



Announcements

Practice Dates: June 27, July 11, July 25

- **Alabama Ukulele Events**

- October 9-11 Uketoberfest: Riverview Campground and Civitan Park, Lake Guntersville

Guests: Webb-Tigert Duo, Diego Cotabato, Ukulele (Greg) Gent

- Friday Night at 5:00pm: Meet & Greet at Riverview Campground
- Saturday 10am-9pm: Workshops, group strums, open mic, raffles artist performances at Civitan Park
- Sunday 9am-10:30am: Sunday Morning Hymnsong with featured artist.



Playing Train Songs

June 13, 2026

King of the Road

Dark Hollow

Me and Bobby McGee

Ride The Train

City of New Orleans

Midnight Special

This Train

Wagon Wheel

The Railroad Days

Play a Train Song

The Gambler

Folsom Prison Blues



King of the Road
4/4 time – 120 BPM

Intro: [G] [G]

[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

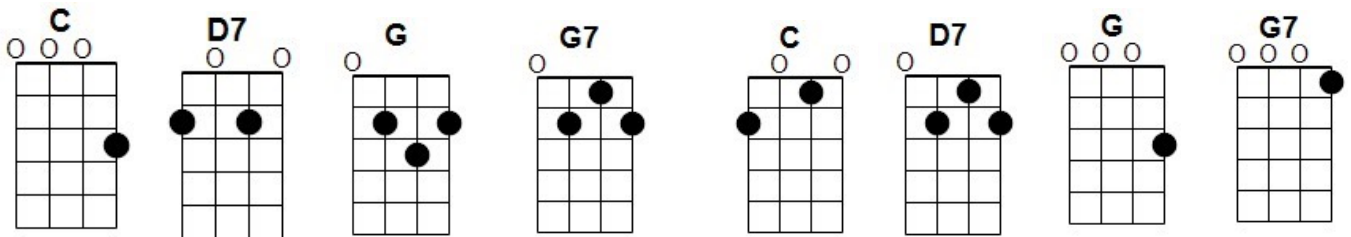
[G] I know every engineer on [C] every train
[D7] All of their children and [G] all of their names
And every handout in [C] every town
And [D7-SLAP] every lock that ain't locked when no one's around
I sing:

[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.

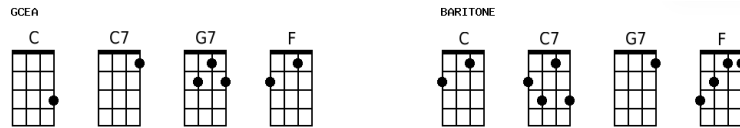
Home

GCEA

BARITONE



Me and Bobby McGee Written by Kris Kristofferson



[C] [C]

[C] Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waitin' for a train

Feeling nearly faded as my [G7] jeans [G7]

[G7] Bobby flagged a diesel down, just before it rained

Took us all the way to New Or-[C]-leans [C]

I [C] pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana

I was blowin' sad while Bobby sang the [F] blues [F]

[F] With the windshield wipers slappin' time, and [C] Bobby clappin' hands

We finally [G7] sang near every song that driver [C] knew [C7]

[F] Freedom's just another word for [C] "nothing left to lose"

[G7] Nothing ain't worth nothing, but it's [C] free [C7]

[F] Feeling good was easy, Lord, when [C] Bobby sang the blues

[G7] Feeling good was good enough for me [G7]

Good enough for me and Bobby Mc-[C]-Gee [C]

From the [C] coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun

Bobby shared the secrets of my [G7] soul [G7]

[G7] Standing right beside me, Lord, through everything I'd done

Bobby's body kept me from the [C] cold [C]

[C] Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away

Looking for that home I hoped she'll [F] find [F]

[F] And I'd trade all my tomorrows for a [C] single yesterday

[G7] Holding Bobby's body close to [C] mine [C7]

[F] Freedom's just another word for [C] "nothing left to lose"

