



MERF Luncheon Song Set — Spring 2025

**Sloop John B
Big Rock Candy Mountain
Folsom Prison Blues
Bad Bad LeRoy Brown
Jambalaya
Hound Dog
City of New Orleans
Take Me Home Country Roads
This Land is Your Land
On the Wings of a Dove
King of the Road
Margaritaville
Going Up the Country**

SLOOP JOHN B

METRONOME SPEED: 128

INTRO: "This is the worst trip I've ever been on!"

We **[C]** came on the sloop John B, My grandfather and me
Around Nassau town we did **[G7]** roam
Drinking all **[C]** night **[C7]**, Got into a **[F]** fight
Well, I **[C]** feel so broke up, **[G7]** I wanna go **[C]** home

So **[C]** hoist up the John B's sail, see how the mainsail sets,
Call for the captain ashore, let me go **[G7]** home
Let me go **[C]** home **[C7]**, I wanna go **[F]** home, yeah, yeah
Well, I **[C]** feel so broke up, **[G7]** I wanna go **[C]** home.

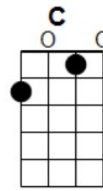
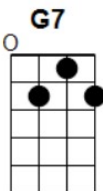
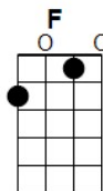
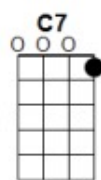
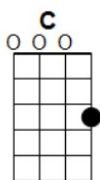
The **[C]** first mate, he got drunk and broke in the captain's trunk
The constable had to come and take him **[G7]** away
Sheriff John **[C]** Stone **[C7]**, Why don't you leave me **[F]** alone?
Yeah, yeah, Well, I **[C]** feel so broke up, **[G7]** I wanna go **[C]** home

So **[C]** hoist up the John B's sail, see how the mainsail sets,
Call for the captain ashore, let me go **[G7]** home
Let me go **[C]** home **[C7]**, I wanna go **[F]** home, yeah, yeah
Well, I **[C]** feel so broke up, **[G7]** I wanna go **[C]** home.

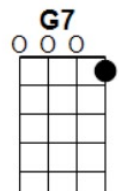
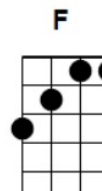
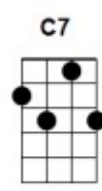
The **[C]** poor cook, he caught the fits and threw away all my grits
And then he took and he ate up all of my **[G7]** corn
Let me go **[C]** home **[C7]**, Why don't they let me go **[F]** home, yeah yeah?
This **[C]** is the worst trip **[G7]** I've ever been **[C]** on!

So **[C]** hoist up the John B's sail, see how the mainsail sets,
Call for the captain ashore, let me go **[G7]** home
Let me go **[C]** home **[C7]**, I wanna go **[F]** home, yeah, yeah Well, I
[C] feel so broke up, **[G7]** I wanna go **[C]** home. **[C-STOP]**

GCEA TUNING



BARITONE



Big Rock Candy Mountain
Harry McClintock aka Haywire Mac (1928)

Bum-Ditty strum pattern: 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 &

D DUD DU

Pick-Strum: (Beats 1-2): Pick 3-Strum OR Pick 4-Strum
(Beats 3-4): Pick 2-Strum OR Pick 3-Strum

One [C] evening as the sun went down
And the [C//] jungle [G7//] fire was [C] burning
[C] Down the track came a hobo hikin'
And-he-said-"Boys [G7//] I'm not [C] turning
I'm [F//] headed for a [C//] land that's [F//] far a- [C//] -way
Be- [F] -side the crystal [G7] fountains
So [F//] come with [C//] me, we'll [F//] go and [C//] see
The [G7] Big Rock Candy [C//]-HOLD] Mountain

[NC] In The [C] Big Rock Candy [C7] Mountain
There's a [F] land that's fair and [C] bright
Where the [F] handouts grow on [C] bushes
And you [F] sleep out every [G7-HOLD] night
[NC] Where the [C] boxcars all are [C7] empty
And the [F] sun shines every [C] day
On the [F//] birds and the [C//] bees and the [F//] cigarette [C//] trees
The [F//] lemonade [C//] springs where the [F//] bluebird [C//] sings
In The [G7] Big Rock Candy [C//]-HOLD] Mountain

[NC] In The [C] Big Rock Candy [C7] Mountain
All the [F] cops have wooden [C] legs
And the [F] bulldogs all have [C] rubber teeth
And the [F] hens lay soft-boiled [G7-HOLD] eggs
[NC] The [C] farmers' trees are [C7] full of fruit
And the [F] barns are full of [C] hay
Oh I'm [F//] bound to [C//] go where there [F//] ain't no [C//] snow
Where the [F//] rain don't [C//] fall, the [F//] wind don't [C//] blow
In The [G7] Big Rock Candy [C//]-HOLD] Mountain

