

OUTLAW B

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You Never Even Called Me By My Name - DAC

Mama Tries - Merle Haggard

D G D G
First thing I remember knowin' was a lonesome whistle blowin'

D G A7
And a young-on's dream of growing up to ride

D G D G
On a freight train leaving town, not knowing where I'm bound

D A7 D
And no one could change my mind, but Mama tried

One and only rebel child, from a family meek and mild
Mama seemed to know what lay in store
'Spite of all my Sunday learnin', toward the bad I kept on turnin'
'Til Mama couldn't hold me anymore

D G D
And I turned twenty-one in prison doing life without parole

G D A7
No one could steer me right, but Mama tried, Mama tried

D G D
Mama tried to raise me better, but her pleading I denied,

D A7 D
that leaves only me to blame, 'cause Mama tried

Dear old Daddy rest his soul, he left my mom a heavy load
She tried so very hard to fill his shoes
Working hours without rest, she wanted me to have the best
She tried to raise me right, but I refused

Mamas Don't Let Your Babies - Willie Nelson

D

Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to hold.

A7

G

D

They'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold.
Lone Star belt buckles and old faded Levis and
each night begins a new day
If you don't understand him and he don't die young
he probably just rides away.

D

G

Mammas don't let your Babies grow up to be Cowboys

A7

don't let'em pick guitars and drive'em old trucks

D

let'em be doctors and lawyers and such.

G

Mammas don't let your Babies grow up to be Cowboys

A7

cause they'll never stay home and they're always alone

D

even with someone they love.

Cowboys like smoky old pool rooms and clear mountain mornings
little warm puppies and children and girls of the night.

Them that don't know him won't like them and them that do
sometimes won't know how to take him.

He ain't wrong he's just different but his pride won't let him
do things to make you think he's right.

CHORUS

Margaritaville - Jimmy Buffett

D

Nibblin on sponge cake, watchin the sun bake,

A

all of those tourist covered with oil.

Strummin my six string, on my front porch swing, smell those

D D7

shrimp there beginnin to boil.

G A D D7

Wastin away again in Margaritaville,
searchin for my lost shaker of salt.

G A D G

Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,

A D

but I know, it's nobody's fault.

Don't know the reason, I stayed here all season. Nothin to show but this
brand new tattoo. But it's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie, how it got here
I haven't a clue.

CHORUS

I blew out my flip flop, stepped on a pop top, cut my heal had to cruise on
back home. But there's booze in the blender, and soon it will render, that
frozen concoction that helps me hang on.

CHORUS

G A D A G

Yes and, some people claim that there's a woman to blame, but

A D

I know, it's my own damn fault.

Me and Bobby McGee - Janis Joplin

G

Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waitin' for a train

D7

When I's feelin' near as faded as my jeans

Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained

G C G

And rode us all the way into New Orleans

G

I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana

C

I's playin' soft while Bobby sang the blues

C

G

Windshield wipers slappin' time, I was holdin' Bobby's hand in mine

D7

We sang every song that driver knew

C

G

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose

D7

G

Nothin', it ain't nothin' honey, if it ain't free

C

G

And feelin' good was easy, lord, oh, when he sang the blues

D7

You know feelin' good was good enough for me

G

A

Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee

A

From the Kentucky coal mines to the California sun

E7

Yeah Bobby shared the secrets of my soul

Through all kinds of weather, through everything we done

A A

Yeah Bobby baby kept me from the cold

A

One day up near Salinas, lo-ord, I let him slip away

D

He's lookin' for that home and I hope he finds it

D

A

Well I'd trade all my tomorrows for one single yesterday

E7

To be holdin' Bobby's body next to mine

D

A

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose

E7

A

Nothin', and that's all that Bobby left me

D

A

Well, feelin' good was easy, lo-o-ord, when he sang the blues

E7

And feelin' good was good enough for me

E7

A

Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee yeah

A7

La da da, la da daa, la da daa da daa da daa

E7

La da da da daa dadada Bobby McGee-ah

Laa li daa da daa daa, la da daa da daa

A7

Laa la laa la daada Bobby McGee-ah yeah (REPEAT)

A

Lord, I called him my lover, I called him my man

I said I called him my lover, did the best I can

A

A

E7

E7

C'mon, hey now Bobby now, hey now Bobby McGee, yeah

E7

Lo lo lord, a lord, a lord, a lord, a lord, a lord, a lord oh

E7

A

Hey, hey, hey, Bobby McGee, lord

Midnight Rider - Willie Nelson

D

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

Gm7

But I'm not gonna' let them catch me, no,

Am7

D

Not gonna' let them catch the midnight rider.

