

# JAM

ROLL IN MY SWEET - G

OLD MT. DEW - A

LITTLE CABIN HOME - G

SALTY DOG - G

MAMA DON'T ALLOW - G

BEFORE I MET YOU - G

GOIN DOWN THE ROAD - G

AIN'T GOIN NOWHERE - G

WHITE FREIGHTLINER - A OR G

FOGGY MT. TOP - G

CIRCLE - G

# Roll in my SWEET BABY

Roll in my sweet baby's arms  
Roll in my sweet baby's arms  
Lay around the shack 'til the mail comes back  
And I'll roll in my sweet baby's arms

I ain't gonna work on the railroad  
I ain't gonna work on the farm  
Lay down the shack 'til the mail train comes back  
And I'll roll in my sweet baby's arms

Now where were you last Friday night  
While I was lying in jail  
Walking the streets with another man  
Wouldn't even go my bail

I know you parents don't like me  
They drove me away from your door  
If I had my life to live over  
I'd never go there any more

OLD MOUNTAIN DEW

There's a big hollow tree down the road here from me  
Where you lay down a dollar or two  
You stroll 'round the bend and you come back again  
There's a jug full of good old mountain dew

③  
Ⓐ

They call it that ~~mountain dew~~ OLD MOUNTAIN DEW  
And them that refuse it are few  
I'll hush up my mug if you fill up my jug  
With that good old mountain dew

My uncle Mort, he's sawed off and short  
He measures about four foot two  
But he thinks he's a giant when you give him a pint  
Of that good old mountain dew

Well, my old aunt June bought some brand new perfume  
If had such a sweet smelling pew  
But to her surprise when she had it analyzed  
It was nothing but good old mountain dew

Well, my brother Bill's got a still on the hill  
Where he runs off a gallon or two  
The buzzards in the sky get so drunk they can't fly  
From smelling that good old mountain dew

# LITTLE CABIN HOME

<sup>G</sup> Tonight I'm alone without you, my <sup>C</sup> dear  
<sup>G</sup> It seems there's a longing for you still  
All I have to do now is sit alone and <sup>G</sup> cry  
In our little cabin home on the hill

Oh, someone has taken you from me  
And left me here all alone  
Just to listen to the rain beat on my window pane  
In our little cabin home on the hill

I hope you are happy tonight as you are  
But in my heart there's a longing for you still  
I just keep it there so I won't be alone  
In our little cabin home on the hill

Oh, someone has taken you from me  
And left me here all alone  
Just to listen to the rain beat on my window pane  
In our little cabin home on the hill

Now when you have come to the end of the way  
And find there's no more happiness for you  
Just let your thoughts turn back once more if you will  
To our little cabin home on the hill

# SALTY DOG BLUES

<sup>G</sup>  
Standin' on the corner with the low-down blues  
A <sup>A</sup>great big hole in the bottom of my shoes  
Honey, let me be your salty dog<sup>G</sup>

G-E-A-D

Let me be your salty dog  
Or I won't be your man at all  
Hony, let me be your salty dog

Now look-a hear, Sal, I know you  
A run-down stockin' and a worn-out shoes  
Honey, let me be your salty dog

\* Refrain

I was down in the wildwood settin' on a log  
Finger on the trigger and an eye on the hog  
Honey let me be your salty dog

\* Refrain

I pulled the trigger and the gun said go  
Shot fell over in Mexico  
Honey let me be your salty dog

# MAMA DON'T ALLOW

1  
Mama don't allow no guitar playing around here  
Mama don't allow no guitar playing around here  
Well we don't care what mama don't allow  
We gonna play the guitar anyhow

2  
Mama don't allow no guitar playing around here  
Mama don't allow no fiddle playing around here  
Well we don't care what mama don't allow  
We gonna play the fiddle anyhow

3  
Mama don't allow no fiddle playing around here  
Mama don't allow no <sup>DOBR</sup> steel playing around here  
Mama don't allow no <sup>DOBR</sup> steel playing around here  
Well we don't care what mama don't allow  
We gonna play the <sup>DOBR</sup> steel anyhow

4  
Mama don't allow no <sup>DOBR</sup> steel playing around here  
Mama don't allow no <sup>DOBR</sup> steel playing around here  
Well we don't care what mama don't allow  
We gonna play <sup>DOBR</sup> steel drums anyhow

5  
Mama don't allow no <sup>NO</sup> ~~drums~~ playing around here  
Mama don't allow no <sup>NO</sup> ~~drums~~ playing around here  
Well we don't care what mama don't allow we gonna play the mandolin anyhow  
Mama don't allow no mandolin playing around here

6  
Mama don't allow no mandolin playing around here  
Mama don't allow no music playing around here  
Well we don't care what mama don't allow we gonna play the music anyhow  
Mama don't allow no music playing around here