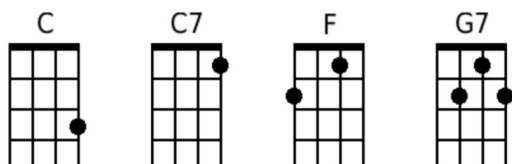
[NC] In The [C] Big Rock Candy [C7] Mountain
 You [F] never change your [C] socks
 And the [F] little streams of [C] alcohol
 Come a- [F] -trickling down the [G7-HOLD] rocks
 [NC] The [C] brakemen have to [C7] tip their hats
 And the [F] railroad bulls are [C] blind
 There's a [F//] lake of [C//] stew and of [F//] whiskey, [C//] too
 You can [F//] paddle all a- [C//] -round 'em in a [F//] big ca- [C//] -noe
 In The [G7] Big Rock Candy [C// -HOLD] Mountain

[NC] In The [C] Big Rock Candy [C7] Mountain
 The [F] jails are made of [C] tin
 And [F] you can walk right out a- [C] -gain
 As [F] soon as you are [G7-HOLD] in
 [NC] There [C] ain't no short-handle [C7] shovels
 No [F] axes, saws or [C] picks
 I'm a- [F//] goin' to [C//] stay where you [F//] sleep all [C//] day
 Where they [F//] hung the [C//] jerk that in- [F//] -vented [C//] work
 In The [G7] Big Rock Candy [C] Mountain [NO BREAK]

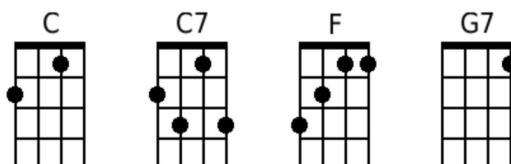
Instrumental:
 [C] [C7] [F] [C]

OUTRO: I'll [F//] see you [C//] all this [F//] comin' [C//] fall
 In the [G7] Big Rock Candy [C] Mountain [C/] [G7/] [C/]

GCEA



BARITONE



Folsom Prison Blues – Johnny Cash

METRONOME SPEED: 148

INTRO: [G] [G] [G] [G] WITH VERBAL 1-2- 3- 4

I [G] hear the train a comin', It's rollin' 'round the bend, And I
ain't seen the sunshine, Since, I don't know when, I'm [C] stuck
in Folsom Prison, And time keeps draggin' [G] on [2-3-4-1-2],
But that [D7] train keeps a-rollin', On down to San An- [G] tone.

When [G] I was just a baby, My Mama told me, "Son,
Always be a good boy, Don't ever play with guns,"
But I [C] shot a man in Reno, Just to watch him [G] die,
[2-3-4-1-2],
When I [D7] hear that whistle blowin', I hang my head and
[G] cry.

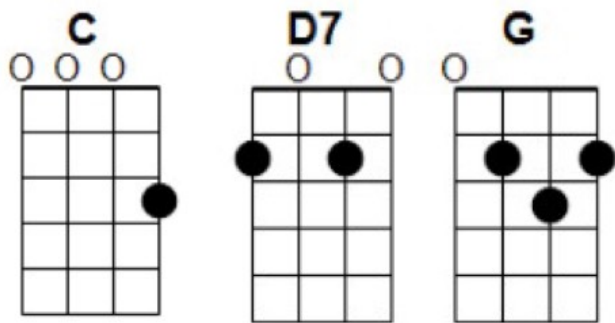
I [G] bet there's rich folks eatin', In a fancy dining car,
They're probably drinkin' coffee, And smokin' big cigars,
But I [C] know I had it comin', I know I can't be [G] free,
[2-3-4-1-2],
But those [D7] people keep a-movin', And that's what
tortures [G] me.

Well, if they [G] freed me from this prison,
If that railroad train was mine,
I bet I'd move out over a little, Farther down the line,
[C] Far from Folsom Prison,
That's where I want to [G] stay,
[2-3-4-1-2],
And I'd [D7] let that lonesome whistle, Blow my Blues a- [G] way.
[G- STOP!]

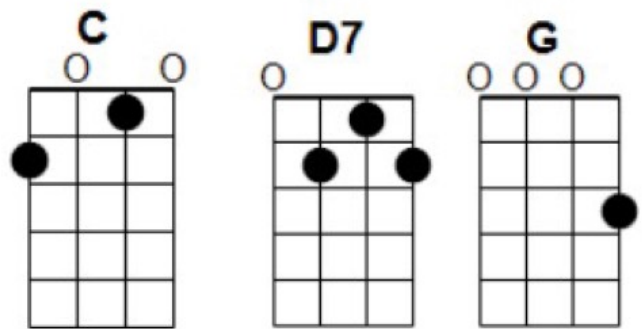
FOLSOM PRISON BLUES

CHORD REVIEW

GCEA TUNING



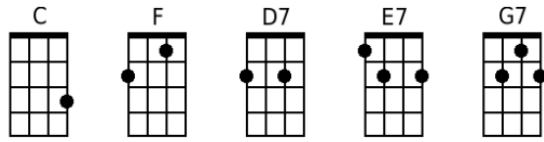
BARITONE TUNING



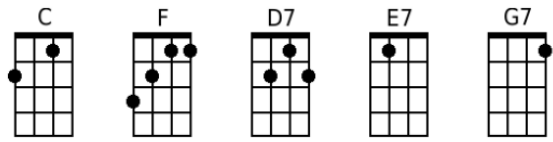
Bad Bad Leroy Brown

Jim Croce

GCEA



BARITONE



Intro: **[C]** **[G7]**

VERSE 1:

Well the **[C]** South side of Chicago, is the **[D7]** baddest part of town
And if you **[E7]** go down there, you better **[F]** just beware
Of a **[G7]** man named Leroy **[C]** Brown
Now **[C]** Leroy more than trouble, you see he **[D7]** stand 'bout six foot four All the **[E7]**
downtown ladies call him **[F]** "Treetop Lover"
All the **[G7]** men just call him **[C]** "Sir"

CHORUS

And he's **[C]** bad, bad Leroy Brown
The **[D7]** baddest man in the whole damned town
[E7] Badder than old King **[F]** Kong
And **[G7]** meaner than a junkyard **[C]** dog

VERSE 2

Now **[C]** Leroy, he a gambler, and he **[D7]** like his fancy clothes
And he **[E7]** like to wave his **[F]** diamond rings in front of **[G7]** everybody's **[C]** nose
He got a **[C]** custom Continental, he got an **[D7]** Eldorado too
He got a **[E7]** 32 gun in his **[F]** pocket for fun
He got a **[G7]** razor in his **[C]** shoe

CHORUS

And he's **[C]** bad, bad Leroy Brown
The **[D7]** baddest man in the whole damned town
[E7] Badder than old King **[F]** Kong
And **[G7]** meaner than a junkyard **[C]** dog

VERSE 3

Well **[C]** Friday 'bout a week ago,
[D7] Leroy shootin' dice
And at the **[E7]** edge of the bar sat a **[F]** girl named Doris and
[G7] oo that girl looked **[C]** nice
[C] Well he **[C]** cast his eyes upon her, and the **[D7]** trouble soon began
Cause **[E7]** Leroy Brown learned a **[F]** lesson 'bout messin'
With the **[G7]** wife of a jealous **[C]** man

CHORUS

And he's **[C]** bad, bad Leroy Brown
The **[D7]** baddest man in the whole damned town
[E7] Badder than old King **[F]** Kong
And **[G7]** meaner than a junkyard **[C]** dog

VERSE 4

Well the **[C]** two men took to fighting
And when they **[D7]** pulled them from the floor
[E7] Leroy looked like a **[F]** jigsaw puzzle
With a **[G7]** couple of pieces **[C]** gone

CHORUS:

And he's **[C]** bad, bad Leroy Brown
The **[D7]** baddest man in the whole damned town
[E7] Badder than old King **[F]** Kong
And **[G7]** meaner than a junkyard **[C]** dog

OUTRO:

Yeah, you were **[E7]** badder than old King **[F]** Kong,
and **[G7]** meaner than a **[F]** junkyard **[C]** dog

JAMBALAYA – Hank Williams

METRONOME SPEED: 115

**INTRO- not singing [C7 – 4 beats] [F- 4 beats]
start singing on the fourth beat.**

[F] Goodbye Joe, me gotta go, me oh **[C7]** my oh
Me gotta go pole the pirogue down the **[F]** bayou
My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh **[C7]** my oh
Son of a gun, we'll have good fun on the **[F]** bayou.

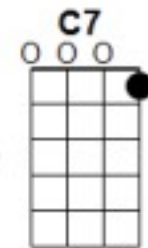
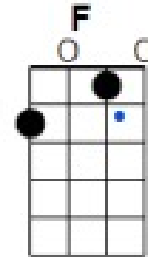
[F] Jambalaya, a-crawfish pie and-a fillet **[C7]**
gumbo 'Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher a
[F] mio Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be **[C7]** gay-oh
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the **[F]** bayou.

[F] Thibodeaux, Fountaineaux, the place is **[C7]**
buzzin' Kinfolk come to see Yvonne by the **[F]**
dozen
Dress in style, go hog wild, me oh **[C7]** my oh
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the **[F]** bayou.

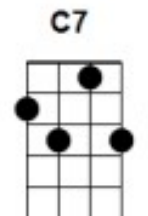
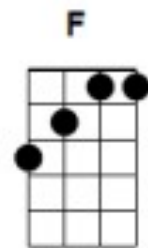
[F] Jambalaya, a-crawfish pie and-a fillet **[C7]**
gumbo 'Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher a
[F] mio Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be **[C7]** gay-oh
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the **[F]** bayou.

