Across the Great Divide

Kate Wolf - *Gold in California* (1984)

G   Em   C   D7

```
1   +   2   +   3   +   4   +   1   +   2   +   3   +   4   +
↓       ↓   ↑   ↓   ↑   ↓   ↑   ↓       ↓   ↑   ↓   ↑   ↓   ↑
D       D   U   D   U   D   U   D       D   U   D   U   D   U
```

```
Standard pick / double-finger variation:
     t/m      t   i   t      m   t      i   t/m
A  --X-----------------X----------X---
E  -----------X-------------X-------
C  -------X-------------X-----------
G  --X-----------X----------------X---
     1  +  2  +  3   +  4   +  1 …
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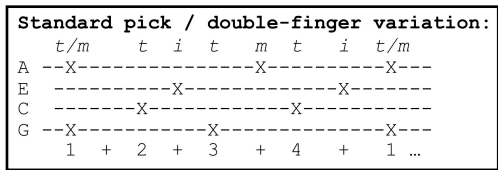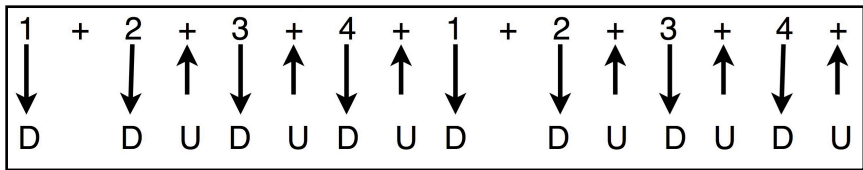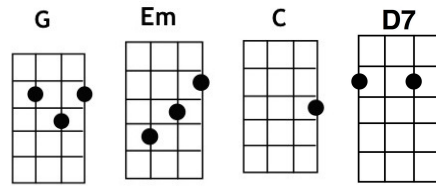
Standard time - Each chord = 4 beats, except * = 2 beats - Standard strum

Intro: G   G* C* G   G   Em   Em   C   C
                G   Em   C* D7* G   G

                        G   G* C*   G
Verse 1:   I've been walking …   in my sleep
                   Em   C
        Counting troubles instead of counting sheep
                   G   G   Em   Em
        Where the years went …   I can't say
            C   D7   G   G
        I just turned around …   and they've gone away

Verse 2:   I've been <u>sifting</u> through the <u>layers</u> / of dusty <u>books</u> and faded <u>papers</u>
           They tell a <u>story</u> I used to <u>know</u> / it was one that <u>happened</u> so long a-<u>go</u>

Chorus:
           G   G*   C*   G   G   Em   Em   C   C
It's gone away … in yesterday … now I find myself on the mountain side
                 G   Em   C*   D7*   G   G
        Where the rivers change direction, across the great divide

Verse 3:   Well I <u>heard</u> the owl <u>calling</u> / softly <u>as</u> the night was <u>falling</u>
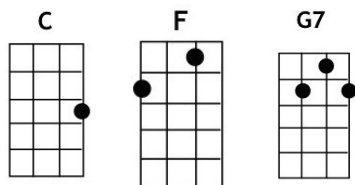   With a <u>question</u>, and I re-<u>plied</u> / but he's <u>gone</u> across the border-<u>line</u>
Chorus

Verse 4 *(Single strums on underlined lyrics)***:**
        The finest <u>hour</u> I have <u>seen</u> / is the <u>one</u> that comes be-<u>tween</u>
        The edge of <u>night</u> and the break of <u>day</u> / it's when the <u>dark</u>-ness rolls a-<u>way</u>

Chorus x2, End on G

Big Yellow Taxi

Joni Mitchell

C   F   G7

Calypso strum:

1	+	2	+	3	+	4	+	1	+	2	+	3	+	4	+
D		D	U		U	D	U	D		D	U		U	D	U

Standard time / Each chord = 4 beats, except *= 2 beats

Intro: C   C/F   C   C/F   C   C/F   C   C/F
(vamp pattern see on next page - use anytime you are hanging on C)

         F   F   C   C
Verse 1:   They paved paradise and put up a parking lot
         F   G7   C   C
          With a pink hotel, a boutique, and a swinging hot spot

Chorus (repeat after each verse):
      C/(8)
      Don't it always seem to go
            F   F*   C
      That you don't know what you've got 'til it's gone
         F   G7   C   C
      They paved paradise and put up a parking lot

         F   F   C   C
Verse 2:   They took all the trees and put them in a tree museum
            F   G7   C   C
      Then they charged the people a dollar and a half just to see 'em

      F   F   C   C
Verse 3:   Hey farmer, farmer, put away that D-D-T now
          F   G7   C
      Give me spots on my apples but leave me the birds and the bees
       C
      Please!

      F   F   C   C
Verse 4:   Late last night I heard the screen door slam
         F   G7   C   C
      And a big yellow taxi took away my old man

Tag after final chorus: Repeat last line of chorus

Don't Come Home Drinkin' With Lovin' On Your Mind

Loretta Lynn & Peggy Sue Wright (1967)

G   **C**   **D7**   **A7**

Swing strum, full count

1	2	+ 3	+ 4	+ 1	2	+ 3	+ 4	+ 1
D	D	U D	U D	U D	D	U D	U D	U D

Standard time - Each chord = 4 beats - Swing strum

Intro: C   G   D7   G

Verse 1:

```
        G              G              D7                  G
Well you thought I'd be waitin' up when you came home last night
 G              G                   A7              D7
You'd been out with all the boys and you ended up half tight
    G              G                   D7              G
But liquor and love they just don't mix leave the bottle or me behind
        C                G        D7          G        G7
And don't come home a-drinkin' with lovin' on your mind
```

Chorus:

```
    C                  C        C            G
No don't come home a drinkin' with lovin' on your mind
       C          C            G              D7
Just stay out there on the town and see what you can find
      G              G                 D7                 G
Cause if you want that kind of love well you don't need none of mine
    C                G        D7          G
So don't come home a-drinkin' with lovin' on your mind
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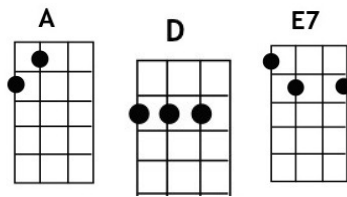
Verse 2:

You <u>never</u> take me <u>any</u>-where be-<u>cause</u> you're always <u>gone</u>
<u>Many</u> a night I've <u>laid</u> awake and <u>cried</u> dear all a-<u>lone</u>
And <u>you</u> come in a <u>kissin'</u> on me it <u>happens</u> every <u>time</u>
No <u>don't</u> come home a <u>drinkin'</u> with <u>lovin'</u> on your <u>mind</u> … **Chorus, Repeat last line**

Grandpa Was a Carpenter

John Prine - *Sweet Revenge* (1973)

A   D   E7

Thumb-strum, standard time:

| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 |
| T | ↓ | T | ↓ | T | ↓ | T | ↓ |

Standard time - Each chord = 4 beats, * = 2 beats - Thumb-strum / Standard with emphasis on 2+4

Verse 1:
```
           A                A              A          D
Oh, grandpa wore his suit to dinner nearly every day
  D             A      A                    E7
No particular reason, he just dressed that way
  A                A              A              D
Brown necktie and a matching vest, both his wingtip shoes
    D             A                      E7                A
He built a closet on our back porch, and put a penny in a burned-out fuse
```

Chorus:
```
    D           D              D              A
Grandpa was a carpenter, he built houses, stores and banks
    D                   A              A              E7
Chain-smoked Camel cigarettes and hammered nails in planks
         A         A            A          D
He was level on the level and shaved even every door
      D           A        E7           A
And voted for Eisen-hower 'cause Lincoln won the war
```

Interlude: D   A   E7   A (x2)