D

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

Gm7

But I'm not gonna' let them catch me, no,

Am7

D

Not gonna' let them catch the midnight rider.

BRIDGE:

D Am7 Gm7 Am7 Gm7 Am7 Gm Gm7 Gm7addE Gm7 D

D

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

Gm7

But I'm not gonna' let them catch me, no,

Am7

D

Not gonna' let them catch the midnight rider.

Gm7

No, I'm not gonna' let them catch me, no,

Am7

D

Not gonna' let them catch the midnight rider. (repeat)

Move It On Over - Hank Williams

Came in last night at half past ten
That baby of mine wouldn't let me in
So move it on over (move it on over)
Move it on over (move it on over)
Move over little dog cause the big dog's moving in

She changed the lock on my front door
My door key don't work no more
So get it on over (move it on over)
Scoot it on over (move it on over)
Move over skinny dog cause the fat dog's moving in

The dog house here is mighty small
But it's better than no house at all
So ease it on over (move it on over)
Drag it on over (move it on over)
Move over old dog cause a new dog's moving in

She told me not to play around
But I done let the deal go down
So pack it on over (move it on over)
Tote it on over (move it on over)
Move over nice dog cause a mad dog's moving in

She warned me once, she warned me twice
But I don't take no one's advice
So scratch it on over (move it on over)
Shake it on over (move it on over)
Move over short dog cause tall dog's moving in

She'll crawl back to me on her knees
I'll be busy scratching fleas
So slide it on over (move it on over)
Sneak it on over (move it on over)
Move over good dog cause a mad dog's moving in

Remember pup, before you whine
That side's yours and this side's mine
So shove it on over (move it on over)
Sweep it on over (move it on over)
Move over cold dog cause a hot dog's moving in.

My Wife Thinks You're Dead - Junior Brown

A Blues

D It's good to see you, baby, it's been a long, long while
We're both a whole lot older and seen a lot of miles
But G things are really different now, since the good old days
And D you've been in some trouble, since we went our separate ways
We'll A7 have to say hello, maybe some G other time instead
'Cause you're D wanted by the Police
And A7 my wife thinks you're D dead.

Somebody spread the rumor that you had lost your life
That's the way I heard it and what I told my wife
Now, here you're showin' up again and talk is gettin' 'round
And I can see that one of us will have to leave this town
If you think that I want trouble, then you're crazy in your head
'Cause you're wanted by the Police and my wife thinks you're dead.

You never called or wrote me, just up and disappeared
Nobody knew what happened, where you been for all these years
Well, trouble's what you lookin' like, so, trouble where you been
And I can see the kind of trouble you could get me in
You better pay attention to ev'ry word I said
'Cause you're wanted by the Police and my wife thinks you're dead.

So, goodbye to you baby, I'm glad we go to talk
But I'm faithful to my wife and I don't ever break the law
I don't know where ya headed for but I know where you been
We reminisced, now, let's just go our separate ways again
Go find another ex-sweetheart to hang around instead
'Cause you're wanted by the Police and my wife thinks you're dead.

TAG: I said, you're wanted by the Police and my wife thinks you're dead.

Nellie Kane - Tim O'Brien

C

As a young man I went riding out on the western plain
Am

In the state of North Dakota I met my Nellie Kane

G

C

I met my Nellie Kane

She was living in a lonely cabin with a son by another man
Five years she had waited for him as long as a woman can
As long as a woman can

F

6

I don't know what changed my mind

6

5

Til then I was the rambling kind

F

6

The kind of love I can't explain

6

6

That I had for Nellie Kane

She hired me on to work that day to help her till the land
In the afternoon we planted seeds in the evening we held hands
In the evening we held hands

Her blue eyes told me everything a man could want to know
It was then I realized that I would never go
That I would never go

CHORUS

Now many years have gone by and her son has grown up tall
I became a father to him and she became my all
She became my all

CHORUS

Old Hippy - Bellamy Brothers

G C G
He turned thirty-five last Sunday in his hair he found some gray
D7

But he still ain't changed his lifestyle he likes it better the old way

C G
So he grows a little garden in the back yard by the fence
C G D7

He's consuming what he's growing now-a days in self defense

G
He gets out there in the twilight zone
C G
Sometimes when it just don't make no sense

