BUG Jam Songs for November 2013

Country, Bluegrass, Old-timey...

Hee Haw Hootenanny
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All the Good Times Are Past and Gone

Traditional Bluegrass standard

Intro:
I  A  A  D  A  A  A  E7  E7
I  A  A  D  A  A  E7  A  A

A  D  A
I wish to the Lord I'd never been born
E7
Or died when I was young
A  D  A
I never would have seen your sparklin' blue eyes
E7  A
Or heard your lying tongue

Chorus:
A  D  A
All the good times are past and gone
E7
All the good times are o'er
A  D  A
All the good times are past and gone
E7  A
Little darlin' don't you weep no more.
A    D    A
The very first time your lips touched mine
      E7
You stole my heart a-way
A    D    A
Now misery will follow me
      E7    A
Until my dying day

Chorus:
A    D    A
All the good times are past and gone
      E7
All the good times are o'er
A    D    A
All the good times are past and gone
      E7    A
Little darlin' don't you weep no more.

A    D    A
Come back, come back my own true love
      E7
And stay a while with me
A    D    A
For if ever I've had a friend in this world
      E7    A
You've been a friend to me

Chorus:
A    D    A
All the good times are past and gone
      E7
All the good times are o'er
All the good times are past and gone

Little darlin' don't you weep no more.

Little darlin' don't you weep no more.

All the Good Times Are Past and Gone
ALONE AND FORSAKEN
Hank Williams

Key of Dm

Dm
We met in the springtime when blossoms unfold
A7          Dm
The pastures were green and the meadows were gold
Dm
Our love was in flower as summer grew on
A7          Dm
Her love like the leaves now has withered and gone

Dm
The roses have faded, there's frost at my door
A7          Dm
The birds in the morning don't sing any-more
Dm
The grass in the valley is starting to die
A7          Dm
And out in the darkness the whippoorwills cry

Bb          F
A-lone and forsaken by fate and by man
Dm
Oh, Lord, if You hear me please hold to my hand
A7          Dm
Oh, please understand
Dm
Oh, where has she gone to, oh, where can she be
A7    Dm
She may have forsaken some other like me
She promised to honor, to love and obey
A7    Dm
Each vow was a plaything that she threw a-way

Dm
The darkness is falling, the sky has turned gray
A7    Dm
A hound in the distance is starting to bay
I wonder, I wonder what she's thinking of
A7    Dm
Forsaken, forgotten without any love

Bb    F
A-lone and forsaken by fate and by man
Dm
Oh, Lord, if You hear me please hold to my hand
A7    Dm
Oh, please understand

ALONE AND FORSAKEN
ANGEL BAND
Stanley Brothers

Key of C

C
G7
F

Intro:
| C | G7 | C | C | C |

C F C
My latest sun is sinking fast
G7 C
My race is nearly run
F C
My strongest trials now are past
G7 C C
My triumph has be-gun

Chorus:
G7 C
Oh, come, angel band
G7 C
Come and a-round me stand
F C
Oh bear me away on your snow-white wings
G7 C
To my im-mortal home
F C
Oh bear me away on your snow-white wings
G7 C C
To my im-mortal home
Oh bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin
And gives me victory

Chorus:
Oh, come, angel band
Come and around me stand
Oh bear me away on your snow-white wings
To my immortal home

ANGEL BAND
CHURCH IN THE WILDWOOD
Dr. William S. Pitts

Key of G

There's a church in the valley by the wild-wood,
No lovelier place in the dale;
No spot is so dear to my childhood,
As the little brown church in the vale.

Chorus:
Come to the church in the wild-wood,
Oh, come to the church in the vale,
No spot is so dear to my childhood,
As the little brown church in the vale.

How sweet on a clear Sunday morn-ing,
To listen to the clear ringing bell;
Its tones so sweetly are calling,
Oh come to the church in the vale.

**Chorus:**

G Come to the church in the wild-wood,

D Oh, come to the church in the vale,

G No spot is so dear to my childhood,

D As the little brown church in the vale.

G There, close by the church in the valley,

D Lies one that I loved so well;

G She sleeps, sweetly sleeps, 'neath the willow,

D Disturb not her rest in the vale.

**Chorus:**

G Come to the church in the wild-wood,

D Oh, come to the church in the vale,

G No spot is so dear to my childhood,

D As the little brown church in the vale.
There close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the wild flowers bloom,

When farewell hymns shall be chanted, I shall rest by her side in the tomb.

Chorus:

Come to the church in the wild-wood,

Oh, come to the church in the vale,

No spot is so dear to my childhood,

As the little brown church in the vale.

CHURCH IN THE WILDWOOD
COPPERHEAD ROAD
Steve Earle

Key of D

D G D C G D
D G D C G D
G D

D G D C G D G D
D G D C G D G D
G C G D G D
D G D

D G D DG D
Well my name's John Lee Petti-more
D C D DG D
Same as my daddy and his daddy be-fore
D G D DG D
You hardly ever saw grand-daddy down here
D C D DG D
He only come to town about twice a year
D G D DG D
He’d buy a hundred pounds of yeast and some copper line
D G D DG D
Everybody knew that he made moon-shine

G C G
Now the revenue man wanted granddaddy bad
He headed up the holler with everything he had
It’s be-before my time, but I’ve been told
He never come back from Copperhead Road

Now daddy ran the whiskey in a big black Dodge
Bought it at an auction at the Mason's Lodge
Johnson County Sheriff painted on the side
Just shot a coat of primer then he looked in-side
Well him and my uncle tore that engine down
I still remember that rumblin’ sound

Then the sheriff came around in the middle of the night
Heard momma cryin’ that something wasn't right
He was headed down to Knoxville with the weekly load
You could smell the whisky burnin’ down Copperhead Road

I        D G D C G D G D
I        D G D C G D G D
I    D / / / \ \ \ \ \ \ X 4
I        D G D C G D G D
I volunteered for the army on my birthday

They draft the white trash first, 'round here any-way

I done two tours of duty in Viet-nam

I came home with a brand new plan

I take the seed from Columbia and Mexi-co

I just plant up the holler down Copperhead Road

Now the D.E.A.'s got a chopper in the air

I wake up screamin' like I'm back over there

I learned a thing or two from Charlie don't you know

You better stay away from Copperhead Road
Fishin' Blues
The Lovin' Spoonful

Key of G

G
Well I went down the hill about twelve o'clock
C
I ran right back and got me a pole
G
I'm going down to the fishin' hole
D7
And you can come fishin' all the time

CHORUS:
G
Have you been a-fishin' all the time,
C      G
I'm a-goin' fishin' too
G
Well you can bet your life your lovin' wife
A7    D7
Will catch more fish than you
G    G7
Any fish'll bite if you got good bait
C      C7
Here's a little something I would like to relate
G      A7
So come on baby, come on gal
G      A7      G
I'm a-goin' fishin', yes I'm goin' fishin'