Verse 2:
Well, he <u>used</u> to sing me "<u>Blood</u> On The Saddle" and <u>rock</u> me on his <u>knee</u>
And <u>let</u> me listen to the <u>radio</u> be-<u>fore</u> we got T. <u>V.</u>
Well, he'd <u>drive</u> to church on <u>Sunday</u> and he'd <u>take</u> me with him <u>too</u>
Stained <u>glass</u> in every <u>window</u>, hearing <u>aids</u> in every <u>pew</u> … **Chorus**

Verse 3:
Now my <u>grandma</u> was a <u>teacher</u>, went to <u>school</u> in Bowling <u>Green</u>
<u>Traded</u> in a <u>milking</u> cow for a <u>Singer</u> sewing ma-<u>chine</u>
Well, she <u>called</u> her husband "<u>Mister</u>" and <u>walked</u> real tall and <u>proud</u>
And <u>used</u> to buy me <u>comic</u> books after grandpa <u>died</u> … **Chorus**

It's a Hard Life Wherever You Go

Nanci Griffith - Released on *Storms* (1989)
Waltz time - Each chord = 3 beats - Standard strum, with heavy downbeat

Intro: G7 F C C   (vamp)
Verse 1:
      G7   F   C   C   G7   F   C   C
I am a backseat driver from A-mer-ica …   They drive to the left on Falls Road
      G7   F   C   C   G7   F   C   C
The man at the wheel's name is Seamus … We pass a child on the corner he knows
      G7   F   C   C
And Seamus says, "Now, what chance has that kid got?"
      G7   F   C   C
And I say from the back, "I don't know."
                  G7   F   C   C
He says, "There's barbed wire at all of these exits
              G7   F   C   C
And there ain't no place in Belfast for that kid to go."

                  F   C   F   C
Chorus: It's a hard life, it's a hard life, it's a very hard life
                      G7   F   C   C
              It's a hard life wher-ever you go
                      G7   F   C   C
              If we poison our children with hatred
                      G7   F   C   C
              Then a hard life is all that they'll know
                      G7   F   C   C
              And there ain't no place in (Belfast) for that child to go

Verse 2:
A cafe-<u>teria</u> <u>line</u> in Chi-<u>ca</u>-go … The <u>fat</u> man __ in front of <u>me</u>
Is calling <u>black</u> people <u>trash</u> to his <u>children</u> … <u>He's</u> the only <u>trash</u> here I <u>see</u>
And I'm <u>thinking</u> this <u>man</u> wears a <u>white</u> hood …
In the <u>night</u> when his <u>children</u> should <u>sleep</u>
They <u>slip</u> to their <u>window</u> and they <u>see</u> him …
And they <u>think</u> that white <u>hood's</u> all they <u>need</u> **Chorus (Chicago) … Intro vamp**

Verse 3:
_I_ was a <u>child</u> in the <u>sixties</u> … <u>Dreams</u> could be <u>held</u> through T - <u>V</u>
With <u>Disney</u>, and <u>Cronkite</u>, and <u>Martin</u> Luther … Oh, I be-<u>lieved</u>, I be-<u>lieved</u>, I be-<u>lieved</u>
Now, I am the <u>backseat</u> <u>driver</u> from A-<u>mer</u>-ica … I am <u>not</u> at the <u>wheel</u> of con-<u>trol</u>
I am <u>guilty</u>, I am <u>war</u>, I am the <u>root</u> of all evil …
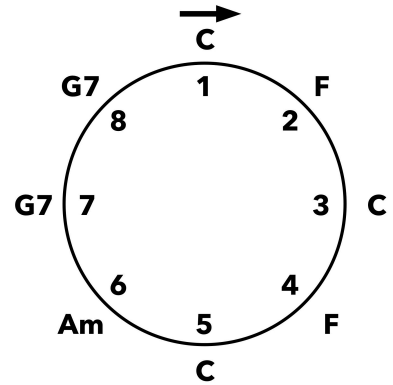Lord, and I <u>can't</u> drive on the <u>left</u> side of the <u>road</u> … **Chorus**
                      G7   F   C   C
Outro: And there ain't no place in this world for these kids to go
                  G7   F   C   **End on C**
              'Cause it's a hard life wher-ever you go