He gets off on country music cause disco left him cold
He's got young friends in a new wave but he's just too damn old
And he dreams at night of Woodstock and the day John Lennon died
How the music made him happy and the silence made him cry
Yeah he thinks of John sometimes and he has to wonder why

C G
He's an old hippie and he don't know what to do
D7 G
Should he hang on to the old should he grab on to the new

C G
He's an old hippie his new life is just a bust
D7 C D7 G
He ain't trying to change nobody he just trying real hard to adjust

He was sure back in the sixties that everyone was hip
Then they sent him off to Vietnam on his senior trip
And they forced him to become a man while he was still a boy
And behind each wave of tragedy he waited for the joy
This world may change around him but he can't change no more — CHORUS

Well he stays away a lot now from the parties and the clubs
And he's thinking while he's jogging around
Sure is glad he quit the hard drugs
Cause him and his kind get more endangered everyday
And pretty soon the species will just up and fade away
Like the smoke from that torpedo just up and fade away — CHORUS

On The Road Again - Willie Nelson

E G#7

On the road again, Just can't wait to get on the road again
F#m

The life I love is making music with my friends

A B7 E

And I can't wait to get on the road again

On the road again, Goin' places that I've never been
Seein' things that I may never see again
And I can't wait to get on the road again

A

On the road again

E

Like a band of gypsies we go down the highway

A

We're the best of friends

E B7

Insisting that the world keep turning our way and our way

Is on the road again

I just can't wait to get on the road again

The life I love is making music with my friends

And I can't wait to get on the road again

SOLO - BRIDGE

[E G#7

On the road again, Just can't wait to get on the road again
F#m

The life I love is making music with my friends

A B7 E

And I can't wait to get on the road again

A B7 E

And I can't wait to get on the road again

Pancho and Lefty - Townes Van Zandt

D A
Livin' on the road, my friend, Was gonna keep us free and clean
G D A
But now you wear your skin like iron And your breath's as hard as kerosene
G D G
You weren't your mama's only boy But her favorite one, it seems
Bm G A
She began to cry, When you said good bye
G Bm (A)
And sank into your dreams

Pancho was a bandit, boys, Rode a horse fast as polished steel
Wore his guns outside his pants For all the honest world to feel
Pancho met his match, you know On the deserts down in Mexico
No one heard his dyin' words, But that's the way it goes

G D G
And all the federales say, They could have had him any day
Bm G A G Bm
They only let him slip away Out of kindness, I suppose

Now Lefty he can't sing the blues, All night long like he used to
The dust that Pancho bit down South, It ended up in Lefty's mouth
The day they laid old Pancho low, Lefty split for Ohio
Where he got the bread to go, Well there ain't nobody 'knows

CHORUS

Now poets sing how Pancho fell, Lefty's livin' in a cheap hotel
The desert's quiet and Cleveland's cold And so the story ends, we're told
Pancho needs your prayers, it's true But save a few for Lefty, too
He only did what he had to do And now he's growin' old

CHORUS OUT

Pistol Packin Mama - Al Dexter

F

C7

Drinking beer in a cabaret and was I having fun

F

Until one night she caught me right and now I'm on the run.

Lay that pistol down, babe - lay that pistol down
Pistol Packin' Mama, lay that pistol down.

She kicked out my windshield - she hit me over the head
She cussed and cried and said I'd lied and wished that I was dead.

Refrain:

Drinking beer in a cabaret and dancin' with a blond
Until one night she shot out the light - Bang! that blond was gone.

Refrain:

I'll see you ev'ry night, babe - I'll woo you ev'ry day
I'll be your regular daddy - if you'll put that gun away.

Refrain:

Now I went home this morning - the clock was tickin' four
Gun in her hand, says "You're my man, but I don't need you no more."

Refrain:

Now there was old Al Dexter - he always had his fun
But with some lead, she shot him dead - his honkin' days are done.