Son of a **[C7]** gun, we'll have big fun on the **[Fx2]**
bayou. **[C7x2] [Fx1 - STOP!]**

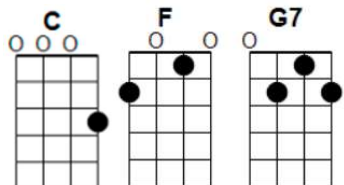
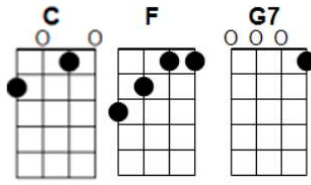
GCEA Tuning



BARI- TONE Tuning



HOUND DOG –BIG MAMA THORNTON/ELVIS

<p>You ain't nothin' but a [C] hound dog Cryin' all the time You ain't nothin' but a [F] hound dog Cryin' all the [C] time Well, you ain't [G7] never caught a rabbit And you [F] ain't no friend of [C] mine</p> <p>You ain't nothing but a [C] hound dog Been snoopin' 'round the door You ain't nothing but a [F] hound dog Been snoopin' 'round my [C] door You can [G7] wag your tail But I [F] ain't gonna feed you no [C] more</p> <p>They said you was [C] high-class But that was just a lie. Yea, they said you was [F] high-class But I could see through [C] that And [G7] daddy, I know You [F] ain't no real cool [C] cat</p> <p>You ain't nothin' but a [C] hound dog Cryin' all the time You ain't nothin' but a [F] hound dog Cryin' all the [C] time Well, you ain't [G7] never caught a rabbit And you [F] ain't no friend of [C] mine</p>	<p>INSTRUMENTAL NO SING!!!</p> <p><i>You ain't nothin' but a [C] hound dog Cryin' all the time You ain't nothin' but a [F] hound dog Cryin' all the [C] time Well, you [G7] never caught a rabbit And you [F] ain't no friend of [C] mine</i></p> <p>You made me feel [C] so blue You made me weep and moan You made me feel [F] so blue Well you made me weep and [C] moan You ain't [G7] looking for a woman All you [F] lookin' for is a [C] home</p> <p>You ain't nothing but a [C] hound dog Been snoopin' 'round the door You ain't nothing but a [F] hound dog Been snoopin' 'round my [C] door You can [G7] wag your tail But I [F] ain't gonna feed you no [C] more!! [C- HANG]</p>
<p>GCEA TUNING</p> 	<p>BARITONE</p> 

City of New Orleans
By Steve Goodman and Arlo Guthrie
Strum: (D - D U - D U - D U) Or (D - D - -U D U)

[C] Riding on the [G] City of New [C] Orleans [C]
[Am] Illinois Central [F] Monday morning [C] rail. [G7]
[C] Fifteen cars and [G] fifteen restless [C] riders [C]
[Am] Three conductors, [G] twenty-five sacks of [C] mail. [C]
All [Am] along the southbound odyssey The [Em] train pulls out at Kankakee
[G] Rolls along, past houses, farms and [D] fields. [D]
[Am] Passin' trains that have no name [Em] Freight yards full of old black men
And the [G] graveyards of the [G7] rusted auto-mo- [C] biles [1-2-3-4]

Chorus: [F] Good morning [G] America how [C] are you? [C]
[Am] Don't you know me? [F] I'm your native [C] son [G7-STOP]
[NC] I'm the [C] train they call the [G] City of New [Am] Orleans [D]
I'll be [Bb] gone five [F] hundred [G] miles when the [G7] day is [C] done. [C]

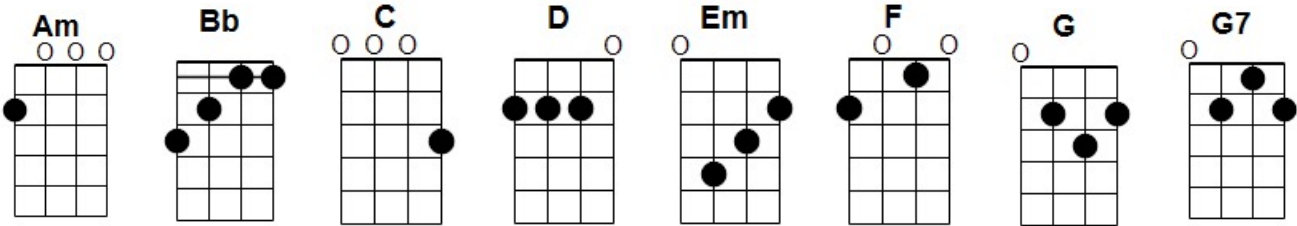
[C] Dealin' card games with the [G] old men in the [C] club car [C]
[Am] Penny a point ain't [F] no one keepin' [C] score [G7]
[C] Pass the paper [G] bag that holds the [C] bottle [C]
[Am] Feel the wheels a- [G] -rumblin' 'neath the [C] floor [C]
And the [Am] sons of pullman porters
And the [Em] sons of engineers
Ride their [G] father's magic carpets made of [D] steel [D]
[Am] Mothers with their babes asleep
[Em] Rockin' to the gentle beat
And the [G] rhythm of the [G7] rails is all they [C] feel [1-2-3-4]

Chorus: [F] Good morning [G] America how [C] are you? [C]
[Am] Don't you know me? [F] I'm your native [C] son [G7-STOP]
[NC] I'm the [C] train they call the [G] City of New [Am] Orleans [D]
I'll be [Bb] gone five [F] hundred [G] miles when the [G7] day is [C] done [C]