[G7] Nothing ain't worth nothing but it's [C] free [C7]

[F] Feeling good was easy, Lord, when [C] Bobby sang the blues

[G7] Feeling good was good enough for me [G7]

Good enough for me and Bobby Mc-[C]-Gee [C]

[F] Freedom's just another word for [C] "nothing left to lose"

[G7] Nothing ain't worth nothing but it's [C] free [C7]

[F] Feeling good was easy, Lord, when [C] Bobby sang the blues

[G7] Feeling good was good enough for me [G7]

Good enough for me and Bobby Mc-[C]-Gee [C/]

Home

Updated by Romey 6/3/26

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]

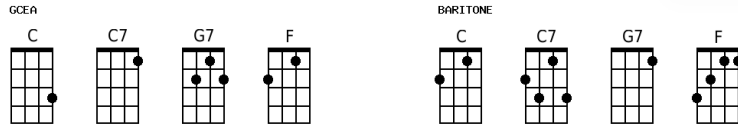
[C] Dealin' card games with the [G] old men in the [C] club car [C]
[Am] Penny a point ain't [F] no one keepin' [C] score [G7]
[C] Pass the paper [G] bag that holds the [C] bottle [C]
[Am] Feel the wheels a- [G] -rumblin' 'neath the [C] floor [C]
And the [Am] sons of pullman porters
And the [Em] sons 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.

THIS TRAIN – Traditional (Woody Guthrie)



[C] [C]

[C] This train is bound for glory, this train
This train is bound for glory, **[G7]** this train

[C] This train is **[C7]** bound for glory,

[F] Don't carry nothing but the righteous and holy

[C] This train is **[G7]** bound for glory, **[C]** this train.

[C] This train don't carry gamblers, this train

This train don't carry gamblers, **[G7]** this train

[C] This train don't **[C7]** carry gamblers,

[F] Liars, thieves, nor big shot rambler

[C] This train is **[G7]** bound for glory, **[C]** this train.

[C] This train don't carry no liars, this train

This train don't carry no liars, **[G7]** this train

[C] This train don't **[C7]** carry no liars,

[F] She's streamlined and a midnight flyer

[C] This train don't **[G7]** carry no liars, **[C]** this train.

[C] This train don't carry no smokers, this train

This train don't carry no smokers, **[G7]** this train

[C] This train don't **[C7]** carry no smokers,

[F] Two bit liars, small time jokers

[C] This train don't **[G7]** carry no smokers, **[C]** this train.

[C] This train don't carry no con men, this train

This train don't carry no con men, **[G7]** this train

[C] This train don't **[C7]** carry no con men,

[F] No wheeler dealers, here and gone men

[C] This train don't **[G7]** carry no con men, **[C]** this train.

[C] This train don't carry no rustlers, this train

This train don't carry no rustlers, **[G7]** this train

[C] This train don't **[C7]** carry no rustlers,

[F] Sidestreet walkers, two bit hustlers

[C] This train is **[G7]** bound for glory, **[C]** this train.

[C] This train is bound for glory, this train
This train is bound for glory, **[G7]** this train
[C] This train is **[C7]** bound for glory,
[F] Don't carry nothing but the righteous and holy
[C] This train is **[G7]** bound for glory, **[C]** this train. **[C-Hold]**

Home

Pg 2 of 2

THE RAILROAD DAYS
By Norman Blake, 1975
Sulfur Springs AL

INTRO: [G] [D] [Am] [Em] Start singing on Beat 3:

Verse 1: Up yonder [G] hillside, on the Bear Creek [D] run
 See the Iron Rails [Am] rusting, in the Summer [Em] sun
 Well the whistles' [G] silent, throughout the [D] Glade
 No sound dis- [Am] -turbs that white oak [Em] shade.

