BUG Jam Songs for November 2015
Country, Bluegrass, Old-Timey...

Version 1.01
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A Little Bitty Tear
Hank Cochran, as sung by Burl Ives

Key of C

Intro: 1 2 / 1 2 3 4 / C / F / C   G7 / C

CHORUS:

C    G7
A little bitty tear let me down
G7    C
Spoiled my act as a clown
C    F
I had it made up not to make a frown
C    G7    C
But a little bitty tear let me down

C    G7
When you said you were leaving to-morrow
G7    C
That to-day was our last day
C    F
I said there'd be no sorrow
C    G7    C
That I'd laugh when you walked a-way
CHORUS:

C          G7
But a little bitty tear let me down
G7       C
Spoiled my act as a clown
C          F
I had it made up not to make a frown
C          G7       C
But a little bitty tear let me down
C          F
I had it made up not to make a frown
C          G7       C
But a little bitty tear let me down

C          G7
I said I'd laugh when you left me
G7       C
Pull a funny as you went out the door
C          F
That I'd have another one waitin'
C          G7       C
And I'd wave good-bye as you go

CHORUS:

C          G7
But a little bitty tear let me down
G7       C
Spoiled my act as a clown
C          F
I had it made up not to make a frown
C         G7         C
But a little bitty tear let me down
C         F
I had it made up not to make a frown
C         G7         C
But a little bitty tear let me down

C         G7
Everything went like I planned it
G7         C
And I really put on quite a show
C         F
In my heart I felt I could stand it
C         G7         C         G7
'Til you walked with your grip through the door then

CHORUS:
C         G7
A little bitty tear let me down
G7         C
Spoiled my act as a clown
C         F
I had it made up not to make a frown
C         G7         C
Oh, but a little bitty tear let me down
C         G7         C
A little bitty tear let me down
C         G7         C         G7
Little bitty tear let me down
Adios Amigo
Jerry Livingston & Ralph Freed, as recorded by Jim Reeves

Key of D

1, 2, 3 / 1, 2...

INTRO:
D7  G  D7  G
Adios amigo, adios, my friend

G  D7
Adios amigo, adios, my friend

D7
The road we have travelled, has come to an end

G  C  G
When two love, the same love, one love has to lose

D7  G
But it's you, who she longs for

A7  D7
It's you, she will choose

G  D7
Adios, compadre, what's to be, will be

D7  G
Re-member to name, one muchacho for me
A-way from these memories, my life I must spend
Adi-os a-migo, adi-os, my friend

Whistling, kazoo…
Adi-os a-migo, adi-os, my friend

Adi-os, amigo, let us shed no tears
May all your mañanas, bring joy through the years
Adi-os a-migo, adi-os, my friend

Whistling, kazoo…
Adi-os a-migo, adi-os, my friend

Adios Amigo
All Night Long
Joe Walsh

| NTRO: 1  2 / 1  2  3  4 / |
| I   A / A / A / A / |
| I   A / A / A / A / |

A We get up early and we work all day
A We put our time in 'cause we like to stay up
D    A   A
All night long, all night long

A We keep on grinnin' till the weekend comes
A Just a pinch between your cheek and gum
D    A   A
All night long, all night long

I   A / A / A / A /
Start in the morning and get the job done
Take care of business and we have some fun
All night long, all night long

We like a long neck and a good old song
Turn it up and then we sing along
Sing along

But oh, baby I’m up all night long

All night long
All Night Long
Alone And Forsaken
Hank Williams

Key of Dm

Intro:  1 2 3 / 1 2 3 /  Dm /  Dm /

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

Dm
The  roses have faded, there's frost at my door
Dm                      A7                      Dm  Dm
The  birds in the morning don't sing any-more
Dm
The  grass in the valley is starting to die
Dm                      A7                      Dm Dm
And  out in the darkness the whippoorwills cry
A-lone and forsaken by fate and by man
Oh, Lord, if You hear me please hold to my hand
Oh, please understand

Oh, where has she gone to, oh, where can she be
She may have forsaken some other like me
She promised to honor, to love and obey
Each vow was a plaything that she threw away

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

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

Alone And Forsaken
Intro:   1 2 / 1 2 3 4 /  G /  G /  G /  G /

G        G7       C
There's a storm across the valley, clouds are rollin' in
D7       G        G
The afternoon is heavy on your shoulders
G        G7       C
There's a truck out on the four lane, a mile or more away
D7       G        G
The whinin' of his wheels just makes it colder

G        G7       C
He's an hour away from ridin', on your prayers up in the sky
D7       G        G
And ten days on the road are barely gone
G        G7       C
There's a fire softly burning, supper's on the stove
D7       G        G7
But it's the light in your eyes that makes him warm

CHORUS:
C        D7       G        G7
Hey, it's good to be back home a-gain
Sometimes this old farm feels like a long-lost friend
Yes, 'n, hey it's good, to be back home a-gain

There's all the news to tell him, how'd you spend your time?
And what's the latest thing the neighbours say
And your mother called last Friday, "Sunshine" made her cry
You felt the baby move just yester-day

CHORUS:
Hey, it's good to be back home a-gain, yes it is
Sometimes this old farm feels like a long-lost friend
Yes, 'n, hey it's good, to be back home a-gain

BRIDGE:
And oh, the time that I can lay this tired old body down
And feel your fingers feather soft up-on me
The kisses that I live for, the love that lights my way
The happiness that livin' with you brings me
It's the sweetest thing I know of, just spending time with you
It's the little things that make a house a home
Like a fire softly burning, supper on the stove
The light in your eyes, it makes me warm

CHORUS:
Hey, it's good to be back home a-gain
Sometimes this old farm feels like a long-lost friend
Yes, 'n, hey it's good, to be back home a-gain

Hey, it's good to be back home a-gain, you know it is
Sometimes this old farm feels like a long-lost friend
Hey it's good, to be back home a-gain
Said hey it's good, to be back home a-gain / ↓

Back Home Again
The Big Rock Candy Mountains
Harry McClintock 1928

Intro: 1 2 / 1 2
A
So come with me, we'll go and see
A  E7  A
The big rock candy mountains

A
One evening as the sun went down
E7  A
And the jungle fire was burning
A
Down the track came a hobo hikin'
A  E7  A
And he said boys I'm not turning
D  A  D  A
I'm headed for a land that's far a-way
D  E7
Beside the crystal fountains
A
So come with me, we'll go and see
A  E7  A
The big rock candy mountains
In the big rock candy mountains
There's a land that's fair and bright
Where the handouts grow on bushes
And you sleep out every night
Where the boxcars all are empty
And the sun shines every day
On the birds and the bees, and the cigarette trees
The lemonade springs, where the bluebird sings
In the big rock candy mountains

In the big rock candy mountains
All the cops have wooden legs
And the bulldogs all have rubber teeth
And the hens lay soft boiled eggs
The farmers' trees are full of fruit
And the barns are full of hay
Oh I'm bound to go, where there ain't no snow
Where the rain don't fall, the wind don't blow
In the big rock candy mountains

In the big rock candy mountains
You never change your socks
And the little streams of alcohol
Come a-tricklin' down the rocks
The brakemen have to tip their hats
And the railroad bulls are blind
There's a lake of stew and of whiskey too
You can paddle all a-round 'em in a big ca-noe
In the big rock candy mountains

In the big rock candy mountains
The jails are made of tin
And you can walk right out again
As soon as you are in
There ain't no short-handled shovels
No axes, saws, or picks
I'm a-going to stay, where you sleep all day
Where they hung the jerk, that invented work
In the big rock candy mountains

Whistle...
In the big rock candy mountain
The jails are made of tin
I'm a-going to stay where you sleep all day

I'll see you all this coming fall
In the big rock candy mountains
Blue Moon Of Kentucky
Bill Monroe, as sung by Paul McCartney

3/4 time

Intro: 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 / A / A / A

A A7 D D
Well, blue moon of Ken-tucky, keep on shinin’
A

A7
Shine on, the one that's gone, and left me blue

A D D
Well, blue moon of Ken-tucky, keep on shinin’