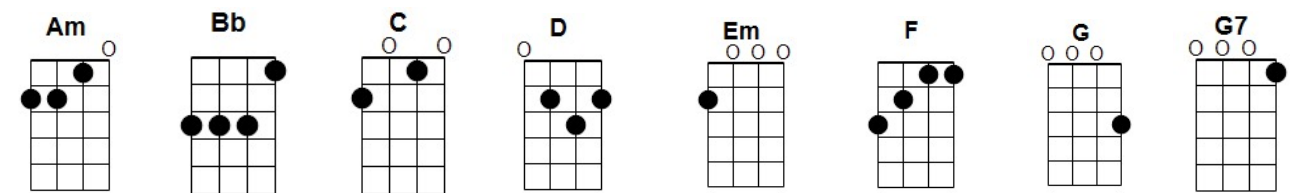
[C] Nighttime on the [G] City of New [C] Orleans [C]
[Am] Changing cars in [F] Memphis, Ten-nes [C]-see [G7]
[C] Half way home, [G] we'll be there by [C] morning [C]
Thru the [Am] Mississippi darkness [G] Rollin' down to the [C] sea [C]
But [Am] all the towns and people seem To [Em] fade into a bad dream
And the [G] steel rail still ain't heard the [D] news [D]
The [Am] conductor sings his songs again
[Em] "Passengers will please refrain
This [G] train has got the [G7] disappearin' railroad [C] blues." [1-2-3-4]

Chorus: [F] Good night [G] America how [C] are you? [C]
[Am] Don't you know me? [F] I'm your native [C] son [G7-STOP]
[NC] I'm the [C] train they call the [G] City of New [Am] Orleans [D]
[SLOW IT DOWN]: I'll be [Bb] gone five [F] hundred [G] miles when the [G7] day is [C] done. [C-STOP]
REPEAT LAST LINE.

GCEA



BARITONE



TAKE ME HOME COUNTRY ROADS

By John Denver

4/4 TIME

STRUMMING: d-DU-d-DU

INTRO: G x 4 beats

Text in Red = Sing on Beat 2

1. [G] Almost Heaven, [Em] West Virginia,
[D] Blue Ridge Mountains, [C-1-2] Shenandoah [G-3-4] River
[1-2-3-4]
[G] Life is old there, [Em] older than the trees,
[D] Younger than the mountains, [C -1 -2] growing like a [G – STOP] breeze.

CHORUS: [NC] Country [G] roads, take me [D] home,
To the [Em] place I [C] belong:
West [G] Virginia, mountain [D] mamma,
Take me [C] home, country [G] roads [2 – 3 – 4].

2. [G] All my mem'ries, [Em] gather 'round her,
[D] Miner's lady, [C-1-2] stranger to blue [G-3-4] water.
[1-2-3-4]
[G] Dark and dusty, [Em] painted on the sky,
[D] Misty taste of moonshine, [C - 1-2] teardrop in my [G – STOP] eye.

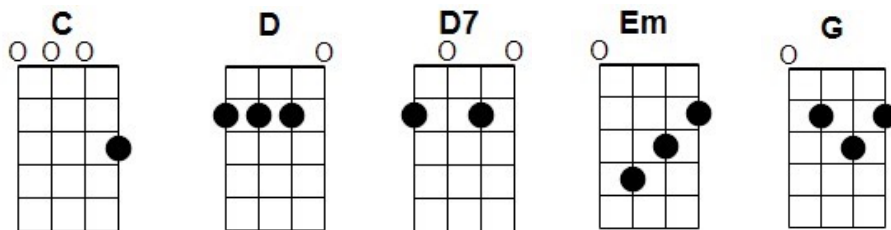
CHORUS: [NC] Country [G] roads, take me [D] home,
To the [Em] place I [C] belong:
West [G] Virginia, mountain [D] mamma,
Take me [C] home, country [G] roads [2 – 3 – 4].

BRIDGE: [Em x1-HOLD] I hear her [D x1-HOLD] voice, in the
[G x1-HOLD] mornin' hours she [G x1-HOLD] calls me.
[C x1-HOLD] Radio [G x1-HOLD] reminds me of my
[D x1-HOLD] home far [D x1-HOLD] away.
And [Em x1-HOLD] drivin' down the [F x1-HOLD] road
I get a [C x1-HOLD] feeling that I
[G x1-HOLD] should have been home
START STRUMMING! [D] yesterday, Yester- [D7] -day [D7-STOP]

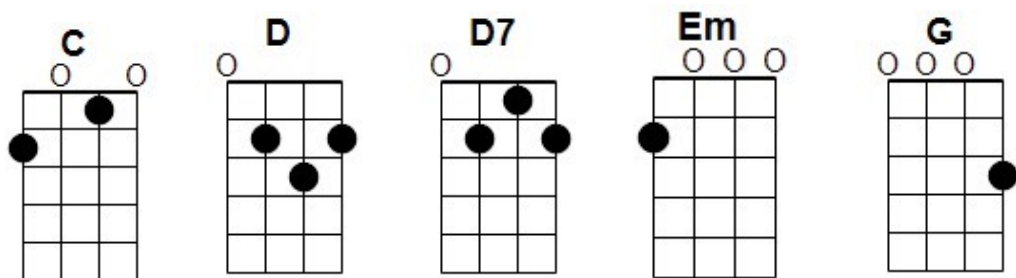
CHORUS: [NC] Country [G] roads, take me [D] home,
 To the [Em] place I [C] belong:
 West [G] Virginia, mountain [D] mamma,
 Take me [C] home, country [G] roads.

