

OUTLAW - A

OUTLAW COUNTRY A

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6 Days on The Road - Dave Dudley

G D7 G
Well, I pulled out of Pittsburgh rollin' down the Eastern Seaboard
G D7
I've got my diesel wound up and she's running like never before.
C D7 G C
There's a speed zone ahead, all right, but, I don't see a cop in sight
G D7 G
Six days on the road and I'm gonna make it home tonight

I got ten forward gears and a Georgia overdrive
I'm taking little white pills and my eyes are open wide
I just passed a 'Gimmy' and a 'White', I've been passin' everything in sight
Six days on the road and I'm gonna make it home tonight

Well, it seems like a month since I kissed my baby good-bye
I could have a lot of women but not like some other guys
I could find one to hold me tight, but I could never believe that it's right
Six days on the road and I'm gonna make it home tonight

Well, the I.C.C. is checking on down the line
I'm a little overweight and my log's three days behind
But nothing bothers me tonight, I can dodge all the scales all right
Six days on the road and I'm gonna make it home tonight

Well, my rig's a little old, but that don't mean she's slow
There's a flame from her stack and the smoke's rolling black as coal
My hometown's coming in sight, if you think I'm happy your right
Six days on the road and I'm gonna make it home tonight

A Country Boy Can Survive - Hank Jr

D Am G D
Preacher man says its the end of time & the Mississippi River shes goin dry
Interest up, stock markets down & you only get mugged if you go downtown
I live back in the woods you see, My woman and the kids and the dogs and me
D Am G Am D
I got a shotgun a rifle & a four wheel drive & a country boy can survive
Am G D
Country folks can survive

D Am G D
I can plow a field all day long, I can catch catfish from dusk till dawn
D Am
We make our own whiskey and our own smoke too
G D A
Ain't too many things these ole boys can't do
D Am G Am D
We grow good ole tomatoes & homemade wine And a country boy can survive
Am G D
Country folks can survive

G F
Because you can't starve us out and you can't make us run
C G
Cause when them ole boy raised on shotgun
G F
We say grace and we say ma'am
C G
If you ain't into that we don't give a damn

D Am G D
We came from West Virginia coal mines, tRocky Mountains & Western Skies
D Am G Am D
And we can skin a buck we can run a trot line And a country boy can survive
Am G D
Country folks can survive

D Am G D
Had a good friend in New York City never called me by my name just HillBilly
GrandPa taught me to live off the land & his taught him to be a businessman
Used to send pictures of Broadway Nights I'd send him some homemade wine
He was killed by a man w a switchblade knife For \$43 my friend lost his life
I'd love to spit some Beechnut in that dudes eye & shoot em' with my ole 45

G Am D
Cause a country boy can survive

Am G D
Country folks can survive

G F
Because you can't starve us out and you can't make us run

C G
Cause when them ole boy raised on shotgun

G F
We say grace and we say ma'am

C G
If you ain't into that we don't give a damn

D Am G
D
Were from North California and South Alabam & little towns all around this
land

And we can skin a buck and run a trot line And a country boy can survive

Am G D
Country folks can survive

Against The Wind - Bob Seger

G Bm
It seems like yesterday, but it was long ago.
C G
Jenny was lovely; she was the queen of my nights,
D C
there in the darkness with the radio, playing low now.

G Bm
And the secrets that we shared, the mountains that we moved
C G
Caught like wildfire out of control,
C D
'till there was nothing left to burn and nothing left to prove.
Em D G
And I remember what she said to me,
how she swore that it never would end.
I remember how she held me, oh so tight.
C D
Wish I didn't know now what I didn't know then.

G Bm C G
Against the wind, we were running against the wind.
C Bm Am C G
We were young and strong, we were running against the wind.

And the years rolled slowly past. And I found myself alone.
Surrounded by strangers I thought were my friends,
I found myself further and further from my home.

And I guess I lost my way., There were oh, so many roads.
I was living to run, and running to live.
Never worrying about paying, or even how much I owed.

Em D G
Runnin' 8 miles a minute for months at a time,
breaking all of the rules that would bend.

I begin to find myself just searching,

D

searching for shelter again and again.

G

Bm C

G

Against the wind, a little something against the wind.

C

Bm

Am

C

G

I found myself seeking shelter against the wind.

Em

D

G

Well those drifter's days are past me now,

Em

C

G

I've got so much more to think about.

Em

D

C

Deadlines and commitments;

D

what to leave in, what to leave out.

G

Bm C

Against the wind,

G

I'm still running against the wind.

C

Bm

Am

C

G

I'm older now but still running against the wind.

Amos Moses - Jerry Reed

D - - 5>7 777-5-7 - - - - - (MAIN RIFF)

A - - 0- -0 - -0-0 - - - - - & repeat

A

B

now Amos Moses was a cajon / He lived by himself in the swamp.