A E7 A A7
Shine on, the one that's gone, and left me blue

D A A7
Well, it was on one moonlight night, with the stars, shinin’ bright
D

D
Wind, blowin’ high, my love, said good-bye

A E7
Blue moon of Ken-tucky, keep on shinin’

A D D
Shine on, the one that's gone, and left me blue
INSTRUMENTAL VERSE:

Well, blue moon of Ken-tucky, keep on shinin’

Shine on, the one that's gone, and left me blue

Well, blue moon of Ken-tucky, keep on shinin’

Shine on, the one that's gone, and left me blue

Well, it was on one moonlight night, with the stars, shinin’ bright

Wind, blowin’ high, my love, said good-bye

Blue moon of Ken-tucky, keep on shinin’

Shine on, the one that's gone, and left me blue ↓ 2 3 4

FAST 4/4 time; - Elvis is in the house

Well, blue moon

Well, blue moon

Yeah, blue moon

Keep a-shinin’ bright
Well, blue moon, keep on a-shinin’ bright

Bring my baby back tonight

Blue moon, yeah, keep a-shinin’ bright

Well, I said blue moon of Ken-tucky, just a-keep on shinin’

Shine on the one that's gone and left me blue

Well, blue moon of my Ken-tucky, just a-keep on shinin’

Well, shine on the one that's gone and left me blue

Well, it was on that-a moonlight night, with the stars, shinin’ bright

Wind blowin’ high, my love said good-bye

Blue moon of Ken-tucky, won’t you keep on shinin’

Well, shine on the one that's gone and left me blue

Yeah, shine on the one that's gone, and left me blue

Blue Moon Of Kentucky
G
Back, through the years I go wonderin’ once again
G C C
Back to the seasons of my youth
G
I re-call the box of rags that someone gave us
G C C
And how my momma put the rags to use

G
There were rags of many colours, and every piece was small
G D7
And I didn’t have a coat, and it was way down in the fall
G C
Momma sewed the rags together, sewin’ every piece with love
G D7 G G
She made my coat of many colours, that I was so proud of

G
As she sewed she told a story, from the bible she had read
G D7
About a coat of many colours, Joseph wore and then she said
Per-haps this coat will bring you, good luck and happiness
And I just couldn't wait to wear it
And momma blessed it with a kiss

My coat of many colours that my momma made for me
Made only from rags, but I wore it so proudly
Al-though we had no money, oh I was rich as I could be
In my coat of many colours, my momma made for me

So with patches on my britches, and holes in both my shoes
In my coat of many colours, I hurried off to school
Just to find the others laughin’, and a-makin’ fun of me
In my coat of many colours, my momma made for me

And oh I couldn't understand it, for I felt I was rich
And I told 'em of the love my momma sewed in every stitch
And I told 'em all the story momma told me while she sewed
And how my coat of many colours
Was worth more than all their clothes

But they didn't understand it and I tried to make them see
That one is only poor, only if they choose to be
Now I know we had no money, but I was rich as I could be
In my coat of many colours, my momma made for me
Made just for me ↓ ↓ ↓

COAT OF MANY COLOURS
Copperhead Road
Steve Earle

Key of D

Slow optional intro – melodion; ukes - one downstroke only
I   D↓ / G↓ / D↓ / C↓ / G↓ / D↓ /
I   D↓ / G↓ / D↓ / C↓ / G↓ / D↓ /
Slower
I   G↓ / G↓ / D↓ / 1 2 3 4 /
I   D / G D / C G / D↓ G↓ D /
I   D / G D / C G / D↓ G↓ D /
I   G / C G / D / G D /
I   D / G D

D G D D G D
Well my name’s John Lee Petti-more /
D C D D G D
Same as my daddy and his daddy be-fore /
D G D D G D
You hardly ever saw grand-daddy down here /

D C D D G D
He only come to town about twice a year /
D G D D G D
He’d buy a hundred pounds of yeast and some copper line /
D G D D G D
Everybody knew that he made moon-shine /
Now the revenue man wanted granddaddy bad
He headed up the holler with everything he had
It’s be-fore my time, but I've been told
He ↓ never come back from Copperhead Road

I  D /  G  D /  C  G /  D↓  G↓  D /  
I  D /  G  D /  C  G /  D↓  G↓  D

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 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

Copperhead Road
Country Roads
John Denver

C       Am
Almost heaven  West Virginia
G       F       C       C
Blue Ridge mountains  Shenandoah  River
C       Am
Life is old there  older than the trees
G       F       C
Younger than the mountains  growing like a  breeze

C       G       Am       F       F
Country  roads, take me  home, to the  place, I  be-long
C
West Vir-gin-ia, mountain  mama
F       C       C
Take me  home, country  roads
C   Am
All my memories  gather round her
G          F          C          C
Miner's lady  stranger to blue  water
C   Am
Dark and dusty  painted on the sky
G                F          C
Misty taste of moonshine  teardrop in my  eye

C   G   Am   F   F
Country  roads, take me  home, to the  place, I be-long
C   G   G
West Vir-ginia, mountain  mama
F   C   C
Take me  home, country  roads

BRIDGE:
Am   G
I hear her  voice
C   C7
In the  mornin' hours she  calls me
F   C   G
The  radio re-minds me of my  home far away
Am   Bb   F
And  drivin' down the  road I get a  feelin'
C   G   G7   G7
That I  should’ve been home  yesterday, yester-day  ↓
Country roads, take me home, to the place, I belong

West Virginia, mountain mama

Take me home, country roads

Country roads, take me home, to the place, I belong

West Virginia, mountain mama

Take me home, country roads

Take me home, down country roads

Take me home, down country roads

Country Roads
Cows With Guns
Dana Lyons

INTRO:
I Am / Am G ↓ ↓ /Am / Am /
I Am / Am G ↓ ↓ /Am / Am /

Am
Fat and docile, big and dumb
Am
They look so stupid, they aren't much fun
AmG Am Am
↓ ↓ Cows aren't fun

Am
They eat to grow, grow to die
Am Am
Die to be et at the hamburger fry
AmG Am Am
↓ ↓ Cows well done
Am
Nobody thunk it, nobody knew
Am Am
No one imagined the great cow, gu-ru
AmG AmAm
↓↓ Cows are one

Am
He hid in the forest, read books with great zeal
Am Am
He loved Che Guevera, a revolutionary veal
AmG AmAm
↓↓ Cow Tse Tongue

Am
He spoke about justice, but nobody stirred
Am Am
He felt like an outcast, alone, in the herd
AmG AmAm
↓↓ Cow dol-drums

Am
He mooed we must fight, escape or we'll die
Am Am
Cows gathered around, cause the steaks were so high
AmG AmAm
↓↓ Bad cow pun
But then he was captured, stuffed into a crate and loaded onto a truck, where he rode to his fate. Cows are bummed.

He was a scrawny calf, who looked rather woozy. No-one suspected he was packing an Uzi. Cows with guns.

They came with a needle, to stick in his thigh. He kicked for the groin, he pissed in their eye. Cow well hung.