CLOSING: Take me [D] home, country [G] roads.
 Take me [D] home, down country [G] roads. [G-STOP]

GCEA



BARITONE



This Land is Your Land – Woody Guthrie Arr. Pete McCarty

METRONOME SPEED: 140

INTRO: [G7- 4 beats] [G7 -4 beats] [C- 4 beats] [C7 – 4 beats]

Start singing on the 2nd count of the C7.

This land is [F] your land this land is [C] my land
From Cali [G7]-fornia to the New York [C/C7] island
From the redwood [F] forest to the Gulf Stream [C/Am] waters
[G7] This land was made for you and [C/C7] me...

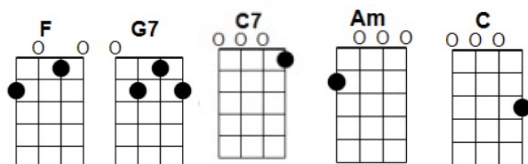
As I was [F] walking that ribbon of [C] highway I saw a -- [G7] bove me that
endless [C/C7] skyway I saw be -- [F] low me that golden [C/Am] valley
[G7] This land was made for you and [C/C7] me...

This land is [F] your land this land is [C] my land
From Cali [G7]-fornia to the New York [C/C7] island
From the redwood [F] forest to the Gulf Stream [C/Am] waters
[G7] This land was made for you and [C/C7] me...

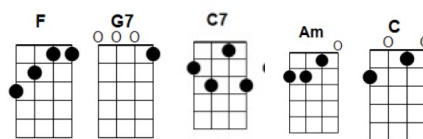
I've roamed and [F] rambled and I followed my [C] footsteps to the
sparkling [G7] sands of Her diamond [C/C7] deserts
and all a [F]-round me a voice was [C/Am] sounding
[G7] This land was made for you and [C/C7] me

This land is [F] your land this land is [C] my land
From Cali [G7]-fornia to the New York [C/C7] island
From the redwood [F] forest to the Gulf Stream [C/Am] waters
[G7] This land was made for you and [C/F] me... [C stop]

GCEA TUNING



BARITONE

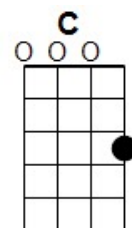


GCEA

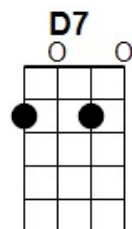
On the Wings of a Dove – 1959, Bob Ferguson

$\frac{3}{4}$ Time/Waltz tme: D dudu. Emphasize the first Down

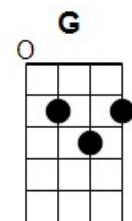
[NC] On the wings of a [G] snow-white dove
 God sends His [C] pure sweet love
 A sign from a-[G] bove (sign from above) [G]
 On the [D7] wings of a [G] dove [C] (wings of a dove) [G-HOLD]



[NC] When Noah had [G] drifed, on the flood many [C] days.
 He searched for [D7] land (he searched for land),
 in various [G] ways (various ways).



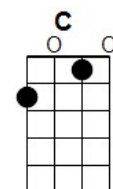
Troubles, he had some, but wasn't [C] forgotten.
 God sent down His [G] love (sent down His love) [G]
 On the [D7] wings of a [G] dove [C] (wings of a dove). [G-HOLD]



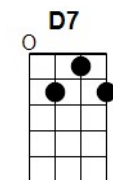
[NC] On the wings of a [G] snow-white dove
 God sends His [C] pure sweet love
 A sign from a-[G] bove (sign from above) [G]
 On the [D7] wings of a [G] dove [C] (wings of a dove) [G-HOLD]

BARI

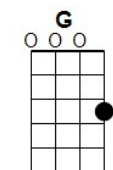
[NC] When troubles sur- [G] -round you, and evils may [C]
 come, Your body grows [D7] weak (body grows weak),
 And your spirit grows [G] numb (spirit grows numb).



