

Run Out Claim

1974

In the back streets of this broken town the walls are closing in A G D A
Sweet Sally's singing "Last call" and the beer is running thin A G D E
I'm holding two jacks and I'm thinking about G D
The hole I'm in that I can't get out F B
Oh Lady Fortune won't you shine on me G D A

When first I came these dusty roads the gold just lay around
With a two foot sack you could bend your back & pick it up off the ground
Now Mister Jeff's store's got half my stake
I've had all the bad luck I can take
Oh Lady Fortune won't you shine on me

Jimmy bring me whisky B F#
Sally come around for old time's sake A E F#
An old man just gets older up here in the mountains B F# E

Across this lonely table sits a kid with a fancy gun
He can't be more than seventeen but he's got me on the run
All I'm asking is one good year
Would you send that Jack of Diamonds here
Oh Lady Fortune, shine on me

I ain't really been alive since '55 when I buried Joe on the claim
With the dirt run out and the whisky too, nothing seems the same
The kid's friend laughs, says, Hey old man
You best stop dreaming and play your hand
Oh Lady Fortune won't you shine on me

Jimmy bring me whisky...

My spin on the Hunter/Garcia classic "The Loser"