Refrain:

Put Another Log - Tom Paul Glaser

G

Put another log on the fire

D7

Cook me up some bacon and some beans
And go out to the car and change the tire

G

Wash my socks and sew my old blue jeans

Come on baby you can fill my pipe and then go fetch my slippers

C

And boil me up another pot of tea

G

Then put another log on the fire babe

D7

G

And come and tell me why you're leaving me

Now don't I let you wash the car on Sunday

D7

And don't I warn you when you're getting fat
Ain't I a gonna take you fishing with me someday

G

Well a man can't love a woman more than that

And ain't I always nice to your kid sister

C

Don't I take her driving every night

G

So sit here at my feet cause I like you when you're sweet

D7

G

And you know it ain't feminine to fight — Repeat #1 & 2

Rambling Man - Allman Brothers

G F C G

Lord I was born a Ramblin' man

G C D

Tryin' to make a living and doing the best I can

C G Em C

When it's time for leaving I hope you'll understand

G D G

That I was born a Ramblin' man

G F G

My father was a Gambler down in Georgia

G C D

He wound up on the wrong end of a gun

C G Em C

And I was born in the back seat of a Greyhound bus

G D G

Rolling down highway forty-one

CHORUS

G C D

I'm on my way to New Orleans this morning

G C D

Leavin' out of Nashville, Tennessee

C G Em C

they're always havin' a good time down on the Bayou, lord

G D G

Them delta women think the world of me

CHORUS

Rawhide

Am

Rollin' Rollin' Rollin' (4x) Rawhide

Am C

Rollin' Rollin' Rollin', though the streams are swollen
keep them doggies rollin', Rawhide!

Am G Am

Rain and wind and weather, hell bent for leather,

G F E

wishin' my gal was by my side.

Am G Am

All the things I'm missin', good viddies, love and kissin',

G Am G Am

are waitin' at the end of my ride. — CHORUS

Am

Move 'em on, head 'em up, head 'em up, move 'em on,

E

move 'em on, head 'em up, Rawhide!

Am

Cut 'em out, ride 'em in, ride 'em in, cut 'em out,

F E Am

cut 'em out, ride 'em in, Rawhide!

Am C

keep movin' movin' movin', though they are disapprovin'

keep them doggies movin', Rawhide!

Am G Am

Don't try to understand them, just rope, throw and brand 'em,

G F E

soon we'll be livin' high and wide.

Am G Am

My heart's calculatin', my true love will be waitin',

G Am G Am

be waitin' at the end of my ride. — CHORUS OUT

Road To Ensenada - Lyle Lovett

As I lay sick and broken, Viva Mexico
My eyes just won't stay open / and i dream a dream of home
i dream a dream of home

Well, there's coffee on the table / and kindness in your head
Honey I'll help you when I'm able / but right now i'm feeling bad
Right now i'm feeling bad

So listen to tour heart that beats / and follow it with both your feet
and as you walk and as you breathe / you aint no friend to me
you aint no friend to me

The road to Ensenada is plenty wide & fast / head south from Tijuana
then I'll see you at last / I'll see you at last

But my eyes they open slowly / and they gaze around the room
The old man he seems worried / There aint no sign of you
There aint no sign of you — CHORUS

You can offer to the righteous / the goodd that you have won
but down here among the uncleean / your good just coms undone
Your good just comes undone — SOLO

The sisters at the borderline / are holding out their hands
They're begging me for something lord / but i don't understand
i don't understand

So it's adios to Alver / tell him to stay between the lines
and if he sees that Gabriella girl, tell her i'll look her up next time
Say I'll look her up next time

The road to Ensenada is plenty wide & fast / head south from Tijuana
and this time through Tijuana / Well, it won't be my last
it won't be my last — CHORUS

Signs - 5 Man Electrical Band

D Dsus2 D D Dsus2 D D Dsus4 D Dsus2 D

C G

D G

And the sign said "Long-haired freaky people need not apply"

D

A

G

A

So I tucked my hair up under my hat, and I went in to ask him why

Bm Bm/A G

He said "You look like a fine, upstanding young man, I think you'll do"

D

A

G

A

So I took off my hat and said "Imagine that! Heh, me workin' for you!"

D

C G

Whoa, sign sign everywhere a sign

D

G

Blockin' out the scenery, breakin' my mind

D

A

C/G

D (+ intro suspensions)

Do this, don't do that, can't you read the sign?

C

G

D

G

And the sign said anybody caught trespassin' would be shot out of sight

D

A

So I jumped on the fence and I yelled at the house

G

A

"Hey, what gives you the right?

You put up a fence to keep me out but to keep Mother Nature in,

If God was here he'd tell you to your face, "Man you're some kind of sinner!"