G
0 2 3 2
C
0 0 0 3
D7
2 0 2 0
A7
0 1 0 0
G7
0 2 1 2
C7
0 0 0 1
A7          D7          G
And you can come a-fishin' too

G
Well I went down the hill about one o'clock
C
Spied them catfish swimmin' around
G
I'm a-goin' down to the fishin' hole
D7
Live in the country instead of the town

CHORUS:
G
Have you been a-fishin' all the time,
C          G
I'm a-goin' fishin' too
G
Well you can bet your life your lovin' wife
A7          D7
Will catch more fish than you
G          G7
Any fish'll bite if you got good bait
C          C7
Here's a little something I would like to relate
G          A7
So come on baby, come on gal
G          A7          G
You can come a-fishin', instead of just a-wishin'
A7          D7          G
That you could come a-fishin' too
Fishin' Blues
I'll Be Your Baby Tonight
Bob Dylan

Key of C

C
Close your eyes, close the door
D7
You don't have to worry anymore
F   G7   C
I'll be yo-ur baby to-night

C
Shut the light, shut the shade
D7
You don't have to be afraid
F   G7   C
I'll be yo-ur baby to-night

F
Well that mockingbird is gonna sail away
C
We're gonna forget it
D
And that big fat moon is gonna shine like a spoon
G7   G7
We're gonna let it, you won't regret it
C
Kick your shoes off, do not fear
D7
Bring that bottle over here
F     G7      C
I'll be yo-ur baby to-night

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE (harmonicas):
|       C     C     D7     D7     F     G7      C |

C
Close your eyes, close the door
D7
You don't have to worry anymore
F     G7      C
I'll be your baby to-night
F     C
Yes, I'll be your baby to-night

I'll Be Your Baby Tonight
I saw Big Bear Henry and Two Turtle Jim,
Rollin' into town and they was ridin' on their rims
Sold their tires to buy themselves, a couple of cases of beer
They got there a little too late,
So they broke down the door and shot up the place
Now everybody's gone crazy 'round here

And it's restless nights and endless fights,
A hundred miles an hour and no headlights
Fiddles and accordions, tear-stained steel gui-tars
It's a tar paper shack, whiskey and smack,
Two guns left on a five rifle rack
Some-body round here's gonna get killed and that's for sure
Set up a barricade on the line,
The cops came down and bullets were flyin'
We held 'em up and then we held 'em off, till just before dawn
They got Bear, and then they got Jim,
And then we got a couple of them
And if we make the trade they say they'll call it off
And it's restless nights and endless fights,
A hundred miles an hour and no headlights
Fiddles and accordions, tear-stained steel gui-tars
It's a tar paper shack, whiskey and smack,
Two guns left on a five rifle rack
Some-body round here's gonna get killed and that's for sure

Instrumental verse

Up in the churchyard the choir is a-singin',
I can hear mandolin's a-ringing'
Dogs are a-barkin', ambulances wailin', out on the edge of town
The radio says the whole thing's over,
But there ain't much that they don't know
Cause tomorrow mornin' the whole thing's gonna go down

And it's restless nights and endless fights,
A hundred miles an hour and no headlights
Fiddles and accordions, tear-stained steel gui-tars
It's a tar paper shack, whiskey and smack,
Two guns left on a five rifle rack
Some-body round here's gonna get killed and that's for sure

Little Buffalo
I'M LEAVING NOW
Johnny Cash

Key of D

D
Hold on honey, I would like to say,
D
I'm busting out and breaking away
G
I'm letting you go like a hot horseshoe,
G G D D
I can't take another heart ache from you

D
Think about how it's gonna be,
D
When you start back to needing me
G
When your dancing shoes have lost their shine,
G G D
I'm gonna be gone in mine

CHORUS:
G D
I'm leaving now, I'm leaving now
A7
Get out of my space, get out of my face,
I'm leaving now – Adios! (arrivederci, tally-ho, sayonara)
D D
I'm leaving now

D
The time may come you have to trim the fat,
D
Feed kitchen scraps to your front-seat cat
G
Bye-bye baby when the bills come due,
G G D D
You may have to give up a jewel or two

D
Eat your heart out, anyway,
D
It's hard as your head and it's cold as clay
G
It's all over now – you won't have me,
G G D
For your sugar daddy and your mo-ney tree

CHORUS:
G D
I'm leaving now, I'm leaving now
A7
Get out of my space, get out of my face,
I'm leaving now – Adios! (arrivederci, tally-ho, sayonara)
D D
I'm leaving now

D
Turn up the collar on my travelling coat,
D
Sell that miserable pleasure boat
  G
I wouldn't give a dime for another buck,
    G G D D
I'm living on muscle, guts and luck

D
If anybody asks where did I go,
  D
Tell them I went where the wild goose goes
  G
I won't even have an area code,
    G G D
Ain't no numbers on the free-dom road

CHORUS:
  G         D
I'm leaving now, I'm leaving now
  A7
Get out of my space, get out of my face,
I'm leaving now – Adios! (arrivederci, tally-ho, sayonara)
  D      D
I'm leaving now

I'M LEAVING NOW
Intro: Verse

C
I been havin' some hard travellin', I thought you knewed'
C  D7     G
I been havin' some hard travellin', way down the road'
C
I been havin' some hard travellin',
F
    hard ramblin', hard gamblin',
C  G     C  G C
An' I've been hittin' some hard travellin' Lord

C
I've been ridin' them fast rattlers, I thought you knewed
C  D7     G
I've been ridin' them flat wheelers, way down the road
C
I've been ridin' them dead enders,
F
    blind passengers, kicking up cinders,
C  G     C  G C
I've been havin' some hard travellin' Lord

C
Well, I've been hittin' some hard-rock minin', I thought you knewed
I've been leanin' on a pressure drill, way down the road
Hammer flyin', air-hose suckin',
six foot of mud and I shore been a muckin'
And I've been havin' some hard travellin' Lord

Well, I've been hittin' some hard harvestin', I thought you knowed
North Dakota to Kansas City way down the road
Cuttin' that wheat an' stacking that hay,
and tryin' to make about a dollar a day
An' I've been havin' some hard travellin' Lord

I've been working that Pittsburgh steel, I thought you knowed.
I've been a pourin', red-hot slag, way down the road.
I've been a blasting, I've been a firin',
I've been a pourin' red-hot iron.
I've been havin' some hard travellin' Lord.

