don Hecht and Alan Block (1956)

E A7 E B7

E A7
I go out walkin' after midnight, out in the
E_(¾) B7_(¼) E_(¼) A_(¼) E/G#_(¼) F#m7_(¼)
moonlight just like we used to do I'm always
E A7
walking after midnight searching for
E_(½) F#m7_(½) E_(¼) F#m_(¼) E/G#_(¼) F#m7_(¼)
you I walk for

E A7
miles along the highway, well that's just
E_(¾) B7_(¼) E_(¼) A_(¼) E/G#_(¼) F#m7_(¼)
my way of being close to you I go out
E A7 E_(½) A_(½) E_(½) Bm7_(½)
Walkin', after midnight searchin' for you. I stop to

A D7
see weeping willow, crying on his pillow
E_(½) Ema7_(½) E6_(½) E7_(½)
maybe he's crying for me and
A D7
as the skies turn gloomy, night blooms will whisper to me I'm
E_(½) G#dim7_(½) F#m7_(½) B7_(½)
lonely and lonely can be

E A7
I go walkin', after midnight in the
E_(¾) B7_(¼) E_(¼) A_(¼) E/G#_(¼) F#m7_(¼)
starlight and pray that you may be some where just
E A7)
Walkin after midnight searchin' for
E_(½) D_(½) E
me

Walking the Floor Over You by Ernest Tubb (19 41)

C *A7* *D7* *D7*
You left me and you went away
G7 *G7* *C* *C* (*C* *C7* *B7* *Bb7*)
You said that you'd be back in just a day
A7 *A7* *D7* *D7*
You've broken your promise and you left me here alone
G *G7* *G7* *C*
I don't know why you did dear, but I do know that you're gone

C *C* *D7* *D7*
I'm walking the floor over you
G *G* *C* *C* (*C* *C7* *B7* *Bb7*)
I can't sleep a wink that is true
A7 *A7* *D7* *D7*
I'm hoping and I'm praying as my heart breaks right in two
G *G7* *C* *G7*
Walking the floor over you

Now darling you know I love you well
I love you more than I can ever tell
I thought that you loved me and always would be mine]
But you went and left me here with troubles on my mind

Now someday you may be lonesome too
Walking the floor is good for you
Just keep right on walking and it won't hurt you to cry
Remember that I love you and I will the day I die

I'm walking the floor over you
I can't sleep a wink that is true
I'm hoping and I'm praying as my heart breaks right in two
G *G7* *C* *B6*_(½) *C6*_(½)
Walking the floor over you

Watching the River Run

by Kenny Loggins (1973)

G G Dm Dm C C Am D7

G G C C
If you've been thinkin' you were all that you've got
D D G D7
then don't feel alone anymore.

G G C C
'Cause when we're together then you've got a lot
D D7 D7 G G G7 G7
'cause I am the river and you are the shore.

C C D D
And it goes on and on,
G D Em7 Em7
watching the river run
C C/B Am D
further and further from things that we've done,
G G G7 G7
leaving them one by one.

C C D D
And we have just be gun
G D Em7 Em7
watching the river run
Am Am7 D D7 G G Dm Dm C C Am D7
listening and learning and yearning to run river run.

G G C C
Winding and swirling and dancing along,
D D G D7
we passed by the old willow tree
G G C C
where lovers caress as we sing them our song,
D7 D7 D7 G G G7 G7
rejoicing together when we greet the sea.

When I Loved Her

by Kris Kristoferson (1968)

Well, she didn't look as pretty as some others I have known,
And she wasn't good at conversation when we were alone.
But she had a way of making me believe that I belonged.
And it felt like coming home when I found her.

Cause she brightened up the day like the early morning sun
And she made what I was doing seem worthwhile.
It's the closest thing to living that I guess I've ever known.
And it made me want to smile when I loved her.

'Cause she seemed to be so proud of me, just walking, holding hands,
And she didn't think that money was the measure of a man.
And we seemed to fit together when I held her in my arms.
And it left me feeling warm when I loved her.

I know some of us were born to cast our fortunes to the wind,
And I guess I'm bound to travel down a road that never ends.
But I know I'll never look upon the likes of her again.
And I'll never understand why I lost her.