CHORUS

A

Now hey there mister can't you read?

G

D

You gotta have a shirt and tie to get a seat

A

You can't even watch, no you can't even

G

D

You ain't supposed to be here.....

C G D G

Sign said you got to have a membership card to get inside...Uhhh! -

SOLO

C G D G

And the sign said "Everybody welcome, come in, kneel down and pray"

D A

But when they passed around the plate and they emptied it all

G A

I didn't have a penny to pay

Bm Bm/A G

So I got me a pen and a paper, and I made up my own little sign

D A G A

I said "Thank you Lord for thinkin' about me, I'm alive and doin' fine!"

CHORUS

Sixteen Tons - Tennessee Ernie Ford

Cm (\Bb) (\Ab) (\G)

Some people say a man is made outa mud

Cm (\Bb) (\Ab) (\G)

A poor man's made outa muscle 'n blood...

Cm Eb Fm Ab

Muscle an' blood an' skin an' bone

Cm Gm Cm

A mind that's weak and a back that's strong

You load sixteen tons an' whaddya get?

Another day older an' deeper in debt

Saint Peter doncha call me 'cause I can't go

I owe my soul to the company sto'

If ya hear me a-comin' ya better step aside

A lotta men din't an' a lotta men died

With one fist of iron an' the other of steel

If the right one don' getcha then the left one will.

I was born one mornin' when the sun didn't shine

Picked up my shovel and I went to the mine

Loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal

And the strawboss said, "Well, Bless my soul!"

I was born one morning in the drizzlin' rain

Fightin' and trouble are my middle name

I was raised in the canebreak by an' ol' mama hound

Ain't no high-tone woman gonna push me around.

Sunday Morning Coming Down - Kris Kristofferson

C F C
Well I woke up Sunday morning with no way to hold my head that didn't hurt
C Am G
and the beer I had for breakfast wasn't bad so I had one more for dessert
C F C
then I fumbled in my closet through my clothes and found my cleanest, dirty shirt
G
then I washed my face combed my hair, stumbled down the stairs to meet the day

I'd smoked my mind the night before with cigarettes and songs I'd been picking
but I lit my first and watched a small kid playing with the can that he was kicking
I walked across the street & caught the Sunday smell of someone frying chicken
& lord it took me back to something I lost somewhere somehow along the way

F C
on a Sunday morning sidewalk, I'm wishing lord, that I was stoned
G C
cause there's something in a Sunday that makes the body feel alone
F C
and there's nothing short of dying that's half as lonesome as the sound
G C
of the sleeping city sidewalks and Sunday morning coming down

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

CHORUS OUT

Swingin - John Anderson

E

There's a little girl in our neighborhood
Her name is Charlette Johnson and she's really lookin good
I had to go and see her, so I called her on the phone
I walked over to her house, and this was goin' on

Her brother was on the sofa eatin chocolate pie
Her momma was in the kitchen cuttin chicken up to fry
Her daddy was in the backyard rollin up a garden hose
I was on the porch with Charlette feelin love down to my toes

CHORUS

A

And we were swingin

E

Yes we were swingin

B7

Little Charlette she's as pretty as the angels when they sing

A

I can't believe I'm out here on the front porch in this swing

E

Just a-swingin

Instrumental Then the Chorus Again Then On to the Next Verse

E

Now Charlette she's a darlin, she's the apple of my eye
And when I'm on the swing with her it makes me almost high
And Charlette is my lover and she has been since the spring
I just can't believe it started on her front porch

Take the Money and Run - Steve Miller

G F C

This heres a story about billy joe and bobbie sue
Two young lovers with nothin better to do
Than sit around the house, get high, and watch the tube
And here is what happened when they decided to cut loose

They headed down to, ooh, old el paso
Thats where they ran into a great big hassle
Billy joe shot a man while robbing his castle
Bobbie sue took the money and run

G F C (Bb)

Go on take the money and run
Go on take the money and run
Go on take the money and run
Go on take the money and run

Billy mack is a detective down in texas
You know he knows just exactly what the facts is
He aint gonna let those two escape justice
He makes his livin off of the peoples taxes
Bobbie sue, whoa, whoa, she slipped away
Billy joe caught up to her the very next day
They got the money, hey
You know they got away
They headed down south and theyre still running today