Well, I've layin' in a hard rock jail, I thought you knowed
I've been layin' out ninety days, way down the road
C
The mean old judge he says to me,
F
"It's ninety days for vagrancy"
C G C
An' I've been hittin' some hard travellin' Lord

C
Well, I've been walkin' that Lincoln Highway, I thought you knewed
C D7 G
I've been hittin' that '66, way down the road
C
Heavy load, and a worried mind,
F
I'm a- lookin' for a woman that's a-hard to find
C G C
An' I've been hittin' some hard travellin' Lord

(Instrumental Verse)

Hard Travellin' in C
John Hardy
~was a desperate little man~
Carter Family

C
G
D

Intro: Verse

John Hardy was a desperate little man
He carried two guns every day
He shot a man on the West Virginia line
And you ought to see John Hardy getting a-way

John Hardy got to the East Stone Bridge
He thought that he would be free
And up stepped a man and took him by his arm
Saying Johnny walk a-long with me

He sent for his poppy and his mommy too
To come and go his bail
But money won't throw away a murdering case
And they locked John Hardy back in jail

John Hardy had a pretty little girl
The dress that she wore was blue
As she came skipping thru the old jail hall
Saying Poppy I've been true to you

John Hardy had another little girl
The dress that she wore was red
She followed John Hardy to his hanging ground
Saying Poppy I would rather be dead

I've been to the East and I've been to the West
I've been this wide world a-round
I've been to the river and I've been baptized
And now I'm on my hanging ground
John Hardy walked out on his scaffold high
With his loving little wife by his side
And the last word she heard her John-o say
I'll meet you in that sweet bye and bye

(Instrumental verse)

John Hardy (was a desperate little man)
The Cup Song
You're Gonna Miss Me When I'm Gone
A. P. Carter, new verses by Luisa Gerstein

C
\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{C} \\
0 0 0 3 \\
\end{array}
\begin{array}{c}
\text{F} \\
2 0 1 0 \\
\end{array}
\begin{array}{c}
\text{Am} \\
2 0 0 0 \\
\end{array}
\begin{array}{c}
\text{G} \\
0 2 3 2 \\
\end{array}
\]

LOOPER X 2
CUP pattern X 2
CUP pattern X 2 plus UKEs on    |    Cl

C
I got my ticket for the long way round
F          C
Two bottles of whiskey for the way
F          Am
And I sure would like some sweet company
C          G          C
And I'm leaving to-morrow, what do you say

Am
When I'm gone
C
When I'm gone
F         C
You're gonna miss me when I'm gone
F
You're gonna miss me by my hair
Am
You're gonna miss me everywhere, oh
You're gonna miss me when I'm gone

CUP pattern X 2
CUP pattern X 1 plus UKEs on I C

I got my ticket for the long way round
The one with the prettiest of views
It's got mountains, it's got rivers, it's got sights to give you shivers
But it sure would be prettier with you

When I'm gone
When I'm gone
You're gonna miss me when I'm gone
You're gonna miss me by my walk
You're gonna miss me by my talk, oh
You're gonna miss me when I'm gone

When I'm gone
When I'm gone
F   C
You're gonna miss me when I'm gone
F
You're gonna miss me by my hair
Am
You're gonna miss me everywhere, oh
C   G   C   X
You're sure gonna miss me when I'm gone

CUP pattern  X 2

The Cup Song
Man of Constant Sorrow
Soggy Bottom Boys

Key of F

F7 Bb C7 F

Intro:
I F F7 Bb C7 F
F F7 Bb
I am the man of constant sorrow
C7 F
I've seen trouble on my days
F F7 Bb
I bid farewell to old Kentucky
C7 F
The place where I was born and raised
C7 F
The place where he was born and raised

I F F7 Bb C7 F

F F7 Bb
For six long years I've been in trouble
C7 F
No pleasure here on earth I find
F F7 Bb
For in this world I'm bound to ramble
C7 F
I have no friends to help me now
C7 F
He has no friends to help him now
I  F  F7  Bb  C7  F

F  F7  Bb
For I'm bound to ride that northern railroad
C7  F
Perhaps I'll die upon this train
C7  F
Perhaps he'll die upon this train

I  F  F7  Bb  C7  F

F  F7  Bb
Maybe your friends think I'm just a stranger
C7  F
My face you'll never see no more
F  F7  Bb
But there is one promise that is given
C7  F
I'll meet you on God's golden shore
C7  F
He'll meet you on God's golden shore

Man of Constant Sorrow
Deep Elm Blues
Jerry Garcia

Key of E

If you go down to Deep Elm, keep your money in your shoes
Cause the women in Deep Elm, got them Deep Elm blues

Oh sweet mama, your daddy's got them Deep Elm blues
Oh sweet mama, your daddy's got them Deep Elm blues

If you go down to Deep Elm, to have a little fun
Have your ten dollars ready, when the policeman comes

Oh sweet mama, your daddy's got them Deep Elm blues
Oh sweet mama, your daddy's got them Deep Elm blues

When you go down to Deep Elm, put your money in your pants
Cause women in Deep Elm, they don’t give a man a chance
Oh sweet mama, your daddy's got them Deep Elm blues

Once I knew a preacher, preached the Bible through and through
He went down to Deep Elm, now his preachin' days are through

When you go down to Deep Elm, have a little fun
Have your 10 dollars ready, when that old policeman comes

Deep Elm Blues
ON THE ROAD AGAIN
Willie Nelson

G

On the road again
B7
Just can't wait to get on the road again
Am
The life I love is making music with my friends
C
D
G
And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain

G
On the road again
B7
Goin' places that I've never been
Am
Seein' things that I may never see again
C
D
G
And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain

C
On the road again
G
Like a band of gypsies we go down the highway
C
We're the best of friends

G       D7
Insisting that the world keep turning our way and our way

G
On the road again

B7
Just can't wait to get on the road again

Am
The life I love is making music with my friends

C       D       G
And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain

I        G       B7       Am       C       D       G

C
On the road again

G
Like a band of gypsies we go down the highway

C
We're the best of friends

G       D7
Insisting that the world keep turning our way and our way

G
On the road again

B7
Just can't wait to get on the road again

Am
The life I love is making music with my friends

C       D       G
And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain
And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain

Outro:
I C D G C\ G\n
ON THE ROAD AGAIN
POOR OLD DIRT FARMER
Levon Helm

C    F       G

Oh the poor old dirt farmer, he's lost all his corn
And now where's the money to pay off his loan?
He lost all his corn, can't pay off his loan
He lost all his corn

C    F       C
Well the poor old dirt farmer, he only grows stone
He grows them on down till they're big enough to roll
He rolls them on down to the taxman in town
He rolls them on down

C    F       C
Now the poor old dirt farmer, he's left all a-lone
His wife and his children they packed up and gone
G

Packed up and gone, he's left all a-lone

G

They packed up and gone

C  F  C

Well the poor old dirt farmer, how bad he must feel

C  G  C

He fell off his tractor up under the wheel

G  C

And now his head, shaped like a tread

G  C

But he ain't quite dead

C  F  C

Well the poor old dirt farmer, he can't grow no corn

C  G  C

He can't grow no corn cause he ain't got a loan

G  C

He ain't got a loan, he can't grow no corn

G  C

He ain't got no loan

I  C  G  C

POOR OLD DIRT FARMER
Our Town
Iris Dement

C5  F
And you know the sun's setting fast
C5  G
And just like they say, nothing good ever lasts
C5  F
Well go on now, and kiss it goodbye
C5  G
But hold on to your lover, 'cause your heart's bound to die
C5  F  C5  G
Go on now, and say goodbye to our town, to our town
C5  F  C5
Can't you see the sun setting down on our town,
G  C5  F  C5  G
on our town, Good-night