Knocked over a tractor, and ran for the door. Six gallons of gas, flowed out on the floor. Run cows run!
He picked up a bullhorn and jumped up on the hay
“We are free roving bovines, we run free today”

**BRIDGE:**

F C C
We will fight for, bovine freedom
E7 Am Am
And hold our large heads high
F C E7 E7 E7 E7
We will run free, with the buffalo, or die / / ↓
Am AmG Am Am
Cows with guns ↓ ↓ / /

Am
They crashed the gate, in the great stampede
Am Am
Tipped over a milk truck, torched all the feed
AmG Am Am
↓ ↓ Cows have fun

Am
Sixty police cars were piled in a heap
Am Am
Covered in cow pies, covered up deep
AmG Am Am
↓ ↓ Much cow dung
Am
Black smoke rising, darkening the day
          Am
Twelve ↓ burning McDonalds, have it your way

BRIDGE:
     F    C   C
We will  fight for, bovine  freedom
    E7     Am  Am
And  hold our large heads  high
      F  C    E7  E7  E7  E7
We will  run free, with the  buffalo, or  die  /  /  ↓
     Am  AmG  Am  Am
Cows with  guns  ↓  ↓ /  /

Am
The  President said, "Enough is enough
          Am
These  uppity cattle, it’s time to get tough"
AmG      Am  Am
↓  ↓  Cow dung  flung

Am
The  newspapers gloated, folks sighed with relief
     Am      Am
To-morrow at noon, they would all be, ground  beef
AmG      Am  Am
↓  ↓  Cows on  buns
Am
The cows were surrounded, they waited and prayed

Am
They mooed their last moos, they chewed their last hay

AmG Am Am
↓↓ Cows out gunned ↓

Spoken:
The order was given, to turn cows to whoppers
Enforced by the might, of ten thousand coppers
But on the horizon, surrounding the shoppers
Came the deafening roar, of chickens, in choppers

BRIDGE:
F C C
We will fight for, bovine freedom
E7 Am Am
And hold our large heads high
F C E7 E7 E7 E7 E7
We will run free, with the buffalo, or die… / / / ↓
G Am G Am Am
Cows with guns ↓↓ ↓ (tremolo…) ↓

Cows With Guns
Cripple Creek
Appalachian folk tune

I 1 2 / 1 2 / A / A / A / A /

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 when-ever I please

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

Cripple Creek’s wide and Cripple Creek’s deep
I’ll wade old Cripple Creek a-fore I sleep
Roads are rocky and the hillside’s muddy
And I’m so drunk that I can’t stand steady
CHORUS:
A
Goin’ up Cripple Creek, goin’ on a run
A  E7  A
Goin’ up Cripple Creek, to have a little fun
A
Goin’ up Cripple Creek, goin’ in a whirl
A  E7  A  A
Goin’ up Cripple Creek to see my girl

A  D  A
Kids up on Cripple Creek they so free
A  E7  A
Jump on your lap like a squirrel up a tree
A  D  A
We hold on tight when things feel bad
A  E7  A
Laugh when you’re happy and cry when you’re sad

CHORUS:
A
Goin’ up Cripple Creek, goin’ on a run
A  E7  A
Goin’ up Cripple Creek, to have a little fun
A
Goin’ up Cripple Creek, goin’ in a whirl
A  E7  A  A
Goin’ up Cripple Creek to see my girl
One time it rained ‘bout a week or more
I never saw such mud before
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

When grandma died at a hundred and two
We danced and we sang like she asked us to
Folks drove in from miles around
To help lay grandma in the ground
CHORUS:
A
Goin’ up Cripple Creek, goin’ on a run
A   E7    A
Goin’ up Cripple Creek, to have a little fun
A
Goin’ up Cripple Creek, goin’ in a whirl
A   E7    A   A
Goin’ up Cripple Creek to see my girl

A   D   A
Loving you is so easy
A   E7    A
Cuz I love you and you love me
A   D   A
If I had all the gold on earth
A   E7    A
It still wouldn’t touch what a good friend’s worth

CHORUS:
A
Goin’ up Cripple Creek, goin’ on a run
A   E7    A
Goin’ up Cripple Creek, to have a little fun
A
Goin’ up Cripple Creek, goin’ in a whirl
A   E7    A
Goin’ up Cripple Creek to see my girl
Delia's Gone
As sung by Bobby Bare

Key of G

Intro: SINGING NOTE – G

Delia's gone one more round, Delia's gone

First time I shot Delia, shot her in the side

The second time I shot her, she laid right down and died

The reason I shot my Delia, she cursed such an evil curse

And if I hadn't shot her, I be-lieve she'd done me worse

Delia's gone one more round, Delia's gone

Delia's gone one more round, Delia's gone
I went down to the graveyard, to look at my Delia's face
I said, "Delia gal I love you, and I wish I could take your place"
Delia's gone one more round, Delia's gone

On Monday I was arrested, Tuesday my case was tried
The jurymen found me guilty, brought teardrops in my eyes
Delia's gone one more round, Delia's gone
Delia's gone one more round, Delia's gone

Jailer, oh jailer, tell me how can I sleep
When all around my bedside, I can hear little Delia's feet
Delia's gone one more round, Delia's gone

Some gave Delia a dollar, some gave her two or three
I didn't give Delia a penny, 'cause she belonged to me
Delia's gone one more round, Delia's gone
Delia's gone one more round, Delia's gone
Did I Shave My Legs For This?
Deanna Carter

Key of G

Singing note:  B

G  G7  C  G
Flowers and wine, is what I thought I would find

G  D  G
When I came home from working to-night

G  G7  C  G
Well now here I stand, over this frying pan

G  D7  G  G7
And you want a cold one a-gain

CHORUS:

C
I bought these new heels, did my nails

G  G7
Had my hair done just right

C  D  D7
I thought this new dress was a sure bet for romance to-night

G  C  G
Well it’s perfectly clear, between the TV and beer

G  D  D7
I won’t get so much as a kiss

G  G7  C  G
As I head for the door, I turn a-round to be sure
Did I shave my legs for this?

Now when we first met, you promised we’d get
A house on a hill with a pool
Well this trailer stays wet, and we’re swimmin’ in debt
And you want me to go back to school

CHORUS:
I bought these new heels, did my nails
Had my hair done just right
I thought this new dress was a sure bet for romance to-night
Well it’s perfectly clear, between the TV and beer
I won’t get so much as a kiss
As I head for the door, I turn a-round to be sure
Did I shave my legs for this?
Darlin’, did I shave my legs for this?
Don’t Forget the Coffee, Billy Joe
Tom T. Hall

Key of G

Intro: 1 2 / 1 2 / G / G / G / G

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

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

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

CHORUS:
"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"

CHORUS:
"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.
And 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
Don’t Look Now
Rodney Carrington

1, 2 / 1, 2, 3, 4 /

Intro: C / C / C / C

C Well I re-member way back when I was just a boy
F Goin’ places with my mom and dad
C It used to scare me to death how momma used to act
G After six or seven beers she's had
C We were sittin' at a table when momma got disabled
F All the liquor runnin' thru her head
C Soon I got to chokin', daddy wasn't jokin'
G C C
When he grabbed me by the arm and said ↓
“Don't look now your momma’s got her boobs out
F          C
Showin’ everybody in town!”
C
Faces turnin’ red, we were wishin' we were dead
G
There were people standin’ all around
F          C
When mama gets to drinkin', there ain't much thinkin'
F          C
There's nothin’ anybody can do
F          C
You just hope and pray, there never comes a day
G
When my momma’s out drinkin' with you
C
Well we got her in the truck, and we started drivin’ home
F          C
When momma said she had to go
C
Daddy pulled it over, we were standin' on the shoulder
G
While mom was puttin' on a show
C
Then he started up the truck, and momma stood up
F          C
With her pants still around her knees
C
When we heard momma holler, “If you give me a dollar
G          C          C
Well I'll let you take a peek at these!”
“Don't look now your momma’s got her boobs out
F    C
Showin’ everybody in town!”
C
Faces turnin’ red, we were wishin' we were dead
G
There were people standin’ all around
F    C
When momma gets to drinkin', there ain't much thinkin'
F    C
And there's nothin’ anybody can do
F    C
A-won’t you hope and pray, there never comes a day
G    C
When my momma’s out drinkin' with you
F    C
A-won’t you hope and pray, there never comes a day
G    C    C    G    C
When my momma’s out drinkin' with you ↓↓↓↓

Don’t Look Now
Forty-Five Years
Stan Rogers 1976
Stan: "this one's for my wife…"

