

Old Coat traditional

Am Am Dm Am
I look to the east, I look to the west,
Dm Am7 F Am
A youth asking fate to be rewardin'.
Am Am Dm Em
But fortune is a blind god, flying through the clouds,
Dm Am F Am
and forgettin' me on this side of Jordan.

Am Am F F Am Am7 Am Am
Take off your old coat and roll up your sleeves,
Dm Dm Am Am Dm6 E7 Am Am
Life is a hard road to travel, I believe

Silver spoons to some mouths, golden spoons to others,
Dare a man to change the given order.
Though they smile and tell us all of us are brothers,
never was it true this side of Jordan.

Like some ragged owlet with its wings expanded,
Nailed to some garden gate or boardin'.
Thus will I by some men all my life be branded
Never hurted none this side of Jordan.