CHORUS OUT

Take This Job and Shove It - Johnny Paycheck

C

F

Take this job and shove it, I ain't working here no more

C

D7

G7

My woman done left took all the reason I was working for

C

F

C

Ya better not try to stand in my way As I'm walking out that door

F

C

G7

C

You can take this job and shove it, I ain't working here no more

C

Well I been working in this factory For now on fifteen years

F

G7

All this time I watched my woman Drowning in a pool of tears

C

F

C

And I've seen a lot of good folks die Who had a lot of bills to pay

F

C

I'd give the shirt right off of my back If I had the guts to say

CHORUS

The foreman he's a regular dog, The line boss he's a fool

He got a flat top haircut, Lord the boy thinks he's cool

One of these days I'm gonna blow my top, And that sucker he's gonna pay

F

C

I can't wait Until I get the nerve to say

CHORUS

The Gambler - Kenny Rogers

E A E
On a warm summer's evenin' on a train bound for nowhere,
E B7
I met up with the gambler; we were both too tired to sleep.
E A E
So we took turns a starin' out the window at the darkness
B7 E
'til boredom overtook us, and he began to speak.

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

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

You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em,
know when to walk away and know when to run.
You never count your money when you're sittin' at the table
There'll be time enough for countin' when the dealin's done.

F Bb F
Ev'ry gambler knows that the secret to survivin'
C
is knowin' what to throw away and knowing what to keep.

F Bb F
'Cause ev'ry hand's a winner and ev'ry hand's a loser,
Bb F C F
and the best that you can hope for is to die in your sleep."

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

You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em,
know when to walk away and know when to run.
You never count your money when you're sittin' at the table.
There'll be time enough for countin' when the dealin's done. — CHORUS OUT

The Joker - Steve Miller

G C D C

Some people call me the space cowboy, yeah
Some call me the gangster of love
Some people call me Maurice
Cause I speak of the pomitous of love

People talk about me, baby

Say I'm doin' you wrong, doin' you wrong
Well, don't you worry baby, Don't worry
Cause I'm right here, right here, right here at home

G C G C

Cause I'm a picker, I'm a grinner, I'm a lover, And I'm a sinner

G C D C

I play my music in the sun

G C G C

I'm a joker, I'm a smoker, I'm a midnight toker (CHORUS 1)

G C D C

I sure don't want to hurt no one

You're the cutest thing That I ever did see

I really love your peaches Want to shake your tree

Lovey-dovey, lovey-dovey, lovey-dovey all the time

Ooo-eee baby, I'll sure show you a good time

Cause I'm a picker, I'm a grinner, I'm a lover, And I'm a sinner

I play my music in the sun

I'm a joker, I'm a smoker, I'm a midnight toker

I get my lovin' on the run — CHORUS 1

People keep talking about me baby

They say I'm doin' you wrong

Well don't you worry, don't worry, no don't worry mama

Cause I'm right here at home — REPEAT 2ND VERSE

The Ride - David Allan Coe

When a stranger pulled up beside me in an antique Cadillac.

C Eb
Well, he was dressed like 1950, half drunk and hallow eyed
F C
Its a long walk to Nashville, would you like a ride, son.

He sat down in the front seat, and turned on the radio
and them sad old songs comin' outta them speakers was solid country gold.
I saw the stranger was ghost white pale when he asked me for a light.
And knew there was somethin' strange about this ride.

Bb F C
He said: Mister can you make folks cry when you play and sang.
Can you pay your dues?. can you moan the blues?

Can you bend them guitar strangs.

Bb F C
He said: Boy, can you make folks feel what you feel inside,
Bb F C
Cause if you're big star bound let me warn you its a long bar

Well, he cried just south of Nashville, and he turned that car around.
he said: 'this is where you get off, boy cause I'm going back to Alabam'.
I stepped out of that ole Cadillac and I said Mister, many thanks.
he said you don't have to call me mister, Mister.
The whole world calls me Hank.