Where'm I Gonna Live by Billy Ray Cyrus (1992)

G *G* *D7* *D7*
Where'm I gonna live when I get home
D7 *D7* *G* *G*
My ole lady's throwed out everything I own
G *G7* *C* *C*_(¼) *B*_(¼) *C*_(¾) *C#*_(¼)
She meant what she said, when she wished I was dead So
D *D7* *G* *G*
where'm I gonna live when I get home?

D7 *D7* *G* *G*
I knew our road was gettin' kinda rocky
D7 *D7* *G* *G*
She said I was gettin' way too cocky
C *C* *G* *G*
She waited till I was gone, she packed from dusk till dawn.
D7 *D7* *G* *G*
So where'm I gonna live when I get home?

D7 *D7* *G* *G*
She decided she would keep my cat
D7 *D7* *G* *G*
My transportation, I wouldn't be a needin' that.
C *C* *G* *G*
She kept my TV, the bills she gave to me
D7 *D7* *G* *G*
So where'm I gonna live when I get home.

G *G* *D7* *D7*
So where'm I gonna live when I get home.
D7 *D7* *G* *G*
So where'm I gonna live when I get home.
C *C*_(¼) *B*_(¼) *C*_(¾) *C#*_(¼)
Where'm I gonna live?
C *C*_(¼) *B*_(¼) *C*_(¾) *C#*_(¼)
Where'm I gonna live?
D7 *D7* *G* *G*
Where'm I gonna live when I get home

Why Me, Lord? by Kris Kristofferson (1972)

Why me Lord? What have I ever done to deserve even
one of the pleasures I've known? *Tell me, Lord.*
. What did I ever do that was worth loving you
you, or the kindness you've shown

Lord help me Jesus, I've wasted it so help me
Jesus, I know what I am
Now that I know, that I needed you so help me
Jesus, my soul's in your hands

Try me Lord. If you think there's a way I can try to re
pay, all I've taken from you. *Maybe Lord.*
I can show someone else what I've been through
myself, on my way back to you

Lord help me Jesus, I've wasted it so help me
Jesus, I know what I am
Now that I know, that I needed you so help me
Jesus, my soul's in your hands

Wide River to Cross

by Buddy Miller (2004)

G D G D Asus2 G D Dsus-D

D₍₂₎ G₍₁₎ D D₍₂₎ G₍₁₎ D
There's a sorrow in the wind, goin' down the road I've been
Bm G D₍₂₎ G₍₁₎ D
I can hear it cry while shadows steal the sun
D₍₂₎ G₍₁₎ D D₍₂₎ G₍₁₎ D
But I cannot go back now, I've come too far to turn around
Em G D₍₂₎ G₍₁₎ D
And there's still a race ahead that I must run

Bm₍₂₎ A₍₁₎ D Bm₍₂₎ A₍₁₎ D
I'm only half way home, I gotta journey on
Em G D Dsus-D
To where I'll find the things that I have lost
Bm₍₂₎ A₍₁₎ D Bm₍₂₎ A₍₁₎ D
I've come a long, long road, but still I've got miles to go
Em G D Dsus-D
I've got a wide, wide river to cross

I have stumbled I have strayed, you can trace the tracks I've made
All across the memories my heart recalls,
But I'm just a refugee, won't you say a prayer for me?
Because sometimes even the strongest soldier falls

I'm only half way home, I gotta journey on
To where I'll find the things that I have lost
I've come a long, long road, but still I've got miles to go
I've got a wide, wide river to cross
I've got a wide, wide river to cross

Wichita Lineman by Jimmy Webb (1968)

Fma7 C9sus4 Fma7

C9sus4 Bbmaj7 Fma7/A_(1/2) Dm7_(1/2) C9sus4

I am a lineman for the county, and I drive the main road
Dm7_(1/2) Am7_(1/2) G Dsus4
searchin' in the sun for another overload.

D Cadd9 Cadd9 G/B

I hear you singing in the wires, I can hear you through the whine
Gm_(1/2) Gm+9_(1/2) D/A A7sus4 Bb C+9 Bbma7
And the Wichita Lineman is still on the line.