D7

He hunted alligator for a livin' Just knock 'em in the head with a stump.

RIFF

The Lousisana law gonna get you, Amos!

It ain't legal huntin' alligator down in the swamp, boy!

Well, everybody blamed his old man For makin' him mean as a snake.

When Amos Moses was a boy, His Daddy would use his for alligator bait.

Tie a rope around his waist and throw him in the swamp!

Aliigator bait in the Lousisana bayou

E7

D7

A7

About forty-five minutes southeast of Thibodeaux, Lousisiana

Lived a man called Doc Milsap and his pretty wife Hanna.

E7

C

D7

Well, they raised up a son who could eat up his weight in groceries.

D7

Named him after a man of the cloth, Called him Amos Moses.

Now all the folks around south Louisiana, Said Amos was a hell of a man.

He could trap the biggest, The meanest alligator, And just use one hand.

That's all he got left cuz the alligator bit it!

Left arm gone clean up to the elbow!

Well, the Sheriff got wind that Amos, Was in the swamp tracking alligator skin.

So he snuck in the swamp, gonna get the boy. But he never come out again.

Well, I wonder where the Louisiana Sheriff went to?

You can sure get lost in the Louisiana Bayou! — CHORUS

Big City - Merle Haggard

F Bb
I'm tired of this dirty old city.

F C
Entirely too much work and never enough play.

F Bb
And I'm tired of these dirty old sidewalks.

F C F
Think I'll walk off my steady job today.

F Bb F (CHORUS)
Turn me loose, set me free, somewhere in the middle of Montana.

C
And gimme all I got comin' to me,

F Bb F
And keep your retirement and your so called social security.

C F
Big City turn me loose and set me free.

Been working everyday since I was twenty.
Haven't got a thing to show for anything I've done.
There's folks who never work and they've got plenty.
Think it's time some guys like me had some fun.

CHORUS

Brother My Cup Is Empty - Nick Cave

Em

Brother, my cup is empty And I haven't got a penny

Am

Em

For to buy no more whiskey, I have to go home

Em

I am the captain of my pain, Tis the bit, the bridle,& the trashing cane

Am

The stirrup, the harness And the whipping mane

Em

The pickled eye And the shrinking brain

O brother, buy me one more drink, I'll explain the nature of my pain

Am

Em

Yeah let me tell you once again, I am the captain of my pain — CHORUS

I cannot blame it all on her / To blame her all would be a lie

For many a night I lay awake / And wished that I could watch her die

To see her accusing finger spurt / To see flies swarm her hateful eye

To watch her groaning in the dirt / To see her clicking tongue crack dry

O brother, buy me one more drink / One more drink and then goodbye

And do not mock me when I say / Let's drink one more before I die —

CHORUS

I've been sliding down on rainbows, I've been swinging from the stars

Now this wretch in beggars clothing, Bangs his cup across the bars

Look, this cup of mine is empty!, Seems I've misplaced my desires

Seems I'm sweeping up the ashes, Of all my former fires

So brother, be a brother, fill this tiny cup of mine

And please, sir, make it whiskey, I have no head for wine — CHORUS

I counted up my blessings / And counted only one

One tiny little blessing / And now that blessings gone

So buy me one more drink, my brother / Then I'm taking to the road

Yes, I'm taking to the rain / And I'm taking to the snow

O my friend, my only brother / Do not let the party grieve

So throw a dollar onto the bar / Now kiss my ass and leave — CHORUS

Can't Make It Here Any More - James McMurtry

D Cadd9 Cadd9/B D

There's a Vietnam Vet with a cardboard sign sitting there by the left turn line
Flag on the wheelchair flapping in the breeze, one leg missing and both hands free
No one's paying much mind to him, the V.A. budget's just stretched so thin
And there's more comin' home from the Mideast war, we can't make it here anymore

D Cadd9 G D Cadd9 G

And that big ol' building was the textile mill, it fed our kids and it paid our bills
But they turned us out and they closed the doors, we can't make it here anymore

D Cadd9 G D Cadd9 G

See those pallets piled up on the loading dock, they're gonna set there till they rot
'Cause there's nothing to ship, nothing to pack, just busted concrete & rusted tracks
Empty storefronts round the square, a needle in the gutter & glass everywhere
You don't come down here 'less you're looking to score, can't make it here anymore

D Cadd9 G D Cadd9 G

The bar's still open but man it's slow, the tip jar's light and the register's low
The bartender don't have much to say, the regular crowd gets thinner each day
Some maxed out all their credit cards, some are working 2 jobs, living in cars
Minimum wage don't pay for a roof, don't pay for a drink if you gotta have proof
Just try it yourself Mr. CEO See how far 5.15 an hour will go
Take a part time job at one of your stores I bet you can't make it here anymore