Chorus: Railroad [G] Days have come and [D] gone
 Old Iron Horse [Am] Wheels, they rolled [Em] along
 Through green [G] valleys, over rivers [D] wide
 With the whistle [Am] ringing in the mountain- [Em] side.

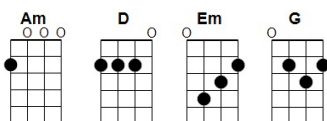
Verse 2: And around the [G] mountain, about three miles [D] down
 See the Freeway [Am] snaking on into [Em] town
 High speed [G] traffic, 60 miles an [D] hour
 Goodbye Rail- [Am] road, you fading [Em] flower.

Chorus: Railroad [G] Days have come and [D] gone
 Old Iron Horse [Am] Wheels, they rolled [Em] along
 Through green [G] valleys, over rivers [D] wide
 With the whistle [Am] ringing in the mountain- [Em] side.

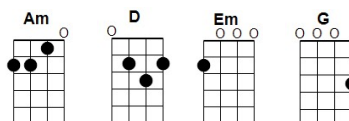
Verse 3: #9 ain't [G] running, no she runs no [D] more
 No you can't [Am] hear her mighty [Em] roar
 Roll on you [G] semis won't you pull your [D] load
 You surely [Am] killed my Rail- [Em] road.

Chorus: Railroad [G] Days have come and [D] gone Old Iron
 Horse [Am] Wheels, they rolled [Em] along
 Through green [G] valleys, over rivers [D] wide
 With the whistle [Am] ringing in the mountain- [Em- HOLD] side.

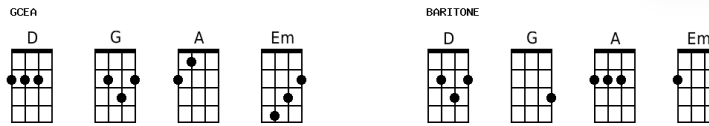
GCEA



BARI



THE GAMBLER by Kenny Rogers



[D] [D]

On a [D] warm summer's evening on a [G] train bound for [D] nowhere
I met up with a gambler; we were both too tired to [A] sleep.

So [D] we took turns a-starin' out the [G] window at the [D] darkness
'Til [G] boredom over [D] took us, and [A] he began to [D] speak.

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

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

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

[D] Every gambler knows that the [G] secret to surv[D]ivin'
Is knowin' what to throw away and knowing what to [A] keep
'Cause [D] every hand's a winner and [G] every hand's a [D] loser,
And the [G] best that you can [D] hope for is to [A] die in your [D] sleep.

And [D] when he'd finished speakin', he [G] turned back toward the [D] window,
Crushed out his cigarette and faded off to [A] sleep.
And [D] somewhere in the darkness the [G] gambler, he broke [D] even.
[G] In his final [D] words I found an [A] ace that I could [D] keep.

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

You got to [D] know when to hold 'em, [G] know when to [D] fold 'em,
[G] Know when to [D] walk away and know when to [A] run.
You never [D//] count [Em//] your [D] money when you're [G] sittin' at the [D] table,
There'll be [G] time enough for [D] countin' [A] when the dealin's [D-Hold] done

DARK HOLLOW

Traditional (Grateful Dead – Reckoning)

Intro: [G] [D] [G] [G] ...

Verse 1: I'd rather [G] be in [D] some dark [G] hollow [G] ...
Where the [G] sun don't [C] ever [G] shine [G] ...
Than to [G] see you a-[G7]-nother man's [C] darlin' [C] ...
And to [G] know that you'll [D] never be [G] mine [G] ...

Chorus: So [G] blow your [D] whistle [G] freight train [G] ...
Take me [G] far on [C] down the [G] track [G] ...
I'm [G] going a-[G7]-way, I'm [C] leaving to-[C]-day ...
I'm [G] going, but I [D] ain't coming [G] back [G] ...