When these things beset you, God will not [C] forget you,
 He sends down His [G] love (sends down His love)
 [G] On the [D7] wings of a [G] dove [C] (wings of a dove) [G-HOLD]



[NC] On the wings of a [G] snow-white dove
 God sends His [C] pure sweet love
 A sign from a-[G] bove (sign from above)



[G] On the [D7] wings of a [G] dove
 SLOWLY: [C/] Wings [G/] of [D7/] a [G-HOLD] dove

King of the Road
4/4 time – 120 BPM

Intro: [G] 4 beat

[G] Trailer for [C] sale or rent [D7] rooms to let [G] 50 cents
No phone no [C] pool no pets [D7-SLAP] I ain't got no cigarettes
Ah but [G] two hours of [C] pushing broom buys an [D7] eight by
Twelve [G] four bit room I'm a [G7-HANG] man of [C-HANG] means by no means
[D7-SLAP] king of the [G] road

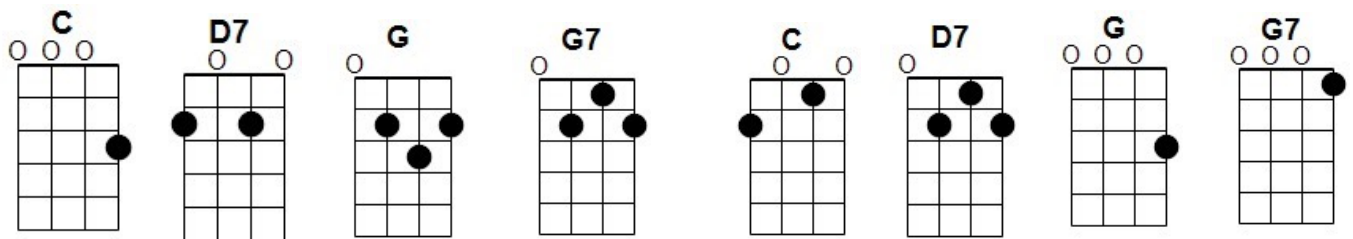
[G] Third box car [C] midnight train [D7] destination [G] Bangor Maine
Old worn out [C] suit and shoes [D7-SLAP] I don't pay no union dues
I smoke [G] old stogies [C] I have found [D7] short but not too [G] big around
I'm a [G7-HANG] man of [C-HANG] means by no means
[D7-SLAP] king of the [G] road

[G] I know every engineer on [C] every train
[D7] All of their children and [G] all of their names
And every handout in [C] every town
And [D7-SLAP] every lock that ain't locked when no one's around
I sing:

[G] Trailer for [C] sale or rent [D7] rooms to let [G] 50 cents
No phone no [C] pool no pets [D7-SLAP] I ain't got no cigarettes
Ah but [G] two hours of [C] pushing broom buys an [D7] eight by
Twelve [G] four bit room
I'm a [G7-HANG] man of [C-HANG] means by no means
[D7-SLAP] king of the [G] road [2-3-4]
[D7-SLAP] king of the [G] road [2-3-4]
[D7-SLAP] king of the [G-HOLD] road.

GCEA

BARITONE



Margaritaville – Jimmy Buffett Arr, Pete McCarty

INTRO: [F] [G] [C] [C]

[C] Nibblin' on sponge cake - - watchin' the sun bake - -
All of those tourists covered with **[G]** oil.

Strummin' my FOUR string - - on my front porch swing.
Smell those shrimp, they're beginnin' to **[C]** boil. **[C7]**

[F] Wasted a **[G]**-way again in Marga- **[C]**- ritaville, **[C7]**

[F] searchin' for my **[G]** lost shaker of **[C]** salt **[C7]**

[F] some people **[G]** claim that there's a **[C/]** wo- **[G/]**-man to **[F/]** blame,
but I **[G/]** know 2-3-4 **[F]** it's nobody's **[C]** fault. **[C]**

[C] Don't know the reason - - stayed here all season - -
with nothing to show but this brand new tat- **[G]** -too.

but it's a real beauty - - a Mexican cutie - -
how it got here I haven't a **[C]** clue. **[C7]**

[F] Wasted a **[G]**-way again in Marga- **[C]**- ritaville, **[C7]**

[F] searchin' for my **[G]** lost shaker of **[C]** salt **[C7]**

[F] some people **[G]** claim that there's a **[C/]** wo- **[G/]**- man to **[F/]** blame,
now I **[G/]** think 2-3-4 **[F]** hell it could be my **[C]** fault. **[C]**

[C] I blew out my flip flop - - stepped on a pop top;
cut my heel, had to cruise on back **[G]** home.

but there's booze in the blender - - and soon it will render - -
that frozen concoction that helps me hang **[C]** on. **[C7]**

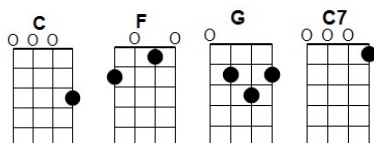
[F] Wasted a **[G]**-way again in Marga- **[C]**- ritaville, **[C7]**

[F] searchin' for my **[G]** lost shaker of **[C]** salt. **[C7]**

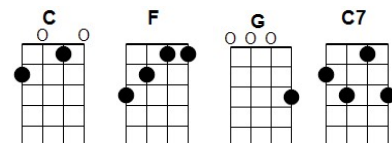
[F] some people **[G]** claim that there's a **[C/]** wo- **[G/]**- man to **[F/]** blame,
but I **[G/]** know 2-3-4 **[F]** it's my own damn **[C]** fault. **[C]**