D Cadd9 G D Cadd9 G D Cadd9 G D Cadd9 G

& there's a high school girl w a bourgeois dream, just like pictures in the magazine
She found on the floor of the Laundromat, a woman with kids can forget all that
If she comes up pregnant what'll she do, forget the career, forget about school
Can she live on faith? live on hope, high on Jesus or hooked on dope
When it's way too late to just say no, you can't make it here anymore

D Cadd9 G D Cadd9 G D Cadd9 G D Cadd9

Now I'm stocking shirts in the Wal-Mart store just like the ones we made before
'Cept this one came from Singapore, I guess we can't make it here anymore

D Cadd9 G D Cadd9 G

Should I hate a people for the shade of their skin or the shape of their eyes
or the shape I'm in
Should I hate 'em for having our jobs today, no I hate the men sent the jobs away
I can see them all now, they haunt my dreams, all lily white and squeaky clean
They never known want, they'll never know need, their s**t don't stink
& their kids won't bleed
Their kids won't bleed in the damn little war and we can't make it here anymore

D Cadd9 G D Cadd9 G

Will work for food, will die for oil, will kill for power and to us the spoils
billionaires get to pay less tax, the working poor get to fall through the cracks
Let 'em eat jellybeans, let 'em eat cake, let 'em eat s**t, whatever it takes
They can join the Air Force, or join the Corps if they can't make it here anymore

D Cadd9 G D Cadd9 G

And that's how it is, that's what we got if the president wants to admit it or not
read it in the paper read it on the wall, hear it on the wind if you're listening at all
Get out of that limo, look us in the eye, call us on the cell phone, tell us all why
In Dayton, Ohio or Portland, Maine or a cotton gin out on the great high plains
That's done closed down along w the school & the hospital and the swimming pool
Dust devils dance in the noonday heat, there's rats in the alley, trash in the street
Gang graffiti on a boxcar door, we can't make it here anymore

D Cadd9 G D Cadd9 G D Cadd9

East Bound and Down - Jerry Reed

G A
Well I'm east bound and down, loaded up and truckin'
C D
a'we gonna' do what they say can't be done
G A
We've got a long way to go, and a short time to get there
C D G
I'm east bound, just watch 'ole' Bandit run.

Em C
Keep your foot hard on the peddle....son, never mind them brakes.....
A B7 E
let it all hang out 'cause we've got a run to make
E C
The boys are thirsty in Atlanta, and there's beer in Texarkana
A B7
and we'll bring it back no matter what it takes

CHORUS

SOLO

Em C
Old Smokey's got them ears on, he's hot on your trail
A B7 E
And he ain't gonna' rest 'til you're in jail
E
So, you gotta' dodge him, you gotta' duck him
C
you gotta' keep that diesel truckin'
A B7
just put that hammer down and give it hell

CHORUS

El Paso - Marty Robbins

D Em A7 D

Out in the West Texas town of El Paso, I fell in love with a Mexican girl.
Nighttime would find me in Rose's Cantina,Music would play & Felina would whirl.

Blacker than night were the eyes of Felina,
wicked & evil while casting a spell
My love was deep for this Mexican maiden,
I was in love, but in vain I could tell

G D G D D7
One night a wild young cowboy came in, Wild as the West Texas wind.
D7 G
Dashing and daring, a drink he was sharing, With wicked Felina, the girl that I love.
A7
So in anger

I challenged his right for the love of this maiden;
Down went his hand for the gun that he wore.
My challenge was answered, in less than a heartbeat
The handsome young stranger lay dead on the floor.

Just for a moment I stood there in silence,
Shocked by the foul evil deed I had done.
Many thoughts ran through my mind as I stood there;
I had but one chance and that was to run.

(Bridge)
Out through the back door of Rose's I ran,
Out where the horses were tied.
I caught a good one; it looked like it could run,
Up on its back and away I did ride.
Just as fast as

I could from the West Texas town of El Paso,
Out to the badlands of New Mexico.
Back in El Paso my life would be worthless;
Everything's gone in life nothing is left.
It's been so long since I've seen the young maiden,
My love is stronger than my fear of death.

(Bridge)

I saddled up and away I did go,
Riding alone in the dark.
Maybe tomorrow a bullet may find me,
Tonight nothing's worse than this pain in my heart.
And as last here

I am on the hill overlooking El Paso,
I can see Rose's Cantina below.
My love is strong and it pushes me onward,,
Down off the hill to Felina I go.

Off to my right I see five mounted cowboys,,
off to my left ride a dozen and more.
Shouting and shooting; I can't let them catch me,
I have to make it to Rose's back door.