CHORUS

The Winner - Bobby Bare

C

G7

The hulk of a man with a beer in is hand he looked like a drunk old fool

C

And I knew if I hit him right why I could knock him off a that stool

F

But everybody they said watch out hey that's Tiger Man McCool

G7

C

He's had a whole lot of fights and he's always come out a winner

G7 C

Yea he's a winner

But I'd had myself about five too many and I walked up tall and proud
I faced his back and I faced the fact that he had never stooped or bowed
I said Tiger Man you're a pussycat and a hush fell on the crowd
I said let's you and me go outside and see who's a winner

He gripped the bar with one big hairy hand - he braced against the wall
He slowly looked up from his beer and my God that man was tall
He said boy I see you're a scrapper so just before you fall
I'm gonna tell you just a little bout what it means to be a winner

He said you see these bright white smiling teeth, U know they ain't my own
Mine rolled away like Chiclets down the street in San Antone
But I left that person cursin' nursin' seven broken bones
And he uh only broke uh three of mine and that makes me winner

He said now behind this grin I got steel pins that holds my jaw in place
A trophy of my most successful motorcycle race
And each morning when I wake and touch this scar across my face
It reminds me of all I got by being a winner

Now this broken back was a dying act of a handsome Harry Clay
That sticky Cincinnati night I stole his wife away
But that woman she gets uglier and she gets meaner every day
But I got her boy that's what makes me a winner

He said you gotta speak loud when you challenge me son
Cause it's hard for me to hear
With this twisted neck and these migraine pains
And this big old cauliflower ear
And if it wasn't for this glass eye of mine why I'd shed a happy tear
To think of all you're gonna get by being a winner

I got arthritic elbows boy I got dislocated knees
From pickin' fights with thunderstorms and chargin' into trees
And my nose's been broke so often I might lose it if I sneeze
And son you say you still wanna be a winner

Now you remind me a lot of my younger days
With your knuckles a clenchin' white
But boy I'm gonna sit right here and sip this beer all night
And if there's somethin' that you gotta gain
Or prove by winnin' some silly fight
Well ok I quit I lose you're the winner

So I stumbled from that barroom not so tall and not so proud
And behind me I still hear the hoots and laughter of the crowd
But my eyes still see and my nose still works
And my teeth are still in my mouth
And you know I guess that makes me the winner

To Live Is To Fly - Townes Van Zandt

Am Eb Ab Eb
Won't say I love you, babe, Won't say I need you, babe
Bb Ab Eb
I'm gonna get you babe And I will not do you wrong
Ab Eb Ab Eb
Living's mostly wasting time, I'll waste my share of mine
Eb Bb/D Ab/C Eb
But it never feels too good So let's don't take too long (VERSE
Ab Eb Ab Bb CHORDS)
Well you're soft as glass And I'm a gentleman
Eb Bb/D Ab/C Eb
We got the sky to talk about And the world to lie upon

Am Eb Ab Eb
Days up and down they come Like rain on a conga drum
Bb Ab Eb
Forget most, remember some Don't turn none away
Ab Eb Ab Eb
Everything is not enough and nothin' is too much to bear
Eb Bb/D Ab/C Eb
Where you've been is good and gone All you keep's the getting there

Ab Eb Ab Bb
Well to live is to fly, all low and high
Eb Bb/D Ab/C Eb
So shake the dust off of your wings And the sleep out of your eyes

It's goodbye to all my friends, It's time to go again
But think of all the poetry, And the pickin' down the line
Well I'll miss the system here, The bottom's low and the treble's clear
But it don't pay to think to much On things you leave behind
Well I may be gone But it won't be long
I will be a bringin' back the melodies & rhythm that I find — CHORUS

We all got holes to fill, And them holes are all that's real
Some fall on you like a storm, Sometimes you dig your own
The choice is yours to make, And time is yours to take
Some dive into the sea, Some toil upon the stone — CHORUS OUT

Trashy Women - Jerry Jeff Walker

A

E

A

Well I was raised a sophisticated kind of style

E

Yeah my taste in music & women drove my folks half wild

D

A

D

Mom & dad had a plan for me it was Debutantes & sororities

A

E

A

But I like my music & I like my women wild

Yeah I like my women just a little on the trashy side

When they wear thier clothes too tight & thier hair is dyed

Too much lipstick & too much rouge, gets me excited & feeling confused

Yeah I like my women just a little on the trashy side

You shoulda seen the looks on the faces of my dad & mom

When I showed up at the door with a date for the senior prom

They said pardon us son but she ain't no kid

That's a cocktail waitress in a Dolly Parton wig

I said I know it dad, aint she cool that's the kind I dig

CHORUS - SOLO

Well I like 'em sweet I lik em with a heart of gold

Yeah I like 'em brassy, I like 'em brazen & bold

Well they say opposites attract, well I don't agree

I want a woman just as tacky as me

Yeah I like my women just a little on the trashy side

CHORUS

D A

E

A

Yeah I like my women just a little on the trashy side

Wanted Dead or Alive - Bon Jovi

D C G
It's all the same , only the names will change

C G F D
And ev'ry day , it seems we're wasting away
Another place , where the faces are so cold
I'd drive all night , just to get back home