Intro: 1 2 / 1 2 3 4 /

C / F / C / G

C
Where the earth shows its bones of wind-broken stone
G
And the sea and sky are one
Dm F
I'm caught out of time, my blood sings with wine
G
And I'm running naked in the sun
C
There's God in the trees, I'm weak in the knees
G
And the sky is a painful blue
Dm
I'd like to look around
F G C F C G
But Honey, all I see is you /
C
Now the summer city lights will soften the night
‘Til you’d think that the air is clear
And I’m sitting with friends, where forty-five cents
Will buy another glass of beer
He's got something to say, but I'm so far away
That I don't know who I'm talking to
'Cause you just walked in the door
And Honey, all I see is you /

CHORUS:
And I just want to hold you closer than
I've ever held any-one be-fore
You say you've been twice a wife, and you're through with life
Ah, but Honey, what the hell's it for?
After twenty-three years, you'd think I could find
A way to let you know some-how
That I want to see your smiling face
Forty-five years from now / / /
C
So al-lone in the lights on stage every night
    G
I've been reaching out to find a friend
    Dm   F
Who knows all the words, and sings so she's heard
    G
And knows how all the stories end
    C
Maybe after the show, she'll ask me to go
    G
Home with her for a drink or two
    Dm
Now her smile lights her eyes
    F G C C
But Honey, all I see is you /

CHORUS:
    F
And I just want to hold you closer than
    C F C
I've ever held any-one be-fore
    F C
You say you've been twice a wife, and you're through with life
    Dm F G
Ah, but Honey, what the hell's it for?
    F
After twenty-three years, you'd think I could find
    C F C
A way to let you know some-how
    Dm F
That I want to see your smiling face
    G C C
Forty-five years from now /
CHORUS final:
F
I just want to hold you closer than
C     F     C
I've ever held any-one be-fore
F     C
You say you've been twice a wife, and you're through with life
Dm     F     G
Ah, but Honey, what the hell's it for?
F
After twenty-three years, you'd think I could find
C     F     C
A way to let you know some-how
Dm     F
That I want to see your smiling face
G     C     F     C     G
Forty-five years from now / / /
Dm     F
Yes, I want to see your smiling face
G     C     C     G     C
Forty-five years from now / ↓ ↓ ↓

Forty-Five Years
I've got a girl crush, hate to admit it but
I got a heart rush, it ain't slowin' down
I got it real bad, want everything she has
That smile and that midnight laugh, she's givin' you now

I want to taste her lips, yeah cuz they taste like you
I want to drown myself, in a bottle of her perfume
I want her long blond hair, I want her magic touch
Yeah cuz maybe then, you'd want me just as much
I got a girl crush

I don't get no sleep, I don't get no peace
Thinkin' a-bout her, under your bed sheets
The way that she's whisperin', the way that she's pullin' you in
Lord knows I've tried, I can't get her off my mind

I want to taste her lips, yeah cuz they taste like you
I want to drown myself, in a bottle of her perfume
I want her long blond hair, I want her magic touch
Yeah cuz maybe then, you'd want me just as much

I got a girl crush
I've got a girl crush, hate to admit it but
I got a heart rush, it ain’t slowin’ down

Girl Crush
Key of C

(Gonna) Shine Up My Boots
Corb Lund

1, 2 / 1, 2 /

Intro: C / C / C / C

C
I'm gonna shine up my boots
G7
I'm gonna go into town
G7
I'm gonna scrape up twenty dollars
G7 C
I'm gonna throw it a-round
C
I'm gonna buy me a dance
G7
First lovely lady that I see
G7
And when our dance is through
G7 C C C C
I'll say "Will you marry me?" / /
C
I'm gonna shine up my boots
G7
I'm gonna go into town
G7
I'm gonna scrape up twenty dollars
G7          C
I'm gonna throw it a-round
C
I'm gonna find me a game
G7
Of hold 'em if I can
G7
And fold 'em all night long
G7          C      C      C      C
Till I got me a hand / /

C
I'm gonna buy us a ranch
G7
With a palomino herd
G7
And I won't mean no harm, babe
G7          C
And I won't say a word
C
When Misery comes to call
G7
I'll give to him my life
G7
I'll set with him awhile
G7
And share my horse, my home, my wife

C
I'm gonna shine up my boots
G7
I'm gonna go into town
G7
I'm gonna scrape up twenty dollars
G7
I'm gonna throw it a-round
C
I'm gonna buy me a dance
G7
First lovely lady that I see
G7
And when our dance is through
G7
I'll say "Will you marry me?"

C
I'm gonna shine up my boots
G7
I'm gonna go into town
I'm gonna scrape up twenty dollars
I'm gonna throw it a-round
I'm gonna buy me a dance
First lovely lady that I see
And when our dance is through
I'll say "Will you marry me?"

GET SLOWER AND QUIETER

I C / C
I'm gonna shine up my boots
I'm gonna go into town
I'm gonna scrape up twenty dollars
But I'll prob'ly just drink it down

Gonna Shine Up My Boots
INTRO:

G
C
The best darn thing about Grandma's house
D7
G
G
Was her great big feather bed

G
C
Now when I was a little bitty boy
G
D7
Just up off of the floor
G
C
We used to go out to Grandma's house
G
D7
G
Every month end or so
G
C
We’d have chicken pie and country ham
G
D7
And homemade butter on the bread
G
C
But the best darn thing about Grandma's house
D7
G
Was her great big feather bed
CHORUS:

G
And it was nine feet high, and six feet wide
C G
Soft as a downy chick
G
It was made from the feathers of forty’leven geese
A7 D7
Took a whole bolt of cloth for the tick
G
It'd hold eight kids, four hound dogs
C D7 G
And a piggy we’d stole from the shed
G C
We didn’t get much sleep but we had a lot of fun
D7 G
On Grandma's feather bed

G C
And after supper we'd sit around a fire
G D7
And the old folks’d spit and chew
G C
And my Pa would talk about the farm and the war
G D7 G
And my Granny'd sing a ballad or two
G C
And I'd sit an’ a-listen and watch the fire
G D7
‘Til the cobwebs filled my head
The next thing that I'd know, I'd wake up in the mornin' 
In the middle of the old feather bed

CHORUS: 
And it was nine feet high, and six feet wide
Soft as a downy chick
It was made from the feathers of forty'leven geese
Tied a whole bolt of cloth for the tick
It'd hold eight kids, four hound dogs
And a piggy we'd stole from the shed
We didn't get much sleep but we had a lot of fun
On Grandma's feather bed
We didn't get much sleep but we had a lot of fun
On Grandma's feather bed

Well I love my Ma, I love my Pa
I love my Granny and Grandpa too
I been fishin’ with my uncle, and I wras'led with my cousin
I even kissed Aunt ↓ Lou, EW!
But if I ever had to make a choice
I guess it oughta be said
That I'd trade 'em all plus the gal down the road
For Grandma's feather bed
I'd trade 'em all, plus the gal down the road
For Grandma's feather bed

CHORUS:

And it was nine feet high, and six feet wide
Soft as a downy chick
It was made from the feathers of forty’leven geese
Took a whole bolt of cloth for the tick
It'd hold eight kids, four hound dogs
And a piggy we’d stole from the shed
We didn’t get much sleep but we had a lot of fun
On Grandma's feather bed

We didn't get much sleep but we had a lot of fun

On Grandma's... feather bed

Grandma's Feather Bed
Grandpa

The Judds

Key of Bb

Bb

F

C7

Intro: 1 2 3 4 / 1 2

Did lovers really fall in love to stay?

Stand beside each other come what may?

Was a promise really something people kept

Not just something they would say?

F

Bb

Bb

Grandpa, tell me ‘bout the good old days

Sometimes it feels like, this world's gone crazy

Grandpa, take me back to yesterday

When the line between right and wrong

Didn't seem so hazy
Bb
Did lovers really fall in love to stay?
F
Stand beside each other come what may?
C7
Was a promise really something people kept
F
Not just something they would say?