(Bridge)

Something is dreadfully wrong for I feel
A deep burning pain in my side.
Though I am trying to stay in the saddle.
I'm getting weary, unable to ride.
But my love for

Felina is strong and I rise where I've fallen,,
Though I am weary, I can't stop to rest.
I see the white puff of smoke from the rifle,
I feel the bullet go deep in my chest.

From out of nowhere, Felina has found me,
Kissing my cheek as she kneels by my side.
Cradled by two loving arms that I'll die for,
One little kiss and Felina goodbye.

Family Tradition - Hank Jr

D G
Country music singers, Have always been a real close family,
A D
But lately some of my kinfolk, Have disowned a few others and (D) me,
I guess it's because, I kinda' changed my direction,
Lord I guess I went and broke their family tradition,
They get on me and wanna' know Hank,

D G
Why do ya drink?, Hank why do you roll smoke?,
A D
And why must you live out the songs that you wrote?,
Over and over everybody met my prediction,
If I get stoned I'm just carrying on an old family tradition

I am very proud, of my daddy's name,
Although his kind of music and mine ain't exactly the same,
Stop and think it over, put yourself in my position,
If I get stoned & sing all night long it's a family tradition, So don't ask

Why do ya drink?, Hank why do you roll smoke?,
And why must you live out the songs that you wrote?,
If I'm down in a honky tonk and some ol' slick tries to give me friction,
I'll say leave me alone I'm singin' all night long 'cause it's a, family tradition

Lordy I have loved some ladies, and I have loved Jim Beam,
And they both tried to kill me, in 1973,
When that doctor asked me, son how'd ya get in this position?,
I said a hey sawbones I'm just a carrying on and ol' family tradition,
So don't ask me Hank,

Why do ya drink?, Hank why do you roll smoke?,
And why must you live out the songs that you wrote?,
Stop and think it over, try to put yourself in my unique position,
If I get stoned and sing all night long it's a family tradition.

Faster Horses - Tom T Hall

G

He was an old-time cowboy don't you understand
His eyes were sharp as razor blades his face was leather-tanned

C

G

His toes were pointed inwards from a-hanging on a horse

G

D7

G

He was an old philosopher of course

He was so thin I swear you could have used him for a whip
He had to drink the beer to keep his breeches on his hips
I knew I had to ask him about the mysteries of life
He spit between his boots and he replied

G

C

D7

G

It's faster horses younger women older whiskey more money

He smiled and all his teeth were covered with tobacco stains
He said it don't do man no good to pray for peace and rain
Peace and rain is just a way to say prosperity
And buffalo chips is all it means to me

I told him I was a poet I was looking for the truth
I do not care for horses whiskey women or other loot
I said I was a writer my soul was all on fire
He looked at me and he said you are a liar CHORUS

Well I was disillusioned if I say the least
I grabbed him by the collar and I jerked him to his feet
There was something cold and shiny laying in my head
So I started to believe the things he said

Well my poet days are over and I'm back to being me
As I enjoy the peace and comfort of reality
If my boy ever asks me what it is that I have learned
I think that I will readily affirm CHORUS OUT

Fire - Bruce Springsteen

 G G
I'm driving in my car, I turn on the radio
 Am G
I'm pulling you close, you just say no
 Am Em
You say you don't like it, but girl I know you're a liar
 C D G
'Cause when we kiss, Hmmm, fire

Well late at night, I'm takin' you home
Well I say I wanna stay, you say you wanna be alone
You say you don't love me, girl you can't hide your desire
And when we kiss
Ohhh, fire, fire

 C G
You had a hold on me right from the start
 D G
It's a grip so tight I couldn't tear it apart
 C G
My nerves all jumpin' actin' like a fool
 Am D7
Your kisses they burn, but your heart stays cool

Romeo and Juliet, Samson and Delilah
But baby you can bet their love they didn't deny
Your words say split, but your words they lie
'Cause when we kiss, Hmmm, fire, fire

Burnin' in my soul, it's out of control, Fire

Folsom Prison Blues — Johnny Cash

C

I hear the train a coming it's rolling round the bend
And I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when

F

C

I'm stuck at Folsom Prison and time keeps dragging on

G7

C

But that train keeps rolling on down to San Antone

When I was just a baby my mama told me Son
Always be a good boy don't ever play with guns
But I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die
When I hear that whistle blowing I hang my head and cry

I bet there's rich folks eating in a fancy dining car
They're probably drinking coffee and smoking big cigars
But I know I had it coming I know I can't be free
But those people keep a moving and that's what tortures me

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

Friend of the Devil - Grateful Dead

G (/F#) (/E) (/D) C (/B) (/A)

I lit out from Reno, I was trailed by twenty hounds
Didn't get to sleep that night 'Till the morning came around.