[F] some people **[G]** claim that there's a **[C/]** wo- **[G/]** -man to **[F/]** blame,
but I **[G/]** know 2-3-4 **[F]** it's my own damn **[C]** fault. **[C-HOLD]**

GCEA TUNING



BARI TUNING



Going Up The Country by Canned Heat

I'm [C] going up the country baby don't you wanna go [C7]
I'm going [F7] up the country baby don't you wanna [C] go
I'm going [G7] to some place I've never been be- [C] -fore

I'm [C] going I'm going where the water tastes like wine [C7]
I'm [F7] going where the water tastes like [C] wine
We can [G7] jump in the water stay drunk all the [C] tme

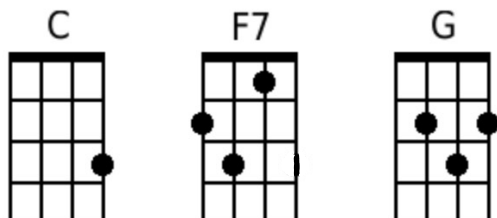
I'm gonna [C] leave this city got to get away [C7]
I'm gonna [F7] leave this city got to get a-[C] -way
All this [G7] fussing and fghtng man you know I sure can't [C] stay

[C] Now baby pack your leaving trunk
You know we got to leave today
Just exactly where we're going I cannot say but
[F7] We might even leave the U.S.- [C] -A.
'Cause there's a [G7] brand new game that I wanna [C] play

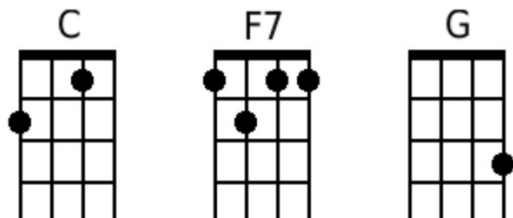
I'm [C] going up the country baby don't you wanna go [C7]
I'm going [F7] up the country baby don't you wanna [C] go
I'm going [G7] to some place I've never been be- [C] -fore

No use of you [F7] running or screaming and [C] crying
'Cause you got a [G7] home man long as I've got [C] mine
No use of you [F7] running or screaming and [C] crying
'Cause you got a [G7] home man long as I've got [C] mine

GCEA

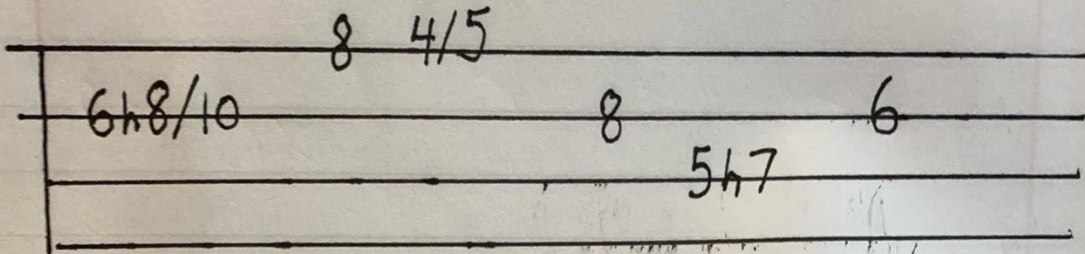


BARITONE

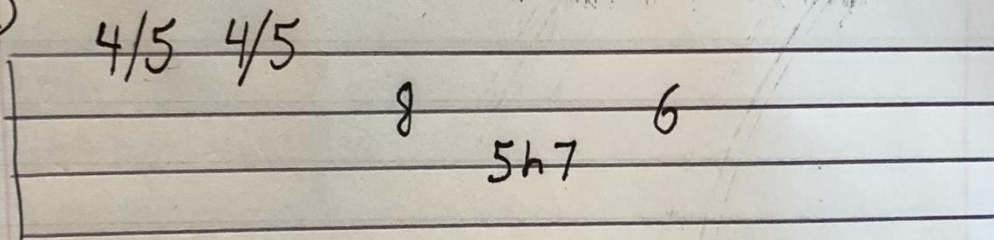


GCEA UKE RIFF GOING UP THE COUNTRY

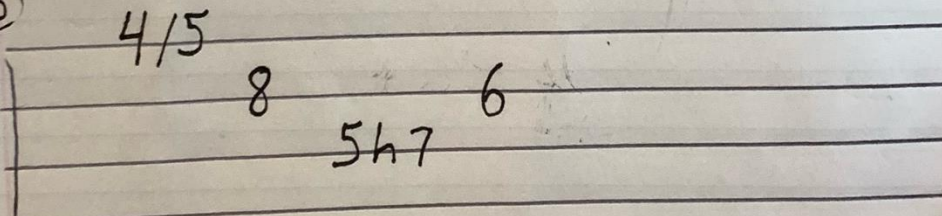
①



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③



④