C9sus4 Bbmaj7 Fma7/A_(1/2) Dm7_(1/2) C9sus4

I know I need a small vacation, but it don't look like rain.

Dm7_(1/2) Am7_(1/2) G Dsus4

And if it snows that stretch down south won't ever stand the strain.

D Cadd9 Cadd9 G/B

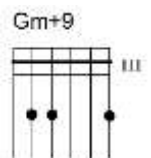
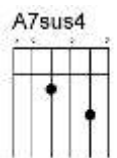
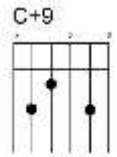
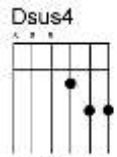
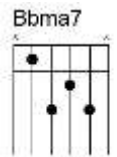
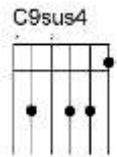
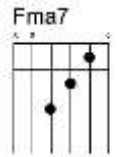
And I need you more than want you, and I want you for all time.
Gm/Bb D/A A7sus4 Bb C+9 Bbma7
And the Wichita Lineman is still on the line.

C9sus4 Bbmaj7 Fma7/A C9sus4

Dm7_(1/2) Am7_(1/2) G Dsus4

D Cadd9 Cadd9 G/B

And I need you more than want you, and I want you for all time.
Gm/Bb D/A A7sus4 Bb C+9 D_(hold)
And the Wichita Lineman is still on the line.



Wild Side of Life by Arlie A. Carter and William Warren (1952)

D *D*_(½) *D7*_(½) *G* *G*
You wouldn't read my letter if I wrote you
A7 *A7* *D* *D*_(¾) *A7*_(¼)
You asked me not to call you on the phone. But there's
D *D*_(¾) *D7*_(¼) *G* *G*
something I'm wanting to tell you
A7 *A7* *D*_(½) *Em7*_(½) *D*_(½) *A7*_(¼) *G#dim7*_(¼)
So I wrote it in the words of this song. I did n't

D *D*_(¾) *D7*_(¼) *G* *G*
know God made honky tonk angels
A7 *A7* *D*_(½) *Em7*_(½) *D*_(½) *A7*_(¼) *G#dim7*_(¼)
I might have known you'd never make a wife. You gave
D *D*_(½) *D7*_(½) *G* *G*
up the only one that ever loved you, and went
A7 *A7* *D*_(½) *Em7*_(½) *D*_(½) *A7*_(¼) *G#dim7*_(¼)
back to the wild side of life The

The glamor of the gay night life has lured you
To the places where the wine and liquor flows
There you wait to be anybodys baby
And forget the only love you'll ever know

Wildwood Flower (I'll Twine 'Mid the Ringlets)

words by Maud Irving and music by Joseph Philbrick Webster (1860)



I will twine and will min - gle my wav - ing black hair with the ros - es so red and the



li - ly so fair. The myr - tle so green of an em - er - ald hue, the pale em - a - nit - a and vi - let of blue.

Oh, I will twine 'mid the ringlets of my raven black hair
 The li lies so pale and the roses so fair
 the myr tle so bright with an emerald hue
 The pale aronatus and eyes of bright blue.

I'll sing and I'll dance, my laugh shall be gay
 I'll cease this wild weeping, drive sorrow away.
 Tho' my heart is now breaking, he never shall know
 That his name made me tremble and my pale cheeks to glow.

I'll think of him never, I'll be wildly gay
 I'll charm ev'ry heart, and the crowd I will sway.
 I'll live yet to see him regret the dark hour
 When he won, then neglected, the frail wildwood flower.

He told me he loved me, and promised to love
 Through ill and misfortune, all others above
 Another has won him, ah! mis'ry to tell
 He left me in silence, no word of farewell.

He taught me to love him, he call'd me his flower
 That blossom'd for him all the brighter each hour
 But I woke from my dreaming, my idol was clay
 My visions of love have all faded away.

Yesterday's Wine by Willie Nelson (1971)

B7 B7 B7 B7 E A E B

E E A E E E

Miracles appear in the strangest of places,

E B7 E E E E

fancy meeting you here.