D (2) Am7 (REFRAIN)

Set out runnin' but I take my time, A friend of the devil is a friend of mine

D Am7 D

If I get home before daylight, I just might get some sleep tonight.

Ran into the devil, babe,, He loaned me twenty bills

I spent the night in Utah, In a cave up in the hills. **REFRAIN**

I ran down to the levee But the devil caught me there

He took my twenty-dollar bill And vanished in the air. **REFRAIN**

D (2) C D C D

Got two reasons why I cry Away each lonely night ,

Am7 C (2)

The first one's named Sweet Anne Marie, And she's my hearts delight.

D (2) C D C D

The second one is prison, baby, The sheriff's on my trail,

Am (2) C D

And if he catches up with me, I'll spend my life in jail.

Got a wife in Chino, babe, And one in Cherokee

The first one says she's got my child, But it don't look like me. **REFRAIN**

You can borrow from the devil or you can borrow from a friend

The devil will give you 20 but your friend's got only 10 **REFRAIN -**

CHORUS

The Ghost of General Lee - Waylon Jennings

F

Through the blood, and the mud, and the smoke we walked, behind Robert E Lee

Sixty miles from Richmond, to face the Union army
We dug our holes, and we built a wall, cuz we knew there'd be a fight
If the bluecoat wearing soldiers, crossed the river that night

Sure as hell, that sundown came, a hundred thousand men
And it sure did shock me Lord, to see, kin killing kin
The cannonballs were heavy, filled with iron, and steel, and lead
And the James River water, ran a bloody red

Bb C
Lord-----, is it right

Bb F C

Did you mean for me to kill my brother, here tonight

C Bb F C

It's been one hundred, forty years, and as I look around
I see a mighty city where there once was a battleground
I thought when Lee surrendered, we would fight no more
But the ghost of Lee can still see us fight the civil war

CHORUS

Ghost Riders in the Sky - Vaughn Monroe

Am C
An old cowboy went riding out one dark and windy day
Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way
Am
When all at once a mighty herd of red eyed cows he saw
F Am
A-plowing through the ragged sky and up the cloudy draw

Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were made of steel
Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath he could feel
A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky
For he saw the Riders coming hard and he heard their mournful cry

Am C
Yippie yi Ohhhhhh
C Am
Yippie yi yaaaaay
F Am
Ghost Riders in the sky
F Am
Ghost Riders in the sky

Faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, shirts all soaked with sweat
He's riding hard to catch that herd, but he ain't caught 'em yet
'Cause they've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky
On horses snorting fire / As they ride on hear their cry

As the riders loped on by him he heard one call his name
If you want to save your soul from Hell a-riding on our range
Then cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride
Trying to catch the Devil's herd, across these endless skies

CHORUS

Good Hearted Woman - Waylon & Willie

F

Bb

A long time forgotten are dreams that just fell by the way

C7

F

The good life he promised ain't what she's living today

But she never complains of the bad times or bad things he's done Lord

She just talks about the good times they've had and all the good times to come

She's a good-hearted woman in love with a good-timing man

She loves him in spite of his ways that she don't understand

Through teardrops and laughter they'll pass through this world hand-in-hand

A good-hearted woman loving her good timing man

solo

He likes the night life the bright lights and good-timing friends

When the party's all over she'll welcome him back home again

Lord knows she don't understand him but she does the best that she can

'Cause she's a good-hearted woman she loves her good timing man

repeat #2

Good Old Boys Like Me - Don Williams

When I was a kid Uncle Remus he put me to bed
With a picture of Stonewall Jackson above my head
Then daddy came in to kiss his little man
With gin on his breath and a Bible in his hand
He talked about honor and things I should know
Then he'd stagger a little as he went out the door

I can still hear the soft Southern winds in the live oak trees
And those Williams boys they still mean a lot to me
Hank and Tennessee
I guess we're all gonna be what we're gonna be
So what do you do with good ole boys like me

Nothing in the world makes a sound in the night like the wind does
but you aint afraid if you're wahed in the blood like i was
the smell of cape jasmine from the window screen
John R and the Wolfman kept me company
by the light of the radio by my head
with Thomas Wolfe whispering in my head — CHORUS

When I was a boy i ran with a kid down the street
but i watched him burn himself up on bourbon and speed
but i was smarter than most I could choose
learned to talk like the man on the 6 o'clock news
when i was 18 i hit the road
but it really didn't matter how far i go — CHORUS OUT

Honky Tonk Women - Rolling Stones

G C
I met a gin-soaked barroom queen in Memphis
G A D
She tried to take me upstairs for a ride
G C
She had to heave me right across her shoulders
G D G
'cause I just can't seem to drink her off my mind

G D G
She's a Ho - nky-tonk woman
G D G
Gimmie, gimmie, gimmie those honky-tonk blues