C5  F
Up the street beside the red neon light
C5  G
That's where I met my baby on one hot summer night
C5  F
He was the tender and I ordered a beer
C5  G
It's been forty years and I'm still sitting here
C5  F
But you know the sun's setting fast
C5       G
And just like they say, nothing good ever lasts
C5       F
Go on now, and kiss it goodbye
C5       G
But hold on to your lover, 'cause your heart's bound to die
C5       F       C5       G
Go on now, and say goodbye to our town, to our town
C5       F
Can't you see the sun setting down on our town,
G       C5       F       C5       G
on our town, Good-night

C5       F
It's here I had my babies and I had my first kiss
C5       G
I've walked down Main Street on the cold morning mist
C5       F
Over there is where I bought my first car
C5       G
It turned over once, but then it never went far
C5       F
And I can see the sun's setting fast
C5       G
And just like they say, nothing good ever lasts
C5       F
Well go on now, and kiss it goodbye
C5       G
But hold on to your lover, 'cause your heart's bound to die
C5       F       C5       G
Go on now, and say goodbye to our town, to our town
C5       F
Can't you see the sun setting down on our town,
G       C5       F       C5       G
on our town, Good-night
I buried my Mama and I buried my Pa
They sleep up the street beside the pretty brick wall
I bring 'em flowers a-bout every day
But I just gotta cry when I think what they'd say
If they could see how the sun's setting fast
And just like they say, nothing good ever lasts
Well go on now, and kiss it goodbye
But hold on to your lover, 'cause your heart's bound to die
Go on now, and say goodbye to our town, to our town
Can't you see the sun setting down on our town,
on our town, Good-night

Now I set on the porch and watch the lightning bugs fly
But I can't see too good, I got tears in my eyes
I'm leaving tomorrow, but I don't wanna go
I love you, my town, you'll always live in my soul
But I can see the sun setting fast
And just like they say, nothing good ever lasts
Well go on, I gotta kiss you goodbye
But I hold to my lover, 'cause my heart's bound to die
Go on now, and say goodbye to my town, to my town
I can see the sun has gone down on my town,
on my town,
Good-night
Good-night

OUR TOWN
In Spite of Ourselves
John Prine with Iris Dement

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>D</th>
<th>G</th>
<th>A</th>
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I   D/ D/ D/ D/ G/ G/
I   D/ D/ A/ A/ A/ D/ D

D
She don't like her eggs all runny
She thinks a’crossin' her legs is funny
G
She looks down her nose at money
      D
She gets it on like the Easter Bunny
A
She's my baby, I'm her honey
      D   A   D
I'm never gonna let her go

D
Well he ain't got laid in a month of Sundays
I caught him once and he was sniffin' my undies
G
He ain't real sharp but he gets things done
D
Drinks his beer like it's oxygen
    A
But he's my baby, and I'm his honey
      D   A   D
I'm never gonna let him go
In spite of our-selves
We'll end up a'sittin' on a rainbow
Against all odds
Honey, we're the big door prize
We're gonna spite our noses
Right off of our faces
There won't be nothin' but big old hearts
Dancin' in our eyes

(Some cool finger picking)

She thinks all my jokes are corny
Convict movies make her horny
She likes ketchup on her scrambled eggs
Swears like a sailor when she shaves her legs
She takes a lickin', and keeps on tickin'

Page 49
I'm never gonna let her go

Well he's got more balls than a big brass monkey
He's a wacked out weirdo and a lovebug junkie
Sly as a fox, crazy as a loon
Payday comes and he's a'howlin' at the moon
But he's my baby, I don't mean maybe
I'm never gonna let him go

In spite of our-selves
We'll end up a'sittin' on a rainbow
Against all odds
Honey, we're the big door prize
We're gonna spite our noses
Right off of our faces
There won't be nothin' but big old hearts
Dancin' in our eyes
There won't be nothin' but big old hearts
Dancin' in our eyes
In Spite of Ourselves
Pancho and Lefty
Townes Van Zandt

C          G
Living on the road my friend, is gonna keep you free and clean,
F
Now you wear your skin like iron,
C  G
Your breath as hard as kerosene,
F         C         F
You weren't your mama's only boy, but her favorite one it seems,
Am         F         C         G         G
She be-gan to cry when you said good-bye
F         Am
And sank into your dreams

I          Am  Am\   G\  

C          G
Pancho was a bandit boys his horse was fast as polished steel,
F
He wore his gun outside his pants,
C  G
For all the honest world to feel,
F         C         F
Pancho met his match you know on the deserts down in Mexico,
Am         F         C         G         G
Nobody heard his dy-ing words
F         Am
Ah but that's the way it goes
Chorus:
F   C   F
All the Federales say they could have had him any day,
Am   F   C G   G
They only let him slip a-way
      F    Am
Out of kindness, I sup-pose

Chorus:
F   C   F
All the Federales say they could have had him any day,
Am   F   C G   G
They only let him slip a-way
      F    Am
Out of kindness, I sup-pose
Poets tell how Pancho fell, and Lefty's living in a cheap hotel,
The desert's quiet and Cleveland's cold,
And so the story ends we're told,
Pancho needs your prayers it's true, but save a few for Lefty too,
He only did what he had to do
And now he's growing old

Chorus:
All the Federales say they could have had him any day,
They only let him slip a-way
Out of kindness, I sup-pose

A few gray Federales say they could have had him any day,
They only let him go so long
Out of kindness, I sup-pose
Pancho and Lefty
SPANISH PIPEDREAM
JOHN PRINE

She was a level-headed dancer on the road to alcohol
And I was just a soldier on my way to Montre-al
Well she pressed her chest against me
About the time the juke box broke
Yeah, she gave me a peck on the back of the neck
And these are the words she spoke

Blow up your TV, throw away your paper
Go to the country, build you a home
Plant a little garden, eat a lot of peaches
Try an find Jesus on your own

Well, I sat there at the table and I acted real naive
For I knew that topless lady had something up her sleeve
Well, she danced around the bar room and she did the hoochy-coo

Yeah she sang her song all night long, tellin' me what to do

Blow up your TV, throw away your paper

Go to the country, build you a home

Plant a little garden, eat a lot of peaches

Try an find Jesus on your own

Well I was young and hungry and a-bout to leave that place

When just as I was leavin', well she looked me in the face

I said "You must know the answer"

"She said "No but I'll give it a try"