# BEFORE I MET YOU

I thought I'd seen pretty girls in my time  
That was before I met you  
I never saw one that I wanted for mine  
That was before I met you

I thought I was swinging the world by the tail  
I thought I could never be blue  
I thought I'd been kissed and I thought I'd been loved  
But that was before I met you

I wanted to ramble and always be free  
That was before I met you  
I said that no woman could ever hold me  
That was before I met you

I thought I was swinging the world by the tail  
I thought I could never be blue  
I thought I'd been kissed and I thought I'd been loved  
But that was before I met you

They tell me I must reap just what I have sown  
Darlin', I hope it's not true  
For once I made plans of living alone  
But that was before I met you

I thought I was swinging the world by the tail  
I thought I could never be blue  
I thought I'd been kissed and I thought I'd been loved  
But that was before I met you

# GOIN DOWN the ROAD

G

Goin' down the road feeling bad  
Goin' down the road feeling bad  
Goin' down the road feeling bad, yeah, yeah  
I don't want to be treated this a-way

Going where the <sup>WEATHER</sup>~~climate~~ suits my clothes  
I'm going where the ~~climate~~ suits my clothes  
Going where the ~~climate~~ suits my clothes  
I don't want to be treated this a-way

Goin' down the road feeling bad  
Well I'm goin' down the road feeling bad  
Goin' down the road feeling bad  
I don't want to be treated this a-way

Going where the water tastes like wine  
Well I'm going where the water tastes like wine  
Going where the water tastes like wine  
I don't want to be treated this a-way

Goin' down the road feeling bad  
Goin' down the road feeling bad  
Goin' down the road feeling bad  
I don't want to be treated this a-way

FED ME ON CORNBREAD AND BEANS LORD LORD

" " " " " " " " " " " "

" " " " " " " " " " " "

AND I AINT A GONNA BE TREATED THIS OLD WAY



# YOU AIN'T GOIN NOWHERE

Clouds so swift  
Rain won't lift  
Gate won't close  
Railings froze  
Get your mind of wintertime  
You ain't goin' nowhere

Whoo-ee ride me high  
Tomorrow's the day  
My bride's gonna come  
Oh, oh, are we gonna fly  
Down in the easy chair !

I don't care  
How many letters they sent  
Morning came and morning went  
Pick up your money  
And pack up your tent  
You ain't goin' nowhere

Buy me a flute  
And a gun that shoots  
Tailgates some substitutes  
Strap yourself  
To the tree with roots  
You ain't goin' nowhere

Genghis Khan  
He could not keep  
All his kings SUPPLIED WITH SLEEP  
WE'LL CLIMB THAT HILL NO MATTER HOW STEEP  
WHEN WE GET UP TO IT.

# WHITE FREIGHTLINER

I'm going out on the highway  
And listen to them big trucks wind  
I'm going out on the highway  
And listen to them big trucks wind  
Oh, white freightliner, won't you steal away my mind

Well, New Mexico ain't bad, Lord  
The people here, they treat you kind  
Well, New Mexico ain't bad, Lord  
The people here, they treat you kind  
Oh, white freightliner, won't you steal away my mind

Well, it's bad news from Houston  
Half my friends are dying  
Well, it's bad news from Houston  
Half my friends are dying  
Oh, white freightliner, won't you steal away my mind

Lordy, Lord I'm gonna ramble  
Till I get back to where I came  
Lordy, Lord I'm gonna ramble  
Till I get back to where I came  
Till that white freightliner's gonna haul away my brain

# FOGGY MT. TOP

f I'd only listened to what my mama said  
I would not be here today  
A lying around this old jailhouse  
Wasting my poor life away

If I was on some foggy mountain top  
I'd sail away to the West  
I'd sail all around this whole wide world  
To the girl I love the best

Oh she caused me to weep and she caused me to mourn  
She caused me to leave my home  
Oh the lonesome pines and the good old times  
I'm on my way back home

Now if you see that girl of mine  
There's something you can tell her  
She need not fool her time away  
To court some other feller

## Will the Circle

I was standing by the window  
On one cold and cloudy day  
When I saw the hearse come rolling  
For to carry my mother away

Will the circle be unbroken  
By and by Lord, by and by  
There's a better home awaiting  
In the sky Lord, in the sky

I said to the undertaker  
Undertaker please drive slow  
For this lady you are carrying  
Lord I hate to see her go

Will the circle be unbroken  
By and by Lord, by and by  
There's a better home awaiting  
In the sky Lord, in the sky

Oh, I followed close behind her  
Tried to hold up and be brave  
But I could not hide my sorrow  
When they laid her in the grave