G C
I laid a divorcee in New York City
G A D
I had to put up some kind of a fight
G C
The lady then she covered me with roses
G D G
She blew my nose and then she blew my mind

Chorus

Highwayman - Highwaymen

Bm A G Bm
I was a highwayman, along the coach roads I did ride,
A G A
Sword and pistol by my side,
Em Bm A G
Many a young maid lost her baubles to my trade,
Em Bm A G
Many a soldier shed his lifeblood on my blade,
Bm A G A D
The bastards hung me in the spring of 25,
Bm G A
But I am still alive

Bm A G A Bm
I was a sailor, I was born upon the tide,
A G A
With the sea I did abide,
Em Bm A G
I sailed a schooner round the horn of Mexico,
Em Bm A G
I went aloft and furled the main sail in a blow,
Bm A G A D
And when the yards broke off they say that I got killed,
Bm G A
But I am living still

Bm A G Bm
I was a dam builder, across a river deep and wide,
A G A
Where steel and water did collide,
Em Bm A G
A place called Boulder on the wild Colorado,
Em Bm A G
I slipped and fell into the wet concrete below,

Bm A G A D
They buried me in that gray tomb that knows no sounds,
Bm G A
But I am still around,

 D D/C# Bm A G D/F# Em
I'll always be around, and around, and around, and around, and around...

Bm A G Bm
I'll fly a starship across the universe divide,
A G A
And when I reach the other side,
Em Bm A G
I'll find a place to rest my spirit if I can,
Em Bm A G
Perhaps I may become a highwayman again,
Bm A G A D
Or I may simply be a single drop of rain,
Bm G A
But I will remain,

Outro: (All)

 D D/C# Bm A G D/F# Em
And I'll be back again, and again, and again, and again, and again...

I Fought The Law - Mitch Ryder

D D G D

Breakin' rocks in the hot sun

D D G D

I fought the law and the law won

D D G D

I fought the law and the law won

D D G D

I needed money 'cause I had none

D D G D

I fought the law and the law won

D D G D

I fought the law and the law won

G

I left my baby and it feels so bad

D

Guess my race is run

G

She the best that I ever had

D G D

I fought the law and the law won

D A G F#m D

I fought the law and the

I Got Stoned and Missed It - Dr Hook

A

I was sitting in my basement, I just rolled myself a taste

E

A

of something green and gold and glorious to get me through the day

A

Then my friend yelled through the transom, "Grab your coat and get your hat son

E

A

There's a nut down on the corner, givin' dollar bills away"

E

But I sat around a bit then I had another hit

E

Then I rolled myself a bauma, tThen I thought about my mama.

E

Then I fooled around, played around, played around a while and then

A

I got stoned and I missed it. I got stoned and I missed it.

E

A

I got stoned and it rolled right by.

A

I got stoned and I missed it. I got stoned and I missed it.

E

I got stoned, oh me oh my.

It took seven months of urgin' just to get that local virgin

With the sweet face up to my place to fool around a bit

Next day she woke up rosy aAnd she snuggled up so cozy

When she asked me how I liked it, Lord, it hurts me to admit Chorus — solo

I'm makin' no excuses for the many things I uses

Just to sweeten up my relationships and brighten up my day

When my earthly race is over and I'm ready for the clover

And they ask me how my life has been, I guess I'll have to say Chorus

I Never Picked Cotton - Roy Clark

E
I never picked cotton
A E A E A E
Like my mother did and my brother did And my sister did
A E
And my daddy died young
B7 E
Working in a coal mine

F
1. When I was just a baby / Too little for the cotton sack
I played in the dirt while the others worked
Til they couldn't straighten their backs
F#
And I made my self a promise / When I was old enough to run
That I'd never stay a single day
In that Oklahoma sun / And I... Chorus

F
2. Folks said that I grew up early / And the farm couldn't hold me then
So I stole ten bucks and a pick up truck / And I never went back again
F#
And it was fast cars and whiskey / Long legged girls and fun
I had everything that money could bring / And I took it all with a gun
And I... Chorus

F
3. It was Saturday night in Memphis / When a redneck grabbed my shirt
And he said go back to your cotton sack / I left him lyin in the dirt
F#
And they'll take me in the morning / To the gallows just outside
And in the time I've got their aint a hell of a lot / I can look back on with
pride
But I... Chorus X2

I Wanna Be Sedated - Ramones

E B E
Twenty-twenty-twenty four hours to go I wanna be sedated
E B E
Nothin' to do and no where to go-o I wanna be sedated
B E
Just get me to the airport put me on a plane
B E
Hurry hurry hurry before I go insane
B E
I can't control my fingers I can't control my brain
A B
Oh no no no no no