Bb
Did families really bow their heads to pray?
F
Did daddies really never go away?
Bb
Oh whoa-oh-oh Grandpa
C7
\[\text{↓ Tell me ‘bout the good old days ↓}\]

Instrumental:
Bb
Did lovers really fall in love to stay?
F
Stand beside each other come what may?
C7
Was a promise really something people kept
F
Not just something they would say?
F          Bb          Bb
Grandpa, everything is changing fast
F          C7          C7
We call it progress, but I just don't know
F          Bb          Bb
And Grandpa, let's wander back in-to the past
F          C7          F          F
And paint me the picture, of long a-go ↓

Bb
Did lovers really fall in love to stay?
F
Stand beside each other come what may?
C7
Was a promise really something people kept
F
Not just something they would say, and then forget?

Bb
Did families really bow their heads to pray?
F
Did daddies really never go away?
Bb
Oh whoa-oh-oh Grandpa
C7          F          F
↓ Tell me ‘bout the good ole days
Bb
Oh whoa-oh-oh Grandpa
C7        F
↓ Tell me ‘bout the good ole  ↓ days <2 3 4 / 1 2>

HUM...

Bb
Did lovers really  fall in love to stay?
F
Stand beside each  other come what may?
C7
Was a promise really  something people kept
F    F
Not just something they would  say?

Bb
Did families really  bow their heads to pray?
F
Did daddies really  never go away?
Bb
Oh whoa-oh-oh  Grandpa
C7        F
↓ Tell me ‘bout the good ole  ↓ days

Grandpa
INTRO:  C /  G /  C  G /  C  (last line of verse)

C
I been a-havin’ some hard travellin’, I thought you knowed
C
I been a-havin’ some hard travellin’, D7  G
way down the road
C
I been a-havin’ some hard travellin’, F
hard ramblin’, hard gamblin’
C  G  C
An’ I been a-hittin’ some hard travellin’ Lord /

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

C
Well, I been a-hittin' some hard-rock minin', I thought you knowed
C
I been a-leanin' on a pressure drill a-way down the road
Hammer a-flyin’, air-hose suckin’ six foot o’ mud an’ I sure been a-muckin’

Well, I been a-hittin’ some hard harvestin’, I thought you knowed

North Dakota to Kansas City a-way down the road

Cuttin’ that wheat an’ stackin’ that hay an’ tryin’ to make about a dollar a day

Well, I been layin’ in a hard rock jail, I thought you knowed

The mean old judge he said to me, "It’s ninety days for vagrancy"

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

Hard Travellin'
Home on the Range

Key of C

Lyrics: Dr. Brewster M. Higley VI; Music: Daniel E. Kelley (circa 1873)

¾ time 1, 2, 3 / 1, 2,...

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{C} & \quad \text{C7} & \quad \text{F} \\
\text{Am} & &
\end{align*}
\]

Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam

C    C7    F
Where the deer and the antelope play

C    C7    F    Fm
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word

C    G7    C
And the skies are not cloudy all day

CHORUS:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{C} & \quad \text{G7} & \quad \text{C} \\
\text{Am} & \quad \text{D7} & \quad \text{G7} & \quad \text{G7}
\end{align*}
\]

Home, home on the range

Where the deer and the antelope play
C       C7      F       Fm
Where  seldom is  heard a dis-couraging  word
C       G7      C
And the  skies are not  cloudy all  day

C       C7      F
Where the  air is so  pure, and the  zephyrs so free
C       D7      G7      G7
The  breezes so  balmy and  light
C       C7      F       Fm
That I  would not ex-change my  home on the  range
C       G7      C
For  all of the  cities so  bright

CHORUS:
C       G7      C
Home,  home on the  range
Am      D7      G7      G7
Where the  deer and the  antelope  play
C       C7      F       Fm
Where  seldom is  heard a dis-couraging  word
C       G7      C
And the  skies are not  cloudy all  day

C       C7      F
How  often at  night when the  heavens are bright
C       D7      G7      G7
With the  light from the  glittering  stars
Have I stood there a-mazed and asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours

CHORUS:
C G7 C
Home, home on the range
Am D7 G7 G7
Where the deer and the antelope play
C C7 F Fm
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
C G7 C
And the skies are not cloudy all day

C C7 F
Oh, I love these wild flowers in this dear land of ours
C D7 G7 G7
The curlew I love to hear cry
C C7 F Fm
And I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks
C G7 C
That graze on the mountain slopes high

CHORUS:
C G7 C
Home, home on the range
Am D7 G7 G7
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day

Oh give me a land where the bright diamond sand
Flows leisurely down in the stream
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along
Like a maid in a heavenly dream

**CHORUS:**
Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
And the skies are not cloudy all day

Then I would not exchange my home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
WHERE C seldom is heard a dis-couraging word
C G7 C G7 C
And the skies are not cloudy all day ↓ ↓

CHORUS:
C G7 C
Home, home on the range
Am D7 G7 G7
Where the deer and the antelope play
C C7 F Fm
Where seldom is heard a dis-couraging word
C G7 C
And the skies are not cloudy all day

Home On The Range
I Wanna Be In The Cavalry

INTRO:
I / X / X / X / X / I
D↓ X / X / X / X / X /

Well ↓ I wanna be in the ↓ cavalry
If they ↓ send me off to ↓ war
↓ I wanna good steed ↓ under me
Like my ↓ forefathers be- ↓ fore
↓ wanna good mount when the ↓ bugles sound
And I ↓ hear the cannons ↓ roar
Well ↓ I wanna be in the ↓ cavalry
If they send me off to war

Well I wanna horse in the volunteer force
That's riding forth at dawn
Please save for me some gallantry
That will echo when I'm gone
I beg of you Sarge let me lead the charge
When the battle lines are drawn
Lemme at least leave a good hoof beat
They'll re-member loud and long

Well I'd not a good foot soldier make
I'd be sour and slow at march
And I'd be sick on a navy ship
And the sea would leave me parched
But I'll be first in line if they'll let me ride
G        Bm
By god, you'll see my starch
G                        D
Lope back o'er the heath with the laurel wreath
A            D
Underneath that vict'ry arch

CHORUS:
D
Well I wanna be in the cavalry
G        Bm
If they send me off to war
G                        D
Well I wanna good steed under me
D            A
Like my forefathers be-fore
D
I wanna good mount when the bugles sound
G        Bm
And I hear the cannons roar
G                        D
Well I wanna be in the cavalry
A            D
If they send me off to war

INSTRUMENTAL:
D
Well I wanna be in the cavalry
G        Bm
If they send me off to war
Well I wanna good steed under me
Like my forefathers be-fore
I wanna good mount when the bugles sound
And I hear the cannons roar
Well I wanna be in the cavalry
If they send me off to war

Well let me earn my spurs in the battle's blur
When the day is lost or won
I'll wield my lance as the ponies dance
And the blackguards fire their guns
A sabre keen and a saddle carbine
And an army Remington
Where the hot lead screams with the cold, cold steel
Let me be a cav’lry-man
CHORUS:
   D
Well I wanna be in the cavalry
   G      Bm
If they send me off to war
   G      D
And I wanna good steed under me
   D      A
Like my forefathers before
   D
I wanna good mount when the bugles sound
   G      Bm
And I hear the cannons roar
   G      D
Well I wanna be in the cavalry
   A      D
If I must go off to war

INSTRUMENTAL:
   D
Well I wanna be in the cavalry
   G      Bm
If they send me off to war
   G      D
Well I wanna good steed under me
   D      A
Like my forefathers before
   D
I wanna good mount when the bugles sound
And I hear the cannons roar
Well I wanna be in the cavalry
If they send me off to war

A cappella VERSE: (chunk throughout verse starting at X)
Let 'em play their flutes and stirrup my boots
And place them back to front
Cause I won't be back on the riderless black
And I'm finished in my hunt
Well I wanna be in the cavalry
If they send me off to war
Well I wanna be in the cavalry
slower...
But I won't ride home no more

INSTRUMENTAL: (slowly...)
I wanna be in the cavalry
If they send me off to war
Well, I wanna be in the cavalry,
But I won't ride home no more
In Spite of Ourselves
John Prine (as performed with Iris Dement)

Key of D

Intro:  1 2 / 1 2 /

D
She don't like her eggs all runny
D
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
    A             D       A       D
I'm never gonna let her / go ↓ / /