Leavin' on a Jetplane

John Denver (1969 - *Rhymes & Reasons*)
Standard time / Each chord = 4 beats

Calypso strum:

1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 +

D   D U   U D U D   D U   U D U

G7   1   F
8   2
G7 | 7   3 | C
6   4
Am   5   F
C

            C   **F**   **C**   **F**

Verse 1:   All my bags are packed, I'm ready to go, I'm
standing here out-side your door
            C   **Am**   **G7**   **G7**
I hate to wake you up to say good-bye
            C   **F**   **C**   **F**
But the dawn is breaking, it's early morn, the taxi's waiting, he's blowing his horn
            C   **Am**   **G7**   **G7**
Al-ready I'm so lonesome I could die

            C   **F**   **C**   **F**

Chorus: So kiss me and smile for me, tell me that you'll wait for me,
   C   **Am**   **G7**   **G7**
hold me like you'll never let me go - o - o
            C   **F**   **C**   **F**
'Cause I'm leaving on a jet plane,   don't know when I'll be back again.
   C   **Am**   **G7**   **G7**
     Oh, babe,   I hate to go
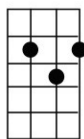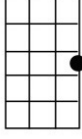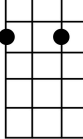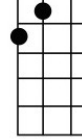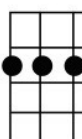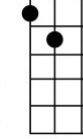
Verse 2:   There's so <u>many</u> times I've <u>let</u> you down,
           so <u>many</u> times I've <u>played</u> around,
           I <u>tell</u> you now <u>they</u> don't mean a <u>thing</u>
           Every <u>place</u> I go I'll <u>think</u> of you,
           every <u>song</u> I sing I'll <u>sing</u> for you,
           when _I_ come back, I'll <u>bring</u> your wedding <u>ring</u> … **Chorus**

Verse 3:   <u>Now</u> the time has <u>come</u> to leave you,
           <u>one</u> more time <u>let</u> me kiss you,
           then <u>close</u> your eyes, <u>I'll</u> be on my <u>way</u>
           <u>Dream</u> about the <u>days</u> to come
           when _I_ won't have to <u>leave</u> alone,
           <u>about</u> the times _I_ won't have to <u>say</u>… **Chorus**

           C   **Am**   **G7**   **G7**   **G7**   **G7**   End on **C**
Outro: Oh babe, I hate to go - o - o - o …

Me and Bobby McGee

Kris Kristofferson (1970)

G   C   D7   A   D   E7


```
1  +  2  +  3  +  4  +  1  +  2  +  3  +  4  +
D        D  U  D  U  D  U  D        D  U  D  U  D  U
```

Standard time - Each chord = 4 beats - Standard strum with backbeat

Verse 1:

```
             G                  G              G                        G
      Busted flat in Baton Rouge,      headin' for the train
     G            G              D7        D7
Feelin' near as faded as my jeans
D7                         D7           D7                    D7
     Bobby thumbed a diesel down,      just before it rained
D7                    D7            G        G
     It took us all the way to New Or-leans
G                 G                  G              G
 I took my har-poon out of my dirty red ban-dana
          G                 G7             C            C
I was playin' soft while Bobby sang the blues
              C                  C             G              G
With them windshield wipers slappin' time, and Bobby clapping hands
          D7             D7              A          A
We finally sang off every song that driver knew
```

Chorus:

```
       C              C            G            G
      Freedom's just a-nother word for nothin' left to lose
  D7                 D7            G        G7
Nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free
   C              C            G            G
Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues
D7                         D7             D7          D7
     Feelin' good was good enough for me
D7                        D7              G        G
   Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee
```