And to this very day we've been livin' our way

And here is the reason why

We blew up our TV, threw away our paper

Went to the country, built us a home

Had a lot of children, fed 'em on peaches

They all found Jesus on their own
SPANISH PIPEDREAM
Who's Gonna Build Your Wall
Tom Russell

Intro:
I       F       F       F       F

F       C
I got 800 miles of open border, right outside my door
C
There's Minutemen in little pickup trucks,
Bb       F
Who've de-clared their own dang war
F       C
Now the government wants to build a barrier, like old Berlin, eight feet tall
C       Bb       F
But if Uncle Sam sends the illegals home, who's gonna build the wall

F       Bb       F
Who's gonna build your wall, boys, who's gonna mow your lawn
F       Dm       C
Who's gonna cook your Mexican food, when your Mexican maid is gone
F       Bb       Gm
Who's gonna wax the floors tonight, down at the local mall
F       Dm       C       F
Who's gonna wash your baby's face, who's gonna build your wall

F       C
Now I ain't got no politics, so don't lay that rap on me
left wing, right wing, up wing, down,
    Bb          F
I see strip malls from sea to shining sea
    F          C
It’s the fat cat white developer, who’s created this whole damn squall
    C          Bb          F
It’s a pyramid scheme of dirty jobs, and who’s gonna build your wall

Who’s gonna build your wall, boys, who’s gonna mow your lawn
    F          Bb          F
Who’s gonna cook your Mexican food, when your Mexican maid is gone
    F          Dm          C
Who’s gonna wax the floors tonight, down at the local mall
    F          Dm          C          F
Who’s gonna wash your baby’s face, who’s gonna build your wall

Instrumental (optional)
I         F  F  Bb  F  F

    F          C
We’ve got fundamentalist Moslems, we’ve got fundamentalist Jews,
    C
We’ve got fundamentalist Christians,
    Bb          F
They’ll blow the whole thing up for you
    F          C
But as I travel around this big old world, there’s one thing that I most fear
    C          Bb          F
It’s a white man in a golf shirt, with a cell phone in his ear

    F          Bb          F
Who’s gonna build your wall, boys, who’s gonna mow your lawn
F        Dm        C
Who’s gonna cook your Mexican food, when your Mexican maid is gone
F        Bb        Gm
Who’s gonna wax the floors tonight, down at the local mall
F        Dm        C        F
Who’s gonna wash your baby’s face, who’s gonna build your wall

F        Dm
Yeah, who’s gonna wash your baby’s face,
C        F
who’s gonna build your wall

|   F   F   Bb   F |

Who's Gonna Build Your Wall
Train of Love
Johnny Cash

Train of love's a-coming, big black wheels a-humming
People waiting at the station, happy hearts are drumming
Trainman tell me maybe, ain't you got my baby
Every so often everybody's baby gets the urge to roam
But everybody's baby but mine's coming home

Now stop your whistle blowing, 'cause I've got ways of knowing
You're bringing other people's lovers, but my own keeps going
Train of love deceiving, when she's not gone she's leaving
But everybody's baby but mine's coming home

Train of love now hasten, sweethearts standing waiting
C
Here and there and everywhere, they're gonna be embracing
G
Trainman tell me maybe, ain't you got my baby
D7
Every so often everybody's baby gets the urge to roam
  D7                     G
But everybody's baby but mine's coming home

G
Train of love's a-leaving, leaving my heart grieving
  C
But early or late I sit and wait, because I'm still believing
  G
We'll walk away together, though I may wait forever
D7
Every so often everybody's baby gets the urge to roam
  D7                     G
But everybody's baby but mine's coming home

Train of Love
There's a big potted tree down an old hill from me Where you lay down a dollar or two Well you go round the bend and when you come back again There's a jug full of good old mountain dew

Chorus: They call it that old mountain dew And them that refuse it are few I'll shut up my mug if you fill up my jug With some good old mountain dew

Now My uncle Nort he's sawed off and short He measures about four foot two But he thinks he's a giant when you give him a pint
Of that good old mountain dew

My old aunt June bought some brand new perfume
It had such a sweet smellin' pew
But to her surprise when your handin' in a line
It's nothing but good old mountain dew

Instrumental verse:

Now, the preacher rode by with his head hasted high
Said his wife had been down with the flou
And he thought that I ort just to sell him a quart
Of that good old mountain dew

My brother Bill got a still on the hill
Where he runs off a gallon or two
The buzzards in the sky get so drunk they can't fly
From smellin' that good old mountain dew
Chorus:

A
They call it that old mountain dew
D A
And them that refuse it are few
A
I'll shut up my mug if you fill up my jug
A E7 A
With some good old mountain dew

MOUNTAIN DEW
TAKE AN OLD COLD TATER AND WAIT
Little Jimmy Dickens

G        C        G
When I was a little boy a-round the table at home
G        A        D
I remember fairly well when company would come
G        C        G
I would have to be right still un-til the whole crowd ate
G        D        G        G
My mamma always said to me Jim take a tater and wait

Chorus:
G        C        G
Now taters never did taste good with chicken on the plate
G        A        D        D
But I had to eat 'em just the same
G        C        G
That is why I look so bad and have these puny ways
G        D        G        G
Be-cause I always had to take, an old cold tater and wait

G        C        G
And then the preachers they would come to stay a while with us
G        A        D
I would have to slip around and raise a little fuss
G        C        G
In fear that I would spill the beans or break the china plate
My mamma always said to me Jim take a tater and wait

Chorus:
G C G
Now taters never did taste good with chicken on the plate
G A D D
But I had to eat 'em just the same
G C G
That is why I look so bad and have these puny ways
G D G G
Be-cause I always, had to take, an old cold tater and wait

G C G
Well I thought that I’d starve to death be-fore my time would come
G A D
All that chicken they would eat and just leave me the bun
G C G
The feet and neck were all that’s left up-on the china plate
G D G G
It makes ya pretty darn weak to take an old cold tater and wait

Chorus:
G C G
Now taters never did taste good with chicken on the plate
G A D D
But I had to eat 'em just the same
G C G
That is why I look so bad and have these puny ways
G D G G
Be-cause I always, had to take, an old cold tater and wait

TAKE AN OLD COLD TATER AND WAIT
Try finger picking the banjo part

Intro: 1ST VERSE 2x - INSTRUMENTAL:

C          G
Headed down south to the land of the pines

Am          F
And I'm thumbin' my way into North Caroline

C
Starin' up the road

G          F          F
And pray to God I see headlights

C          G
I made it down the coast in seventeen hours

Am          F
Pickin' me a bouquet of dogwood flowers

C
And I'm a hopin' for Raleigh

G          F          F
I can see my baby to-night
CHORUS:

C          G
So rock me mama like a wagon wheel
Am       F
Rock me mama any way you feel
C      G      F      F
Hey, mama rock me
C          G
Rock me mama like the wind and the rain
Am            F
Rock me mama like a south-bound train
C      G      F      F
Hey, mama rock me

solo - fiddle over 1/2 chorus

C          G
Runnin' from the cold up in New England
Am      F
I was born to be a fiddler in an old-time stringband
C
My baby plays the guitar
G     F     F
I pick a banjo now