GUYS:
D
She don't like her eggs all runny
D
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
A D A D
I'm never gonna let her / go ↓ /

GIRLS:
D
Well he ain't got laid in a month of Sundays
D
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
A D A D
I'm never gonna let him / go ↓ /

TOGETHER:
G
In spite of our-selves
G D D
We'll end up a'sittin' on a rainbow /
A
Against all odds
A D A D
Honey, we're the big door / prize ↓ /
G
We're gonna spite, our noses
D D
Right off of our faces /
D A
There won't be nothin' but big old hearts
D A D
Dancin' in our / eyes ↓ /

OPTIONAL INSTRUMENTAL:
I G / G / D / D /
I G / G / D / D /
I G / G / D / D /
I G / G / D / D /
I D / A / D / D /

GUYS:
D
She thinks all my jokes are corny
D
Convict movies make her horny
G
She likes ketchup on her scrambled eggs
D
Swears like a sailor when she shaves her legs
A
She takes a lickin', and keeps on tickin'
A D A D
I'm never gonna let her / go ↓ /
GIRLS:

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

TOGETHER:

G
In spite of our-selves
G    D    D    D
We'll end up a'sittin' on a rainbow /
    A
Against all odds
    A    D    A    D
Honey, we're the big door / prize ↓ /
    G
We're gonna spite, our noses
    D    D
Right off of our faces /
    D    A
There won't be nothin' but big old hearts
    D    A    D
Dancin' in our eyes ↓ /
D A
There won't be nothin' but big old hearts
D G D A D
Dancin' in our / eyes / ↓ ↓ ↓

In Spite of Ourselves
In The Pines
Traditional (as performed by Fiona Apple and the Watkins Family)

Key of G

Intro: 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 / G / G / G / G

CHORUS:
G           G7
In the pines, in the pines
C           G
Where the sun never shines
G           D7           G           G
And we shiver when the cold wind blows
G           G7           C           G
Woooooo-wo-woooo, woooo-a-wo-woo
G           D7           G           G
Woooooo-woo-wooo, woo-wooo!

G           G7           C           G
The longest train, I ever saw
G           D7           G           G
Went down that Georgia line
G           G7           C           G
The engine passed by at six o'clock
G           D7           G           G
And the cab passed by at nine
CHORUS:
G     G7
In the pines, in the pines
C     G
Where the sun never shines
G     D7     G     G
And we shiver when the cold wind blows
G     G7     C     G
Wooooo-woo-wooo, woooo-a-wo-woo
G     D7     G     G
Wooooo-woo-wooo, woo-wooo!

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE:
G     G7     C     G
My girl, my girl, what have I done
G     D7     G     G
That’s made you treat me so?
G     G7     C     G
You caused me to weep, you caused me to moan
G     D7     G     G
You caused me to leave my home

G     G7     C     G
My girl, my girl, what have I done
G     D7     G     G
To make you treat me so?
G     G7     C     G
You caused me to weep, you caused me to moan
You caused me to leave my home

CHORUS:
In the pines, in the pines
Where the sun never shines
And we shiver when the cold wind blows
Wooooo-wo-wooo, woooo-a-wo-woo
Wooooo-woo-wooo, woo-wooo!

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE:
My girl, my girl, what have I done
That’s made you treat me so?
You caused me to weep, you caused me to moan
You caused me to leave my home

I asked my captain for the time of day
He said he throw’d his watch a-way
A long steel rail, and a short cross tie
I'm on my way back home

CHORUS:
In the pines, in the pines
Where the sun never shines
And we shiver when the cold wind blows
Wooooo-wo-wooo, woooo-a-wo-woo
Wooooo-woo-wooo, woo-woo!
It’s A Heartache
Ronnie Scott and Steve Wolfe

1, 2, 3, 4 / 1, 2...

INTRO RIFFS: (RIFFS pdf page)
F Am Am
It's a heartache, nothing but a heartache
Bb F C
Hits you when it's too late, hits you when you're dow-ow-ow-own
F Am Am
It's a fool's game, nothing but a fool's game
Bb F C
Standing in the cold rain, feeling like a clow-ow-ow-own

Group joins in...

F Am Am
It's a heartache, nothing but a heartache
Bb F C
Hits you when it's too late, hits you when you're dow-ow-ow-own
It's a fool's game, nothing but a fool's game
Standing in the cold rain, feeling like a clow-ow-ow-own

It's a heartache, nothing but a heartache
Love him 'till your arms break, then he lets you dow-ow-ow-own
It ain't right with love to share
When you find he doesn't care, for dow-ow-ow-own
It ain't wise to need someone
As much as I depended on dow-ow-ow-own

It's a heartache, nothing but a heartache
Hits you when it's too late, hits you when you're dow-ow-ow-own
It's a fool's game, nothing but a fool's game
Standing in the cold rain, feeling like a clow-ow-ow-own

It's a heartache, nothing but a heartache
Bb     F     C
Love him 'till your arms break, then he lets you dow-ow-ow-own
Bb     C
It ain't right with love to share
Am     Dm     C     C7     C6
When you find he doesn't care, for dow-ow-ow-own
C     Bb     C
↓ It ain't wise to need some-one
Am     Dm C     C7     C6
As much as I depended on dow-ow-ow-own

Group stops

OUTRO RIFFS (RIFFS pdf page)...
F     Am     Am
It's a heartache, nothing but a heartache
Bb     F     C
Hits you when it's too late, hits you when you're dow-ow-ow-own
F     Am
It's a fool's game, nothing but a fool's game
Bb     F     C
Standing in the cold rain, feeling like a clow-ow-ow-own

It’s A Heartache
Lucille
Fred Eaglesmith

Intro: 1 2 / 1 2 3 4 / C /  C /  C /  C

C
Well, Lu-cille was a woman and I was a boy,
F and it was obvious that she wanted more
C Than a man her age could give her, and that was me / / C
F I was wild as a summer squall,
F blowing through town no direction at all
C G C C I was wilder than even she could be-lieve /

CHORUS:
F C
I had a Cobra Jet 428 in a ’65 Ford and it ran great
F C C
Take it on out to where that gravel turns to road / / F
Take it on up to a hundred and ten,
tires screaming in and out of the bends

And Lucille hanging on just as tight as she could / ↓

And it was craaa--aaa-zy ↓ but it sure was good / / /

Lu-cille was fifty and I was nineteen,

and you know it never bothered me

Not even when they called out in the bars / /

I’d get tough and I’d bust some heads,

Lu-cille would laugh when the cops got there

We’d sneak out the back and take off in my car /

CHORUS:

I had a Cobra Jet 428 in a ’65 Ford and it ran great

Take it on out to where that gravel turns to road / /

Take it on up to a hundred and ten,

tires screaming in and out of the bends

And Lucille hanging on just as tight as she could / ↓
And it was craaaa--aaa-zy ↓ but it sure was good / / / 

C
Well last week I turned forty-five,
F
when I woke up well out in the driveway
C G G
My wife had fixed that old car up for me /
C
She had it in the garage for a week or two,
F
and when I got it back it was good as new
C G C C
I started it up and I took off down the highway /

CHORUS:
F
I drove on up to Randolf Heights,
C
there’s an old folks’ home there past the lights
F C C
And Lucille sitting out there in the shade /
F
I wheeled her around to the passenger door,
C
I picked her up and put her in that car
C G C C
And we took off like a dustbowl hurri-cane /
And that Cobra Jet 428 and that ’65 Ford well it ran great
Took it on out to where that gravel turns to road / /
Took it on up to a hundred and ten,
tires screaming in and out of the bends
And Lucille hanging on just as tight as she could / ↓
And it was craaa--aaa-zy ↓ but it sure was good

Lucille
Mountain Dew
Grandpa Jones version

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 flu
And he thought that i ort just to sell him a quart
Of that good old mountain dew
A
My brother Bill got a still on the hill
D A A
Where he runs off a gallon or two
A
The buzzards in the sky get so drunk they can't fly
A E7 A A
From smellin that good old mountain dew

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

Mountain Dew
Old Dan Tucker

big hit in 1844

Now old Dan Tucker was a fine old man
Washed his face in a fryin’ pan
Combed his head with a wagon wheel
And died with a toothache in his heel

Get out the way, old Dan Tucker
You're too late to get your supper
Supper's over and dinner's a-cookin’
And old Dan Tucker’s just standin’ there lookin'

Now old Dan Tucker’s come to town
Ridin’ a billy goat, leading a hound
The hound dog bark, the billy goat jump
Landed old Tucker on top of a stump!