F# B F#
Twenty-twenty-twenty four hours to go I wanna be sedated
F# B F#
Nothin' to do and no where to go-o I wanna be sedated
C# F#
Just put me in a wheelchair get me to the show
C# F#
Hurry hurry hurry before I gotta go
C# F#
I can't control my fingers I can't control my toes
B C#
Oh no no no no no

F# B C# F#
Ba-ba-bamp-ba Ba-ba-ba-bamp-ba I wanna be sedated
F# B C# F#
Ba-ba-bamp-ba Ba-ba-ba-bamp-ba I wanna be sedated

repeat and let F# ring to end

C add6 (x3) C C/B Am C

When I woke up this morning, things were lookin' bad

F C G F C

Seem like total silence was the only friend I had

G F C F C

Bowl of oatmeal tried to stare me down - and won

G F C F C

And it was twelve o'clock before I realized that I was havin' - no fun

G C F G C

Ah, but fortunately I have the key to escape reality

F C
 And you may see me tonight with an illegal smile
 G7 C
 It don't cost very much, but it lasts a long while
 F C
 Won't you please tell the man I didn't kill anyone
 G F C F C F C F
 No, I'm just tryin' to have me some fun

C add6 (x3)

Last time I checked my bankroll, it was gettin' thin
Sometimes it seems like the bottom is the only place I've been
I chased a rainbow down a one-way street - dead end
And all my friends turned out to be - insurance salesmen
Ah, but fortunately I have the key to escape reality — CHORUS

Well, I sat down in my closet with all my overalls
Tryin' to get away from all the ears inside my walls
I dreamed the police heard everything I thought - what then?
Well, I went to court and the judge's name - was Hoffman
Ah, but fortunately, I have the key to escape reality — CHORUS

F C F C F C
Well done, hot dog bun, my sister's a nun...

I'm Just An Old Chunk of Coal - John Anderson

C

I'm just an old chunk of coal

E7

Am

But I'm gonna be a diamond some day

F

C

I'm gonna grow and glow till I'm so blue pure perfect

D7

G7

I'm gonna put a smile on everybody's face

C

I'm gonna kneel and pray every day

E7

Am

Lest I should become vain along the way

F

C

Am

I'm just an old chunk of coal now Lord

G7

C

But I'm gonna be a diamond some day

I'm gonna learn the best way to walk

Gonna search and find a better way to talk

I'm gonna spit and polish my old rough edged self

Till I get rid of every single flaw

C

I'm gonna be the world's best friend

E7

Am

Gonna go round shaking everybody's hand

F

C

Am

I'm gonna be the cotton pickin' rage of the age

G7

C

I'm gonna be a diamond some day

F

C

Am

Now I'm just an old chunk of coal now Lord

G7

C

But I'm gonna be a diamond some day

Johnny 99 - Bruce Springsteen

C# C#
Well they closed down the auto plant in Mahwah late that month
C# G#
Ralph went out lookin' for a job but he couldn't find none
C# C#
He came home too drunk from mixin'Tanqueray and wine
C# G# C#
He got a gun shot a night clerk now they call him Johnny 99

Down in the part of town where when you hit a red light you don't stop
Johnny's wavin' his gun around and threatenin' to blow his top
When an off duty cop snuck up on him from behind
Out in front of the Club Tip Top they slapped the cuffs on Johnny 99

F# C# (pt 2)
the city supplied a public defender but the judge was Mean John Brown
C# G#
He came into the courtroom and stared poor Johnny down
C#
Well the evidence is clear gonna let the sentence son fit the crime
C# G# C#
Prison for 98 and a year and we'll call it even Johnny 99 — SOLO

A fight broke out in the courtroom they had to drag Johnny's girl away
His mama stood up and shouted Judge don't take my boy this way
Well son you got any statement you'd like to make
Before the bailiff comes to forever take you away

Now judge judge I had debts no honest man could pay
The bank was holdin' my mortgage and they was takin' my house away
Now I ain't sayin' that makes me an innocent man
But it was more 'n all this that put that gun in my hand

Well your honour I do believe I'd be better off dead
And if you can take a man's life for the thoughts that's in his head
Then won't you sit back in that chair and think it over judge one more time
And let 'em shave off my hair and put me on that execution line

King of the Road - Roger Miller

C F G C
Trailers for sale or rent, Rooms to let fifty cents

C F G
No phone, no pool, no pets, I ain't got no cigarettes

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

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

I smoke old stogies I have found, Short, but not too big around
I'm a man of means by no means, King of the road

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

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

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

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

Ah, but, two hours of pushin' broom
Buys an eight by twelve four-bit room

Kiss An Angel Good Morning - Charlie Pride

G C
When ever I chance to meet, some old friends on the street
D G D
They wonder how does a man get to feel this way
G C
I've always got a smiling face, anytime & any place
D G
And every time they ask me why I just smile & say