Verse 2: I'd rather [G] be in [D] some dark [G] hollow [G] ...
Where the [G] sun don't [C] ever [G] shine [G] ...
Than to [G] be in [G7] some big [C] city [C] ...
In a [G] small room with a [D] girl on my [G] mind [G] ...

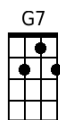
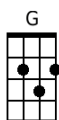
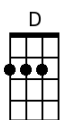
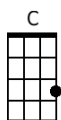
Chorus: So [G] blow your [D] whistle [G] freight train [G] ...
Take me [G] far on [C] down the [G] track [G] ...
I'm [G] going a-[G7]-way, I'm [C] leaving to-[C]-day ...
I'm [G] going, but I [D] ain't coming [G] back [G] ...

Verse 3: I'd rather [G] be in [D] some dark [G] hollow [G] ...
Where the [G] sun don't [C] ever [G] shine [G] ...
Than to [G] be home a-[G7]-lone, [C] knowing that you're [C] gone
Would [G] cause me to [D] lose my [G] mind [G] ...

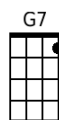
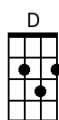
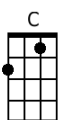
Chorus: So [G] blow your [D] whistle [G] freight train [G] ...
Take me [G] far on [C] down the [G] track [G] ...
I'm [G] going a-[G7]-way, I'm [C] leaving to-[C]-day ...
I'm [G] going, but I [D] ain't coming [G] back [G] ...

Outro: I'm [G] going a-[G7]-way, I'm [C] leaving to-[C]-day ...
I'm [G] going, but I [D] ain't coming [G] back [G-HOLD]

GCEA



BARITONE



RIDE THE TRAIN by Alabama



[G] [C] [D] [G]

[Verse 1]

[G]Orange Blossom **[C]** Special, the **[D]** Wabash Cannon**[G]**ball.

[G]The Chattanooga **[C]** Choo-choo, this **[A]** hobo's seen them **[D]** all.

I've **[G]** watched the Santa **[C]** Fe lay her **[G]** smoke against the **[C]** sky.

And **[G]** listened to old **[C]** Number Three **[D]** rolling through the **[G]** night **[G/]**

[Chorus]

Ride the **[G]** tra-a-**[C]**-ain, ride the **[G]** train.

[G]Anywhere I'm **[Am]** going I ride **[C]** trains.

[C]Sleepin' in a boxcar when it **[G]** rains.

[G]Ride the **[C]** tra-a-**[D]**-ain, ride the **[G]** train.

[Instrumental]

[G] [C] [D] [G] [G]

[G] [C] [Am] [D] [D]

[G] [C] [G] [C] [G] [C] [D] [G]

[Verse 2]

[G]The Southern **[C]** Pacific, the **[D]** Overland **[G]** Express.

[G]Up ahead the **[C]** coal cars, with **[A]** West Virginia's **[D]** best.

And **[G]** Oklahoma's **[C]** Frisco, the **[D]** biggest one of **[C]** all.

I've **[G]** listened to the **[C]** silver steed's **[D]** lonesome midnight **[G]** call. **[G/]**

[Chorus]

Ride the **[G]** tra-a-**[C]**-ain, ride the **[G]** train.

[G]Anywhere I'm **[Am]** going I ride **[C]** trains.

[C]Sleepin' in a boxcar when it **[G]** rains.

[G]Ride the **[C]** tra-a-**[D]**-ain, ride the **[G]** train. **[G/]**

(Muted strings strumming)

1-2-3-4 1-2 Ride the tra-a-ain, ride the train. (Ride the train)

Anywhere I'm going I ride trains.

Sleepin' in a boxcar when it rains.

Ride the tra-a-ain, ride the **[Stop]**train. **2-3**

[Chorus]

Ride the **[G]** tra-a-**[C]**-ain, ride the **[G]** train.

[G]Anywhere I'm **[Am]** going I ride **[C]** trains.

[C]Sleepin' in a boxcar when it **[G]** rains.