Get out the way, old Dan Tucker
You're too late to get your supper
Get out the way, old Dan Tucker
You're too late to get your supper

Now old Dan Tucker, he got drunk
Fell in the fire and kicked up a chunk
A red-hot coal got in his shoe
And oh my Lord, how the ashes flew

Get out the way, old Dan Tucker
A7
You're too late to get your supper

D
Get out the way, old Dan Tucker

A7
You're too late to get your supper

D
Now old Dan Tucker’s come to town

A7
Swingin’ the ladies round and round

D
First to the right and then to the left

A7
And then to the gal that he loves best

D
Get out the way, old Dan Tucker

A7
You're too late to get your supper

D
Get out the way, old Dan Tucker

A7
You're too late to get your supper

D
Get out the way, old Dan Tucker
Old Dan Tucker

A7       D
You're too late to get your supper
D       G
Get out the way, old Dan Tucker
A7       D
You're too late to get your supper ↓
Only You Can Love Me This Way
Keith Urban

Key of C

C
F
Dm
Gsus4
Am
Em
D7
G

Optional Riff:

Intro: 1 & 2 & C <Riff> / F /
1 C <Riff> / F /
1 C <Riff> / F

Well I know there’s a reason <Riff>
And I know there’s a rhyme <Riff>
We were meant to be together
And that’s why / ↓ <Riff>

We can roll with the punches <Riff>
We can stroll hand in hand <Riff>
And when I say it’s for-ever
You understand / ↓

CHORUS:
That you’re always in my heart
You’re always on my mind
And when it all becomes too much
You’re never far behind
And there’s no one that comes close to you
Could ever take your place
‘Cause only \( \text{F} \) you can love me, this \( \text{Gsus4} \) way

I \( \text{<Riff>} /\text{F} / \text{C} \text{<Riff>} / \text{F} \)

I could have turned a different \( \text{C} \) corner \( \text{<Riff>} \)

I could have gone another \( \text{F} \) place \( \text{<Riff>} \)

Then I’d ‘ve never had this \( \text{C} \) feeling

\( \text{Dm} \quad \text{Gsus4} \)

That I feel to-day, yeah / \( \downarrow \)

**CHORUS:**

And you’re always in my \( \text{F} \) heart

You’re always on my \( \text{C} \) mind

And when it all becomes too \( \text{F} \) much

You’re never far be-hind

And there’s no one that comes \( \text{Am} \) close to you

Could \( \text{Em} \quad \text{D7} \) ever take your place

‘Cause only \( \text{F} \) you can love me, this \( \text{Gsus4} \) way
CHORUS:

And you’re always in my heart
You’re always on my mind
And when it all becomes too much
You’re never far behind
And there’s no one that comes close to you
Could ever take your place
‘Cause only you can love me, this way
Only you can love me, this way

Only You Can Love Me This Way
Our Town
Iris Dement

Key of C

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

G

Can't you see the sun setting down on our town, on our town

C5

F

C5

G

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
It's been forty years and I'm still sitting here
But you know the sun's setting fast
And just like they say, nothing good ever lasts
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 / / / / /

It's here I had my babies and I had my first kiss
I've walked down Main Street on the cold morning mist
Over there is where I bought my first car
It turned over once, but then it never went far
And I can see 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 / / / / / 

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
Our Town
Ravishing Ruby
Tom T. Hall

Intro:   1 2 / 1 2 3 4 /   D7 /   D7 /   G /  

G | D7 | G | G  
Ravishing | Ruby, she's been a-round for a while  
D7 | G | G  
Ravishing | Ruby, she was a truck-stop child  
G7 | C | C  
Born in the | back of a rig, somewhere near L.A.  
G | D7 | G | G  
Ravishing | Ruby, you poured a lot of hot coffee in your day  

D7 | G | G  
Ravishing | Ruby, believe any-thing you say  
D7 | G | G  
Just like her daddy said, said he'd be back some day  
G7 | C | C  
She was just fourteen, she grew up wild and free  
G | D7 |  
And all the time she'd been waiting on him  
G | G  
She'd been waiting on you and me  

Key of D
C       G       G
Ravishing Ruby, she sleeps in a bunk out back

D7
Her days and nights are filled with dreams

G       G
Of a man named Smiling Jack

C       G       G
That was her daddy's name, and that's all she ever knew

D7       G       G
Ravishing Ruby ain't got time for guys like me and you

D7       G       G
Ravishing Ruby, a beautiful young girl now

D7       G       G
Ravishing Ruby, she made a solemn vow

G7       C       C
Waiting on Smiling Jack, he'll come rolling by

G           D7
And she wants to see him, she wants to touch him

G       G
Either way dead or alive

C       G       G
Ravishing Ruby, she sleeps in a bunk out back

D7
Her days and nights are filled with dreams

G       G
Of a man named Smiling Jack

C       G       G
That was her daddy's name, and that's all she ever knew
Ravishing Ruby

Ravishing Ruby ain't got time for guys like me and you

Ravishing Ruby ain't got time for guys like me and you

I   G   D7   G   G

Ravishing Ruby
Rawhide
Ned Washington & Dimitri Tiomkin

Key of Am

Am
C
G
F
E7

1, 2 / 1, 2 /

Intro:  Am / Am / Am / Am / Am

... (Rollin’ rollin’ rollin’)

Am

... (Rollin’ rollin’ rollin’)

Am

... (Rollin’ rollin’ rollin’)

Am

... (Rollin’ rollin’ rollin’)

| Raw-Amhide Am / Am / Am / |
| Am / Am / Am / Am |

Am
C
Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' though the streams are swollen
C
Keep them dogies rollin', Rawhide

Am
G
Am
Through rain and wind and weather hell bent for leather
G
F
E7
E7
Wishin' my gal was by my side
Am
All the things I'm missin'
    G   F   Am
Good vittles, love, and kissin'
    G   Am G   Am Am Am
Are waiting at the end of my ride

CHORUS:
    Am
Move 'em on... (head 'em up)
    E7
Head 'em up... (move 'em on)
    Am   E7
Move 'em on... (head 'em up) Raw-hide
    Am
Cut 'em out... (ride 'em in)
    E7
Ride 'em in... (let 'em out)
    Am   F   Am   Am Am Am Am Am
Cut 'em out ride 'em in Raw-hide
I   Am   Am   Am   Am   Am

    Am   C
Keep movin' movin' movin' though they're disapprovin'
    C
Keep them dogies movin', Rawhide
    Am
Don't try to understand 'em
    G   F   Am
Just rope 'em, throw, and brand 'em
Soon we'll be living high and wide
My heart's calculatin', my true love will be waitin'
Be waitin' at the end of my ride

CHORUS:
Move 'em on... (head 'em up)
Head 'em up... (move 'em on)
Move 'em on... (head 'em up) Raw-hide
Cut 'em out... (ride 'em in)
Ride 'em in... (let 'em out)
Cut 'em out - ride 'em in Raw-hide

(Rollin' rollin' rollin')
(Rollin' rollin' rollin')
(Rollin' rollin' rollin')
| Raw-Amhide Am / Am / | Am / Am / Am / Am ↓ |

Rawhide!