E E7 A E E E

The last time I saw you was just out of Houston,

E B7 E E E B

sit down let me buy you a beer.

Your presence is welcome with me and my friend here,

for this is a hang-out of mine,

we come here quite often to listen to music,

Partaking of yesterday's wine.

E E E E A E E E

Yesterday's wine, yesterday's wine,

E B7 B7 B7 B7 E E B(1) C#m(1) B(1)

we're aging with time like yesterday's wine.

E E E E A E E

Yesterday's wine, yesterday's wine,

E B7 B7 B7 B7 E E E E

we're aging with time like yesterday's wine.

E A(1) G#m(1) F#m(1) E

You give the appearance of one widely travelled,

Lord, I'll bet you've seen things in your time.

Come, sit down here with us and tell me your story,

If you think, you'll like yesterday's wine.

You Are My Sunshine by Paul Rice (1939)

The other night dear as I laid sleeping
I dreamed I held you in my arms
But when I woke dear I was mistaken
And I hung my head and I cried

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are gray
You'll never know dear, how much I love you
Please don't take my sunshine away

I'll always love you and make you happy
If you will only say the same
But if you leave me and love another
You'll regret it all some day

You told me once dear you really loved me
And no one could come between
But now you've left me to love another
You have shattered all of my dreams

In all my dreams you seem to leave me
When I awake my poor heart pains
So won't you come back and make me happy
I'll forgive dear I'll take all the blame

You Needed Me

by Randy Goodrum (1975)

A Dadd9/A A E7sus4

I cried the

A Dadd9/A

tear you wiped it dry I was con-

E7sus4 A

fused you cleared my mind I sold my

C#m(½) A7(½) D

soul you bought it back for me and held me

B7 E7 E7

up and gave me dignity, somehow you needed me. You gave me

A Dadd9/A

strength to stand alone again, to face the

E7sus4 A

world out on my own again. You put me

C#m(½) A7(½) D(½) D#dim7(½)

high upon a pedestal, so

A/E C#7(¼) F#m(¼) B7

high that I could almost see eternity. You

E7 A(½) Fdim7(½)

needed me, you needed me and I

F#m7(½) E(½) D(½) A(½)

can't believe it's you, I can't believe it's true I

Bm7 E7sus4(½) A(½) C#7(½)

needed you and you were there And I'll

F#m7(½) E(½) D(½) A(½)

never leave, why should I leave? I'd be a fool, cause I

B(½) B7(½) A E(½) E7(½)

finally found someone who really cares You held my

hand, when it was cold; when I was

lost you took me home . You gave me

me hope, when I was at the end, and turned my

lies back into truth again . You even called me friend. You gave me

strength to stand alone again, to face the

world out on my own again. You put me

high upon a pedestal, so

high that I could almost see eternity, you

needed me, you needed me

Your Cheating Heart

by Hank Williams (1952)

$G7$ C $C7$ F
Your cheatin' heart will make you weep
 F $Ab7$ $G7$ $G7$ C
You'll cry and cry and try to sleep
 $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ C $C7$ F
But sleep won't come the whole night through
 F $Ab7$ $G7$ $G7$ C
Your cheatin' heart will tell on you

$C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F F C
When tears come down like falling rain
 C $D7$ $D7$ $G7$
You'll toss around and call my name
 $G7$ C $C7$ F
You'll walk the floor the way I do
 F $Ab7$ $G7$ $G7$ C
Your cheatin' heart will tell on you

$G7$ C $C7$ F
Your cheatin' heart will pine someday
 F $Ab7$ $G7$ $G7$ C
And crave the love you threw away
 $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ C $C7$ F
The time will come when you'll be blue
 F $Ab7$ $G7$ $G7$ C
Your cheatin' heart will tell on you

$C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F F C
When tears come down like falling rain
 C $D7$ $D7$ $G7$
You'll toss around and call my name
 $G7$ C $C7$ F
You'll walk the floor the way I do
 F $Ab7$ $G7$ $G7$ C
Your cheatin' heart will tell on you