G D
You've got to kiss an angel good morning
C G
And let her know you think about her when you're gone
D
Kiss an angel good morning
C G
And love her like the devil when you get back home

G C
Well people may try to guess, the secret of my happiness
D G D
But some of them never learn it's a simple thing
G C
The secret that I'm speaking of, is a woman & a man in love
D G
And the answer is in this song that I always sing

CHORUS

Live Oak - Jason Isbell

Am Gmaj9 C
There's a man who walks beside me he is who I used to be,
Dm Am7 Fmaj7
and I wonder if she sees him and confuses him with me
And I wonder who she's pining for on nights I'm not around
Could it be the man who did the things I'm living down

I was rougher than the timber shipping out of Fond du Lac
When I headed south at seventeen, the sheriff on my back
I'd never held a lover in my arms or in my gaze,
So I found another victim every couple days

But the night I fell in love with her, I made my weakness known
To the fighters and the farmers digging dusty fields alone
The jealous innuendos of the lonely-hearted men
Let me know what kind of country I was sleeping in

Well you couldn't stay a loner on the plains before the war
When my neighbors took to slightin' me, I had to ask what for
Rumors of my wickedness had reached our little town
Soon she'd heard about the boys I used to hang around

We'd robbed a great-lakes freighter, killed a couple men aboard
When I told her, her eyes flickered like the sharp steel of a sword
All the things that she'd suspected, I'd expected her to fear
Was the truth that drew her to me when I landed here

There's a man who walks beside me he is who I used to be,
And I wonder if she sees him and confuses him with me
And I wonder who she's pining for on nights I'm not around
Could it be the man who did the things I'm living down

Well I carved her cross from live oak and her box from short-leaf pine,
and buried her so deep, she'd touch the water table line
And picked up what I needed and I headed south again
To myself, I wondered, "Would I ever find another friend"

There's a man who walks beside her, he is who I used to be,
and I wonder if she sees him and confuses him with me

Living After Midnight - Judas Priest

E E D D A A B E E D D A A B

Living after midnight, rockin' to the dawn

Lovin' 'til the morning, then i'm gone, i'm gone

E G

I took the city 'bout one a.m, loaded, loaded

I'm all geared up to score again, loaded, loaded

G5 A5

I come alive in the neon light

That's when i make my moves right

CHORUS

E G5

Got gleaming chrome, reflecting steel, loaded, loaded

Ready to take on every deal, loaded, loaded

G5 A5

My pulse is racing, i'm hot to take

This motor's revved up, fit to break

CHORUS

I'm aiming for ya

I'm gonna floor ya

My body's coming

All night long

E G

The air's electric, sparkin' power, loaded, loaded

I'm getting hotter by the hour, loaded, loaded

G5 A5

I set my sights and then home in

The joint starts flying when i begin CHORUS

Long Black Veil

G

Ten years ago on a cold, dark night

D

C

G

There was someone killed neath the town hall light
just a few at the scene but they all did agree
the man who ran looked a lot like me

The judge said son, what's your alibi
if you're somewhere else then you don't have to die
I spoke not a word, though it meant my life
I'd been in the arms of my best friend's wife

C

G

C

G

She walks these hills in a long black veil
She visits my grave when the night winds wail

G

C

G

nobody knows lord, nobody sees

G

D

C

G

nobody knows but me

The scaffolding's high and eternity near
she stands out in the crowd and sheds not a tear
But sometimes at night when the cold wind moans
in a long black veil she cries all over my bones

CHORUS

Long Haired Country Boy - Charlie Daniels

e |-----2-----2-----2-----2-----2--|
 B |-----3-----3-----3-----3-----3--|
 G |-----2-----2-----2-----2-----2--|
 D |--0--0--0--0-----0---3b-0---5-0-3-0-----0h2-0--0-----0--|
 A |-----0h2---2-----5-0-3-0--0h2-----0-----|
 E |-----|

D

People say I'm no-good, and crazy as a loon
 I get stoned in the morning, I get drunk in the afternoon
 Kinda like my old blue tick hound, I like to lay around in the shade
 I ain't got no money, but I damn sure got it made

G

D

I ain't askin nobody for nothin, if I can't get it on my own

A

(REFRAIN)

If you don't like the way I'm livin, you just

D

leave this long-haired country boy alone

Preacher man talkin on the TV, puttin down the rock n roll
 Wants me to send a donation, cause he's worried about my soul
 He said, Jesus walked on the water, and I know that is true
 But sometimes I think that preacher man, like to do a little walkin too
 REFRAIN

SOLO

A poor girl wants to marry, and a rich girl wants to flirt
 A rich man goes to college and a poor man goes to work
 A drunkard wants another drink of wine, and a politician wants a vote
 I don't want much of nothin at all, but I will take another toke
 REFRAIN