[G]Ride the **[C]** tra-a-**[D]**-ain, ride the **[G]** train. **[G]**

(falsetto)

[F]Tra-a-a-**[G-Hold]**-ain

Home

Midnight Special – Popularized by CCR
Originally recorded by Lead Belly in 1940

[GHOLD] Well you wake up in the **[C]** morning — you hear the work bell
[G///] **[C/]** ring, **[G]** and they march you to the **[D]** table **[C]** to see the same
old **[G///]** thing **[G7/]** **[G-HOLD]**

[NC] Ain't no food upon the **[C]** table and no pork up in the **[G///]** pan **[C/]**
[G] but you better not **[D]** complain boy — **[C]** you get in trouble with the
[G///] man **[C/]** **[GHOLD]**

[NC] Let the Midnight **[C]** Special shine a light on **[G///]** me **[C/]**
[G] Let the Midnight **[D]** Special **[C]** shine a light on **[G///]** me **[C/]**
[G] Let the Midnight **[C]** Special shine a light on **[G///]** me **[C/]**
[G] Let the Midnight **[D]** Special **[C]** shine an ever lovin'
[D7//] light on **[G///]** me **[C/]** **[G- HOLD]**

[NC] Yonder come miss **[C]** Rosie — how in the world did
you **[G///]** know **[C/]** **[G]** by the way she wears her **[D]** apron **[C]** and the
clothes she **[G///]** wore **[G7/]** **[G-HOLD]**

[NC] Umbrella on her **[C]** shoulder — piece of paper in her **[G///]** **[C/]**
[G] hand — she come to see the **[D]** gov'nor, **[C]** she wants to free
her **[G///]** man **[C/]** **[GHOLD]**

[NC] Let the Midnight **[C]** Special shine a light on **[G///]** me **[C/]**
[G] Let the Midnight **[D]** Special **[C]** shine a light on **[G///]** me **[C/]**
[G] Let the Midnight **[C]** Special shine a light on **[G///]** me **[C/]**
[G] Let the Midnight **[D]** Special **[C]** shine an ever lovin'
[D7//] light on **[G///]** me **[C/]** **[G- HOLD]**

[NC] If you're ever in **[C]** Houston — well you better do the
[G///] right **[C/]** **[G]** — you better not **[D]** gamble **[C]** and you
 better not **[G///]** fight **[G7/]** **[G-HOLD]**

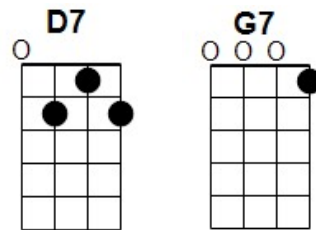
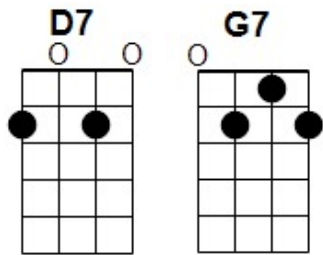
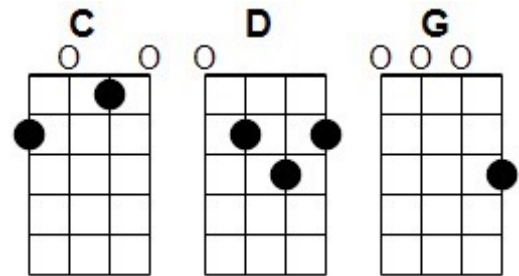
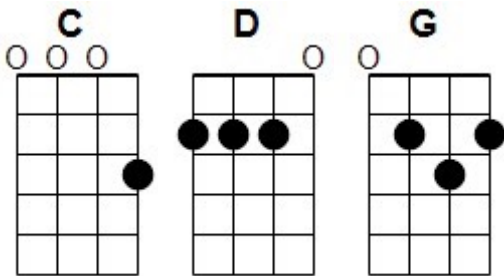
[NC] Or the sheriff will **[C]** grab ya — and the boys will bring you
[G///] down **[C/]** **[G]** the next thing you **[D]** know, boy, **[C]** you're
 prison **[G///]** bound **[C/]** **[GHOLD]**