Rawhide
Silver Threads And Golden Needles
Jack Rhodes & Dick Reynolds, as sung by Wanda Jackson

Key of G

Intro: 1 2 / 1 2 3 4 / G / G

G
I don't want your lonely mansion
C
With a tear in every room
C G
I just want the love you promised
G D D7
Be-neath the halo'd moon
G
But you think I should be happy
C
With your money and your name
C G
And pre-tend that I don't notice
D G G
While you play your cheatin' game
C
Silver threads and golden needles
Can’t patch up this heart of mine
And I’ll never drown my sorrows
In the warm glow of your wine
You can’t buy my love with money
For I never was that kind
Silver threads and golden needles
Can’t patch up this heart of mine
Silver threads and golden needles
Can’t patch up this heart of mine

I grew up in faded gingham
Where love is a sacred thing
You grew up in silk and satin
Where love’s a passin’ game
I know now you never loved me
And I know I was a fool
To think your cry would let you
Live by the golden rule

Silver threads and golden needles
Can’t patch up this heart of mine
And I’ll never drown my sorrows
In the warm glow of your wine
You can't buy my love with money
For I never was that kind
Silver threads and golden needles
Can’t patch up this heart of mine

Silver Threads And Golden Needles
Walkin’ After Midnight
Alan Block & Donn Hecht as sung by Patsy Cline

Key of C

C
F
G7
C
C
G7

Intro: 1, 2 / 1, 2, 3, 4 /
C       F       G7       C       C       G7
Walkin’, after midnight searchin’ for you /

C
I go out walkin’
C7
After midnight
F
Out in the moonlight
F
Just like we used to do
C
I’m always walkin’
F       G7       C       C       G7
After midnight searchin’ for you /

C
I walk for miles
C7
Along the highway
Well that's just my way
Of sayin' I love you
I'm always walkin'
After midnight searchin’ for you/

I stopped to see a weepin’ willow
Cryin’ on his pillow
Maybe he's cryin’ for me
And as the skies turn gloomy
Night winds whisper to me
I'm lonesome as I can be

I go out walkin’
After midnight
Out in the starlight
F
Just hopin’ you may be
C
Somewhere a walkin’
F    G7        C    C
After midnight searchin’ for me/
C
Somewhere a walkin’
F    G7        C    C    C7
After midnight searchin’ for me/

F
I stopped to see a weepin’ willow
F
Cryin’ on his pillow
C    C7
Maybe he’s cryin’ for me
F
And as the skies turn gloomy
F
Night winds whisper to me
C    G7
I’m lonesome as I can be

C
I go out walkin’
C7
After midnight
Out in the starlight
Just hopin’ you may be
Somewhere a walkin’
After midnight searchin’ for me

Walkin’ After Midnight
The Water Bill
Lake Of Stew

Well Bill went out walking, and he didn't stop

When he got to the river frozen straight 'cross the top

When he got to the edge, he heard his mama call

Don't walk on the water Bill

Well he took one big step, and the ice didn't crack

So he walked for a while and he didn't look back

All along he heard his mama say

Don't walk on the water Bill

Don't walk on the water, it ain't frozen through
Go play in the snow like the other kids do

Don't you walk on the water Bill

**INSTRUMENTAL VERSE:**

Well he took one big step, and the ice didn't crack
So he walked for a while and he didn't look back
All along he heard his mama say
Don't walk on the water Bill

Well Bill walked straight north for ten minutes or so
He could hear the waves crashing just inches below
His mama told him so he should know
Don't walk on the water Bill

Don't walk on the water, it ain't frozen through
Go play in the snow like the other kids do
But don't you walk on the water Bill

Now Bill heard a rumble, so he tried to run back
But it was too late as the ice it did crack...
Make high pitched ice-cracking noises
Don't walk on the water Bill

Ne marche pas sur l'eau, elle est pas encore gelée
Vas donc jouer dans la neige avec les autres enfants
Ne marche pas sur l'eau, Bill

Ne marche pas sur l'eau, elle est pas encore gelée
Vas donc jouer dans la neige avec les autres enfants
Ne marche pas sur l'eau, Bill no....
Don't walk on the water Bill
White Rose
Fred Eaglesmith

Key of D

Intro:
I  D /  D /  Bm /  Bm /  F#m /  F#m /  G /  G/  
I  D /  D /  Bm /  Bm /  F#m /  F#m /  G /  G

D
Well the whole town came out to watch
Bm
The day they paved the parking lot
F#m
Some-body put a ribbon up
G
And then they cut it down
D
And that big White Rose up on that sign
Bm
Was the innocence in all our lives
F#m
And you could see it’s neon lights
G
From half a mile out
Gas was fifty cents a gallon
And they’d put it in for you
And they’d pump your tires and check your oil
And wash your windows too
And we’d shine those cars as bright as bright
And we’d go park underneath that light
And stare out at the prairie sky
There was nothing else to do

CHORUS:
But now there’s plywood for glass
Where the windows all got smashed
And there’s just a chunk of concrete
Where those old pumps used to stand
There’s a couple of cars half out of the ground
And that oil sign still spins round and round
G
But I guess the White Rose filling station’s just a
A Bm Bm
Memory now

D
And the girls would spend a couple of bucks
Bm
Just to meet the boys working at the pumps
F#m
And they’d grow up and fall in love
G G
And they’d all move away
D
Strangers used to stop and ask
Bm
How far they’d driven off the map
F#m
But then they built that overpass
G G
And now they stay out on the highway

CHORUS:
Bm
But now there’s plywood for glass
F#m
Where the windows all got smashed
G
And there’s just a chunk of concrete
A
Where those old pumps used to stand

Bm
There’s a couple of cars half out of the ground

F#m
And that oil sign still spins round and round

G
But I guess the White Rose filling station’s just a

A  Bm  Bm  Bm  Bm
Memory now /
/

BRIDGE:

G
And that neon sign was the heart and soul

D
Of this old one horse town

A
And it’s like it lost its will to live

G    G    G
The day they shut it down /
/

CHORUS:

Bm
But now there’s plywood for glass

F#m
Where the windows all got smashed

G
And there’s just a chunk of concrete

A
Where those old pumps used to stand
There's a couple of cars half out of the ground
And that oil sign still spins round and round
But I guess the White Rose filling station's just a
Memory now
But I guess the White Rose filling station's just a
Memory now

White Rose
Yonder Comes A Sucker
Jim Reeves

Intro: INTRO:  1 2 / 1
C G7 C C
And I'll bid her my last fare-well

CHORUS:
C G7
Railroad, steamboat, river and ca-nal
G7 C
Yonder comes a sucker and he's got my gal
C
And she's gone, gone, gone, and she's gone, gone, gone
C G7 C C
And I'll bid her my last fare-well

C C
I fell in love, with a pretty little thing
G7 C C
I thought that wedding bells would ring
C C
She was as sweet, as sweet could be
G7 C C
Till I found out, what she did to me
CHORUS:
C    G7
Railroad, steamboat, river and canal
G7    C
Yonder comes a sucker and he's got my gal
C
And she's gone, gone, gone, and she's gone, gone, gone
C    G7    C    C
And I'll bid her my last fare-well

C    C
I asked her mother, to let her go
G7    C    C
She whispered mother, please tell him no
C    C
Though he may think, that I am true
G7    C    C
There are plenty more, who'll think so too ↓

CHORUS:
C    G7
Railroad, steamboat, river and canal
G7    C
Yonder comes a sucker and he's got my gal
C
And she's gone, gone, gone, and she's gone, gone, gone
C    G7    C    C
And I'll bid her my last fare-well
Optional - Repeat CHORUS as an instrumental

C       C
Now I won't cry, my life away
G7      C      C
Some other sucker, will have to pay
C       C
And when he finds, that she is gone
G7      C      C
I guess I'll hear, him sing this song

CHORUS:
C       G7
Railroad, steamboat, river and ca-nal
G7            C
Yonder comes a sucker and he's got my gal
C
And she's gone, gone, gone, and she's gone, gone, gone
C       G7      C      C
And I'll bid her my last fare-well

C
And she's gone, gone, gone, and she's gone, gone, gone
C       G7      C
And I'll bid her my last fare-well

I  C↓ G7↓ C↓