C          G
Oh, the North country winters keep a gettin' me now
Am        F
Lost my money playin' poker so I had to up and leave
C
But I ain't a turnin' back
G     F     F
To livin' that old life no more
CHORUS:

C        G
So rock me mama like a wagon wheel
Am       F
Rock me mama any way you feel
C        G        F        F
Hey, mama rock me
C        G
Rock me mama like the wind and the rain
Am       F
Rock me mama like a south-bound train
C        G        F        F
Hey, mama rock me

solo - fiddle over FULL chorus

CHORD ONLY ON FIRST BEAT FOR THIS VERSE

C        G
Walkin' to the south out of Roanoke
Am
I caught a trucker out of Philly
F
Had a nice long toke
C        G
But he's a headed west from the Cumberland Gap
F        F
To Johnson City, Tennessee

C        G
And I gotta get a move on fit for the sun
Am
I hear my baby callin' my name
And I know that she's the only one
And if I die in Raleigh
At least I will die free

**CHORUS:**

So rock me mama like a wagon wheel
Rock me mama any way you feel
Hey, mama rock me

Rock me mama like the wind and the rain
Rock me mama like a south-bound train
Hey, mama rock me

I (end on) C I

Wagon Wheel
COME ON UP TO THE HOUSE

Tom Waits

Key of C

I

C Am F G C

C Am F C

Well the moon is broken and the sky is cracked

C Am

Come on up to the house

C Am F C

The only things that you can see, is all that you lack

C G C

You gotta come on up to the house

C Am F C

All your cryin' don't do no good

C Am

Come on up to the house

C Am F C

Come down off the cross, we can use the wood

C G C

You gotta come on up to the house

CHORUS:

C C Am

Come on up to the house, come on up to the house

C Am F C

The world is not my home I'm just a-passin' through
You gotta come on up to the house

There's no light in the tunnel, no irons in the fire
Come on up to the house
And you're singin' lead so-prano in a junkman's choir
You gotta come on up to the house

Does life seem nasty, brutish and short
Come on up to the house
The seas are stormy and you can't find no port
You gotta come on up to the house

CHORUS:
You gotta come on up to the house, come on up to the house
The world is not my home I'm just a-passin' through
You gotta come on up to the house

Repeat VERSE (INSTRUMENTAL)

CHORUS:
You gotta come on up to the house, come on up to the house
C    Am    F    C
The world is not my home I'm just a-passin' through
C    G    C
You gotta come on up to the house

C    Am    F    C
There's nothin' in the world that you can do
C    Am
You gotta come on up to the house

C    Am    F    C
And you've been whipped by the forces that are inside you
C    G    C
You gotta come on up to the house

C    Am    F    C
Well you're high on top of your mountain of woe
C    Am
You gotta come on up to the house

C    Am    F    C
Well you know you should sur-render but you can't let it go
C    G    C
You gotta come on up to the house

CHORUS:
C    C    Am
You gotta come on up to the house, come on up to the house
C    Am    F    C
The world is not my home I'm just a-passin' through
C    G    C
You gotta come on up to the house

C    C    Am
You gotta come on up to the house, come on up to the house
C    Am    F    C
The world is not my home I'm just a-passin' through
COME ON UP TO THE HOUSE

COME ON UP TO THE HOUSE
CRIPPLE CREEK
Appalachian folk song

Key of C

Hey I got a gal at the head of the creek
Go up to see her 'bout the middle of the week
Kiss her on the mouth, just as sweet as any wine
Wraps herself around me like a sweet pertater vine

CHORUS:
Goin' up Cripple Creek, goin' on a run
Goin' up Cripple Creek, to have a little fun
Goin' up Cripple Creek, goin' in a whirl
Goin' up Cripple Creek to see my girl

Now the girls on the Cripple Creek 'bout half grown
Jump on a boy like a dog on a bone
Roll my britches up to my knees
I'll wade old Cripple Creek whenever I please

CHORUS:
C
Goin' up Cripple Creek, goin' on a run
G7 C
Goin' up Cripple Creek, to have a little fun
Goin' up Cripple Creek, goin' in a whirl
G7 C
Goin' up Cripple Creek to see my girl

C F C
Cripple Creek's wide and Cripple Creek's deep
G7 C
I'll wade old Cripple Creek a-fore I sleep
F C
Roads are rocky and the hillside's muddy
G7 C
And I'm so drunk that I can't stand steady

CHORUS:
C
Goin' up Cripple Creek, goin' on a run
G7 C
Goin' up Cripple Creek, to have a little fun
Goin' up Cripple Creek, goin' in a whirl
G7 C
Goin' up Cripple Creek to see my girl

C F C
Kids up on Cripple Creek they so free
Jump on your lap like a squirrel up a tree
We hold on tight when things feel bad
Laugh when you're happy and cry when you're sad

CHORUS:
Goin' up Cripple Creek, goin' on a run
Goin' up Cripple Creek, to have a little fun
Goin' up Cripple Creek, goin' in a whirl
Goin' up Cripple Creek to see my girl

One time it rained 'bout a week or more
I never saw such mud be-fore
We ran 'round naked like little greased pigs
Stood on our heads and danced a jig

CHORUS:
Goin' up Cripple Creek, goin' on a run
Goin' up Cripple Creek, to have a little fun
Goin' up Cripple Creek, goin' in a whirl
Goin' up Cripple Creek to see my girl
C     F     C
When grandma died at a hundred and two

G7     C
We danced and we sang like she asked us to

F     C
Folks drove in from miles a-round

G7     C
To help lay grandma in the ground

CHORUS:
C
Goin' up Cripple Creek, goin' on a run

G7     C
Goin' up Cripple Creek, to have a little fun

G7     C
Goin' up Cripple Creek, goin' in a whirl

G7     C
Goin' up Cripple Creek to see my girl

C     F     C
Loving you is so easy

G7     C
Cuz I love you and you love me

F     C
If I had all the gold on earth

G7     C
It still wouldn't touch what a good friend's worth

CHORUS:
C
Goin' up Cripple Creek, goin' on a run

G7     C
Goin' up Cripple Creek, to have a little fun
Goin' up Cripple Creek, goin' in a whirl

G7      C

Goin' up Cripple Creek to see my girl

CRIPPLE CREEK
Ballad Of A Teenage Queen
Johnny Cash

Key of C

C F C
Dream on, dream on teenage queen
F C G C
prettiest girl we've ever seen

C F C
There's a story in our town
G7 C
Of the prettiest girl around
F C
Golden hair and eyes of blue
G7 C
How those eyes could flash at you
G7 C
How those eyes could flash at you

F C
Boys hung 'round her by the score
G G7 C
But she loved the boy next door
G G7 C
who worked at the candy store
C   F   C
Dream on, dream on teenage queen
F   C   G   C
prettiest girl we've ever seen