[NC] Let the Midnight **[C]** Special shine a light on **[G///]** me **[C/]**
[G] Let the Midnight **[D]** Special **[C]** shine a light on **[G///]** me **[C/]**
[G] Let the Midnight **[C]** Special shine a light on **[G///]** me **[C/]**
[G] Let the Midnight **[D]** Special **[C]** shine an ever lovin'
[D7//] light on **[G///]** me **[C/]** **[G- HOLD]**

GCEA TUNING

BARI TUNING

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Wagon Wheel By Bob Dylan and Ketch Secor (Old Crow Medicine Show)

GCEA
TUNING

[G] [D] [Em] [C]

[G] Heading down south to the [D] land of the pines
I'm [Em] thumbing my way into [C] North Carolina
[G] staring up the road and [D] prayin to God I see [C] headlights [C]
I [G] made it down the coast in [D] seventeen hours
[Em] picking me a bouquet of [C] dogwood flowers
and I'm a- [G] hopin' for Raleigh, I can [D] see my baby to [C]-night [C]

So [G] rock me mamma like a [D] wagon wheel [Em] rock me mamma
any [C] way you feel [G] heee [D] ey, mamma [C] rock me [C]
[G] rock me mamma like the [D] wind and the rain
[Em] rock me mamma like a [C] south bound train
[G] heee [D] ey, mamma [C] rock me [C]

Instrumental: [G] [D] [Em] [C] [G] [D] [Em] [C]

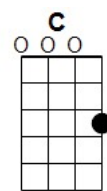
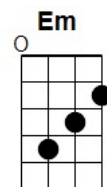
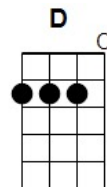
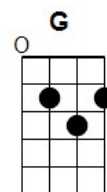
[G] I'm running from the cold [D] up in New England I was [Em] born to be
a fiddler in an [C] old time string band, my [G] baby plays a guitar [D] I
pick a banjo [C] now, [C] oh, [G] north country winters keep a [D] getting
me down lost my [Em] money playing poker so I [C] had to leave town but
I [G] ain't turning back to [D] living that old life no [C] more [C]

So [G] rock me mamma like a [D] wagon wheel, [Em] rock me
mamma any [C] way you feel [G] heee [D] ey, mamma [C] rock me [C]
[G] rock me mamma like the [D] wind and the rain, [Em] rock me mamma
like a [C] south bound train [G] heee [D] ey, mamma [C] rock me [C]

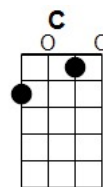
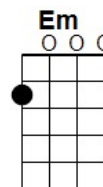
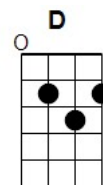
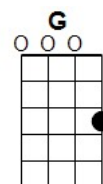
[G] Walkin' to the south out of [D] Roanoke
caught a [Em] trucker out of Philly had a [C] nice long toke
but he's a [G] heading west from the [D] Cumberland gap
to [Em/] Johnson City, [C/] Tennessee
and I [G/] gotta get a move on [D/] be-fore the sun
I [Em/] hear my baby calling and I [C/] know that she's the only one and
[G/] if I die in Raleigh at [D/] least I will die [C] free [C]

So [G] rock me mamma like a [D] wagon wheel
[Em] rock me mamma any [C] way you feel
[G] heee [D] ey, mamma [C] rock me [C]
[G] rock me mamma like the [D] wind and the rain
[Em] rock me mamma like a [C] south bound train
[G] heee [D] ey, mamma [C] rock me [C]

[G] heee [D] ey, mamma [C] rock me [G-HOLD]