C G F D
I'm a cowboy , on a steel horse I ride

C G F D
I'm wanted , dead or alive

C G F D
Wanted , dead or alive

Sometimes I sleep , sometimes is not for days
and people I meet , always go their separate ways
Sometimes you tell the day , by the bottle that you drink
And times when you'r alone , and all you do is think

CHORUS — SOLO:

C G F D
Ooooh and I'm a cowboy , on a street horse I ride
C F D
I'm wanted (wanted) , dead or alive

D C G
And I walk these streets , a loaded six string on my back
C G F D
I play for keeps , 'cause I might not make it back
D C G
I been ev'ry where , still I'm standig tall
C G F D
I've seen a milion faces , and I've rock them all

CHORUS OUT

Why Don't We Get Drunk - Jimmy Buffett

D D7 G D
I really do, appreciate the fact you're sittin' here.
D G E7
Your voice sounds so wonderful but your face don't
A7
look too clear.

G D
So barmaid bring a pitcher, another round o' brew,
G A D D7
Honey why don't we get drunk and screw...

G A D
Why don't we get drunk and screw?
E7 A7
I just bought a waterbed filled up for me and you.
G
They say you are a snuff queen,
D
Honey I don't think that's true.
G A D
So, why don't we get drunk and screw.

You Can't Always Get What You Want - Rolling Stones

C F

I saw her today at the reception
A glass of wine in her hand
I knew she was gonna meet her connection
At her feet was a footloose man

C F

You can't always get what you want
You can't always get what you want
You can't always get what you want

D F

But if you try sometimes, You might find

C F C F

You get what you need... ahhhhhhh, yeah.....

I went down to the demonstration, To get my fair share of abuse.
Singing "we're gonna vent our frustration,
And if we don't we're gonna blow a 50-amp fuse."

CHORUS

I went down to the Chelsea drugstore To get your prescription filled.
I was standing in line with Mr. Jimmy, And man, did he look pretty ill.
We decided that we would have a soda, My favorite flavor, cherry red.
I sung my song to Mr. Jimmy, And he said one word to me, and that was
"dead,"
I said to him:

CHORUS — [instrumental]

You'll get what you need--yeah, oh baby.

I saw her today at the reception, In her glass was a bleeding man.
She was practiced at the art of deception,
Well I could tell by her bloodstained hands. — CHORUS OUT

You Never Even Called Me By My Name - DAC

C G C

Well it was all that I could do to keep from cryin'

F G C

Sometimes it seemed so useless to remain

F G C Am

But you don't have to call me darlin' darlin'

C G C

You never even call me by my name

You don't have to call me Waylon Jennings

And you don't have to call me Charley Pride

And you don't have to call me Merle Haggard anymore

D G

Even though you're on my fighin' side

And I'll hang around as long as you will let me

and I never minded standingin the rain.

But you don't have to call me darlin' darlin'

you never even call me by my name

Well I've heard my name a few times in your phonebook (hello hello)

And I've seen it on signs where I've played

But the only time I know I'll hear David Allan Coe

Is when Jesus has his final judgement day

So I'll hang around as long as you will let me

and I never minded standing in the rain.

But you don't have to call me darlin' darlin'

you never even call me by my name

(Well a friend of mine named Steve Goodman wrote that song, and he told me
i

t was the perfect country and western song. I wrote him back a letter and
told him it was not the perfect country and western song because he hadn't
said anything at all about mama Or trains or trucks or prison or gettin' drunk
Well he sat down and wrote another verse to the song and he sent it to me

And after reading it I realized That my friend had written the perfect country and western song And I felt at last obliged to itself the last verse goes like this here)

Well I was drunk the day my mom got out of prison
And I went to pick her up in the rain
But before I could get to the station in a pickup truck
She got run'd over by a damned old train

And I'll hang around as long as you will let me
and I never minded standing in the rain.
But you don't have to call me darlin' darlin'

C G
you never even called me,
 G Am
well I wonder why you don't call me,
 C G C
why dont you ever call me by my name.