C   F   C
She was tops in all they said
G7   C
It never once went to her head
F   C
She had every-thing it seemed
G7   C
Not a care, this teenage queen
G7   C
Not a care, this teenage queen

F   C
Other boys could offer more
G   G7   C
But she loved the boy next door
G   G7   C
who worked at the candy store

C   F   C
Dream on, dream on teenage queen
F   C   G   C
you should be a movie queen

C   F   C
He would marry her next spring
G7   C
Saved his money, bought a ring
Then one day a movie scout
Came to town to take her out
Came to town to take her out

Hollywood could offer more
So she left the boy next door
working at the candy store

Dream on, dream on teenage queen
see you on the movie screen

Very soon she was a star
Pretty house and shiny car
Swimming pool and a fence around
But she missed her old home town
But she missed her old home town

All the world was at her door
All except the boy next door
who worked at the candy store

Dream on, dream on teenage queen
saddest girl we've ever seen

Then one day the teenage star
Sold her house and all her cars
Gave up all her wealth and fame
Left it all and caught a train
Left it all and caught a train

Do I have to tell you more
She came back to the boy next door
who worked at the candy store

Now this story has some more,
you'll hear it all at the candy store
Ballad Of A Teenage Queen
Intro:
C \text{x 6 bars}

C F C
It snowed the night be-fore and it had frozen on the ground
C F C G
We didn't have a car and we lived seven miles from town
F C F
And I can hear my daddy's voice so many years a-go
C F C
Sayin', "Don't forget the coffee Billy Joe"

Chorus1:
G F C
"Mama needs her medicine, she's got that real bad cough
G F C
We'll get our check on Monday, tell ol' Sam we'll pay him off
C F C F
You can catch a ride when you get to the black-top road
C F C
"Don't forget the coffee Billy Joe"

C F C
Me and Quentin went back on the hill and we cut some wood
C F C G
Burnin' in that ol' warm mornin' stove, it sure smelled good
Daddy couldn't get work then and I was just a child
And God was on vacation for a while

Chorus2:

"Well, if you see Fred you tell him I'll come
help him kill them hogs
And ask him if he'd still be interested in my dogs
Don't hang around that pool room all day, we might get more snow
And "Don't forget the coffee Billy Joe"

Well, they wonder why there ain't no rabbits left this day and time
To tell the truth, I guess we ate 'em all in forty-nine
Was that yesterday or was it over twenty years ago
"Don't forget the coffee Billy Joe"

Chorus1:

"Mama needs her medicine, she's got that real bad cough
We'll get our check on Monday, tell ol' Sam we'll pay him off
You can catch a ride when you get to the black-top road
"Don't forget the coffee Billy Joe" (Now pay attention, son)
"Don't forget the coffee Billy Joe"

Don’t Forget the Coffee Billy Joe
Gotta Travel On
Bobby Bare

Key of C

C
I've laid around and played around this old town too long
C        F        C
Summer's almost gone, yes winter's comin' on
C
I've laid around and played around this old town too long
F        G7        C
And I feel like I gotta travel on

C
High sheriff and police ridin' after me
C        F        C
Ridin' after me, yes ridin' after me
C
High sheriff and police they're ridin' after me
F        G7        C
And I feel like I gotta travel on

C
Well papa writes to Johnny but Johnny can't come home
C        F        C
Johnny can't come home, no Johnny can't come home
C
Papa writes to Johnny but Johnny can't come home
F  G7  C
Cause he's been on the chain gang too long

C
Gotta see my baby, gotta see her bad
F  C
Gotta see her bad, oh I gotta see her bad
C
Gotta see my baby, gotta see her bad
F  G7  C
She's the best friend this poor boy ever had

C
I've laid around and played around this old town too long
F  C
Summer's almost gone, yes winter's comin' on
C
I've laid around and played around this old town too long
F  G7  C
And I feel like I gotta travel on
F  G7  C
And I feel like I gotta travel on

Gotta Travel On
The One on the Right is on the Left
Johnny Cash

Intro: (strum)
| C | G | D7 | G |

G        G7        C        G
There once was a musical troupe a pickin’ singin’ folk group
C        G
they sang the mountain ballads
F        D        D7
and the folk songs of our land
G        G7
They were long on musical a-ibility,
C        G
folks thought they would go far
C        G        D        G
but po-litical incompati-bility led to their down-fall

C        G
Well the one on the right was on the left
D        G
and the one in the middle was on the right
C        G
and the one on the left was in the middle
D        D7        G
and the guy in the rear____, was a Metho-dist

| C | G | D | G |
This musical aggregation toured the entire nation
singing the traditional ballads
and the folk songs of our land
they performed with great virtuosity,
and soon they were the rage
but political animosity prevailed upon the stage

Well the one on the right was on the left
and the one in the middle was on the right
and the one on the left was in the middle
and the guy in the rear, burned his driver’s license

Well the curtain had ascended, a hush fell on the crowd
as thousands there were gathered,
to hear the folk songs of our land
but they took their politics seriously,
and that night at the concert hall
as the audience watched de-liriously they had a free-for-all

Well the one on the right was on the bottom
and the one in the middle was on the top
and the one on the left got a broken arm
and the guy in the rear___, said, "oh dear"

Now this should be a lesson if you plan to start a folk group
Don’t go mixin’ politics with the folk songs of our land
just work on harmony and diction play your ukulele well
and if you have political con-victions keep ‘em to your-self

now the one on the left works in a bank
and the one in the middle drives a truck
the one on the right’s an all-night deejay
and the guy in the rear____, got drafted
The One on the Right is on the Left
The Wreck of the old 97
Johnny Cash

Intro:
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>G</th>
<th>D</th>
<th>G</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

G                      C
They give him his orders at Monroe, Virginia,
G                      D
Sayin', "Steve, you're way behind time
G                      C
This is not 38, this is Old 97
G                      D     G
Put her into Spencer on time."

G                      C
Well he turned around and said to his big, greasy fireman
G                      D
"Hey shovel on a little more coal
G                      C
And when we cross that wide Oak Mountain
G                      D     G
Watch Old ninety seven roll."

Instrumental verse:
G                      C
It’s a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville
On a line with a three mile grade
It was on that grade that he lost his air brakes
See what a jump he made.

He was goin’ down the grade makin’ ninety miles an hour
His whistle broke into a scream
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle
Scalded to death by the steam.

Now all you ladies you better take a warning
From this time on and learn
Never speak harsh words to your true love or husband
He may leave you and never re-turn.

The Wreck of the old 97
Let's Talk Dirty In Hawaiian
John Prine/Fred Koller

Well, I packed my bags and bought myself a ticket
For the land of the tall palm tree
Aloha Old Milwaukee, Hello Waiki-ki
I just stepped down from the airplane
When I heard her say
Waka waka nuka licka, waka waka nuka licka
Would you like a lei? Eh?