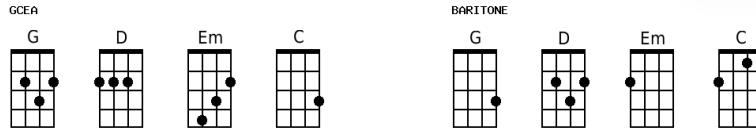


BARI
TUNING



Play A Train Song – Todd Snider

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RJKDIUmClIM>



[Intro]

[G] [D] [Em] [C]

[Verse 1]

[G]Smokin' long black Cadillac, [D]engine's windin' down
[Em]Parked it up on the sidewalk like he [C]owned the whole damn town
I'd hear him [G]talkin' to [D]some chick through a [G]thick ghost of [C]smoke
Through a [G]thicker haze of Southern [D]Comfort and Coke
He'd say girl you're [G]hotter than the hinges hangin' [D]off the gates of Hell
Don't be af[Em]raid to turn to me baby, if [C]he don't treat you well
And by [G]he, he meant [D]me so I [G]laughed and shook his [C]hand....[C]
He'd la[G]ugh a little bit louder as he would [D]yell up at the band

[Chorus]

Play a tr[G]ain song, [D]pour me one more round
[Em]Make 'em leave my boots on on the [C]day they lay me down
I am a [G]runaway lo[D]comotive, [G]out of my one track [C] mind....[C]
And I'm [G]lookin' for any kind of [D]trouble that I can [G]find

[Verse 2]

I got this old[G] black leather jacket, got this [D]pack of Marlboro Reds
I got this st[Em]ash here in my pocket, got these tho[C]ughts in my own head
The right to [G]run until I've [D]gotta walk or un[G]til I've gotta [C]crawl...[C]
Got this [G]moment I'm in right now and [D]nothin' else at all

[Chorus]

Play a tr[G]ain song, [D]pour me one more round
[Em]Make 'em leave my boots on the [C]day they lay me down
I am a [G]runaway lo[D]comotive, [G] out of my one track [C] mind...[C]

[Harmonica or Kazoo Solo]

[G] [D] [Em] [C]

[G] [D] [C]

[Verse 3]

In the te**[G]**levision blizzard lights we **[D]**looked around his place

We found him **[Em]**cold there on the sofa a little **[C]**smile across his face

And though **[G]**I tried with all my **[D]**sadness somehow **[G]**I could never we**[C]**ep

For a **[G]**man who looked to me like he died **[D]**laughin' in his sleep

[Chorus]

Singin' a tr**[G]**ain song, dr**[D]**inkin' a one last round

[Em]We made 'em leave his boots on, on the **[C]**day they laid him down

He was a **[G]**runaway lo**[D]**comotive, **[G]**out of his one track **[C]** mind

Play a tr**[G]**ain **[C]**song,

Play a tr**[G]**ain **[C]**song

Play a train**[G]**... **[D]**song**[G]**

[Outro]

[G] [C] [C]

[G] [D] [C] [G-HOLD]

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.

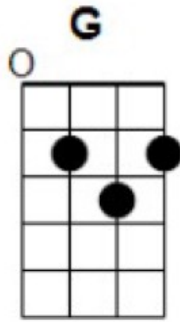
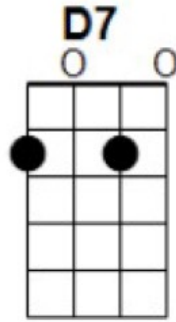
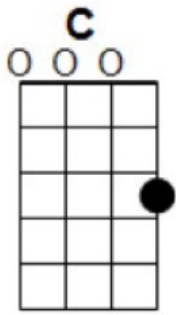
When [G] I was just a baby, My Mama told me, "Son, Always be a good boy, Don't ever play with guns," But I [C] shot a man in Reno, Just to watch him [G] die, [2-3-4-1-2], When I [D7] hear that whistle blowin', I hang my head and [G] cry.

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