Chorus:
Let's talk dirty in Hawaiian
Whisper in my ear
Kicka pooka mok a wa wahini

Are the words I long to hear
Lay your coconut on my tiki

What the hecka mooka mooka dear

Let's talk dirty in Ha-waiian
Say the words I long to hear

It's a ukelele Honolulu sunset
Listen to the grass skirts sway
Drinking rum from a pineapple

Out on Honolulu Bay
The steel guitars all playing
While she's talking with her hands

Gimme gimme oka doka make a wish and wanta polka

Words I under-stand Hey!

Chorus:

Let's talk dirty in Hawaiian
Whisper in my ear
Kicka pooka mok a wa wahini
Are the words I long to hear
Lay your coconut on my tiki  
C7                                  F  
What the hecka mooka mooka dear  
C  
Let's talk dirty in Ha-waiian  
A          D        G         C         G  
Say the words I long to hear  
C  
Well, I boughta lota junka with my moola  
G7  
And sent it to the folks back home  
I never had the chance to dance the hula  
C  
Well, I guess I should have known 
When you start talking to the sweet wahini  
C7                                  F  
Walking in the pale moon-light  
C  
Ohka noka whatta setta knocka-rocka-sis-boom-boccas 
G         C         G  
Hope I said it right Oh!  

**Chorus:**  
C  
Let's talk dirty in Hawaiian  
G7  
Whisper in my ear  
Kicka pooka mok a wa wahini  
C  
Are the words I long to hear  
Lay your coconut on my tiki  
C7                                  F  
What the hecka mooka mooka dear
Let's talk dirty in Ha-waiian
Say the words I long to hear

spoken: "Aloha"

Let's Talk Dirty In Hawaiian
Dead Flowers
Rolling Stones

Key of D

Intro:
I    D A G D

D A G D
Well when you're sittin there in your silk upholstered chair
D A G D
Talkin to some rich folk that you know
D A G D
Well I hope you won't see me in my ragged company
D A G D
You know I could never be alone

D A D
Take me down little Suzie take me down
A D
I know you think you're the queen of the underground
D7 G D D7
And you can send me dead flowers every morning
G D D7
Send me dead flowers by the mail
G D
Send me dead flowers at my wedding
D A G D
And I won’t forget to put roses on your grave
Well when you're sittin back in your rose pink Cadillac
Makin bets on Kentucky Derby day
Well I'll be in my basement room with a needle and a spoon
And another girl can take my pain away

Take me down little Suzie take me down
I know you think you're the queen of the underground
And you can send me dead flowers every morning
Send me dead flowers by the mail
Send me dead flowers at my wedding
And I won’t forget to put roses on your grave

(Instrumental Play: first four lines of verse)

Take me down little Suzie take me down
I know you think you're the queen of the underground
And you can send me dead flowers every morning
Send me dead flowers by the U.S. mail
G            D
Say it with dead flowers at my wedding
D               A         G        D
And I won’t forget to put roses on your grave
D               A         G        D
And I won’t forget to put roses on your grave

Dead Flowers
Footprints in the Snow

Some folks like the summertime, when they can walk a-bout
Strolling through the meadow green, it’s fun there no doubt
But give me the wintertime, when snow falls all a-round
For I found her when the snow was on the ground

Chorus:
Well I traced her little footprints in the snow
I traced her little footprints in the snow
I can’t forget the day, my darlin’ lost her way
And I found her when the snow was on the ground

Well I dropped in to see her, there was a big round moon
Her mother said she just stepped out but would be returning soon
I found her little footprints and I traced them through the snow
I found her when the snow was on the ground

**Chorus:**

Well I traced her little footprints in the snow
I traced her little footprints through the snow
I can’t forget the day, my darlin’ lost her way
And I found her when the snow was on the ground

Now she's up in heaven, she’s with an angel band
I know I’m going to meet her, in that promised land
But every time the snow falls, it brings back memo-ries
For I found her when the snow was on the ground

**Chorus:**

Well I traced her little footprints through the snow
I traced her little footprints through the snow
I can’t forget the day, my darlin’ lost her way
And I found her when the snow was on the ground

---

**Footprints in the Snow**
I can see her lyin' back in her satin dress
In a room where you do what you don't confess
Sundown, you better take care
If I find you bin creepin' round my back stairs
Sundown, you better take care
If I find you bin creeping round my back stairs

She's been lookin' like a queen in a sailor's dream
And she don't always say what she really means
Sometimes I think it's a shame
When I get feelin' better when I'm feelin' no pain
Sometimes I think it's a shame
When I get feelin' better when I'm feelin' no pain
G
I can picture ev'ry move that a man could make
D                     G
Getting' lost in her lovin' is your first mistake
C
Sundown, you better take care
F                     G
If I find you bin creepin' round my back stairs
C
Sometimes I think it's a sin
F                     G
When I feel like I'm winnin' when I'm losin' again

G
I can see her lookin' fast in her faded jeans
D                     G
She's a hard lovin' woman got me feelin' mean
C
Sometimes I think it's a shame
F                     G
When I get feelin' better when I'm feelin' no pain
C
Sundown, you better take care
F                     G
If I find you bin creepin' round my back stairs

C
Sundown, you better take care
F                     G
If I find you bin creepin' round my back stairs
Sometimes I think it's a sin
When I feel like I'm winnin' when I'm losin' again

SUNDOWN
I keep hearing’ you’re concerned about my happiness
But all that thought you’ve given me is conscience I guess
If I were walkin’ in your shoes I wouldn’t worry none
While you and your friends are worrying’ bout me
I’m havin’ lots of fun

Countin’ flowers on the wall that don’t bother me at all
Playin’ solitaire ’til dawn with a deck of fifty-one
Smokin’ cigarettes and watching’ Captain Kangaroo
Now don’t tell me I’ve nothin’ to do

Last night I dressed in tails pretended I was on the town
As long as I can dream it’s hard to slow this swinger down
So please don’t give a thought to me I’m really coin’ fine
D7          G7
You can always find me here and havin’ quite a time

Am
Countin’ flowers on the wall that don’t bother me at all
Playin’ solitaire ’til dawn with a deck of fifty-one
F
Smokin’ cigarettes and watching’ Captain Kangaroo
G7
Now don’t tell me I’ve nothin’ to do

C         Am
It’s good to see you I must go I know I look a fright
D7         G7
Anyway my eyes are not accustomed to this light
C         Am
And my shoes are not accustomed to this hard concrete
D7         G7
So I must go back to my room and make my day complete

Am
Countin’ flowers on the wall that don’t bother me at all
Playin’ solitaire ’til dawn with a deck of fifty-one
F
Smokin’ cigarettes and watching’ Captain Kangaroo
G7
Now don’t tell me I’ve nothin’ to do
G7         C
Now don’t tell me I’ve nothin’ to do

Flowers On The Wall