Key change: A   A

                     A   A   A   A

Verse 2:   From the coal mines of Ken-tucky to the California sun

    A   A   E7   E7

      Bobby shared the secrets of my soul

   E7   E7   E7   E7

    Standing right be-side me, Lord…   through everything I done

   E7   E7   A   A

     Every night she kept me from the cold

      A   A   A   A

    Then somewhere near Sa-li-nas, Lord, I let her slip a-way

  A   A7   D   D

    Looking for the home I hope she'll find

        D   D   A   A

    And I'd trade all of my to-mor-rows, for a single yester-day

      E7   E7   A   A

    To be holdin' Bobby's body next to mine

   D   D   A   A

Chorus: Freedom's just a-nother word for nothin' left to lose

  E7   E7   A   A7

  Nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free

   D   D   A   A

  Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues

  E7   E7   E7   E7

    Feelin' good was good enough for me

  E7   E7   A   A

    Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee …

   A   A   A   A   A   A   E7   E7

Outro: La da da …   me and Bobby McGee

  E7   E7   E7   E7   E7   E7   A   A

  La da da …   me and Bobby McGee

Repeat Outro, end on A

Oh Had I A Golden Thread

Pete Seeger (1960), as arranged for Judy Collins (1970)

C   C7   F   Dm   G

Waltz strum (up strums optional):
1 + 2 + 3 + 1 + 2 + 3 +
D   D U D U D   D U D U

Waltz time - Each chord = 3 beats - Waltz strum

Intro: C   C   C7   C7   F   F   Dm   Dm | C   C   C   C   G   D   G   G

Verse 1:

C   C   C7   C7   F   F   Dm   Dm   C   C C C   G   D   G   G
Oh …   had I a golden thread …   and a needle …   so fine
C   C   C7   C7   F   F   Dm   Dm   C   C C C   G   D   G G
 I …   would weave a magic strand …   of rain - bow   de-sign
F F   C G   C   F   C   G
   Of   rain-bow design

Verse 2:

C   C   C7   C7   F   F   Dm   Dm   C   C C C   G   D   G   G
In it …   I'd weave the bravery   of women …   giving birth
C   C   C7   C7   F   F   Dm   Dm   C   C   C   G   D   G G
In it …   I'd weave the innocence   of children   of all the earth
   F   F   C G   C   F   C   G
Child-ren   of   all   the earth

Verse 3:

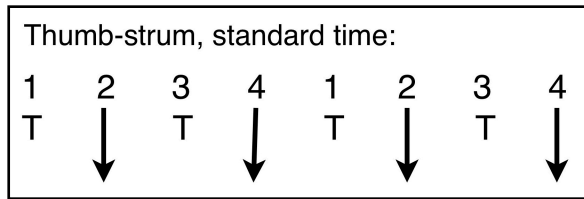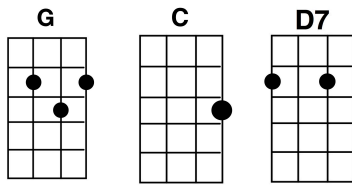C   C   C7   C7   F   F   Dm   Dm   C   C C C   G   D   G   G
Show my brothers   and sisters …   my rainbow   de-sign
C   C   C7   C7   F   F   Dm   Dm   C   C   C   C   G D G G
 I would bind up   this sorry world …   with hand … and heart and mind
   F   F   C   G   C   F   C   G
Hand   and heart   and mind

Repeat Verse 1
End on G

Please Don't Bury Me

John Prine (1973)

G   C   D7

Thumb-strum, standard time:

| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 |
| T | ↓ | T | ↓ | T | ↓ | T | ↓ |

Standard time - Each chord = 4 beats - Thumb-strum

Verse 1:

    G   G   C   C
    Woke up this morning,   put on my slippers
G   G   D7   D7
   Walked in the kitchen and died
      G   G   C   C
   And oh, what a feeling when my soul went through the ceiling
      D7   D7   G   G
   And on up into heaven, I did ride

Pre-Ch:

        C   C   G   G
   When I got there, they did say, "John, it happened this way
      G   G   D7   D7
   You slipped upon the floor, and hit your head"
      G   G   C   G
   And all the angels say, "Just be-fore you passed a-way
       G   D7   G   G
   These were the very last words that you said"

Chorus:

      C   C   G   G
   Please don't bury me down in the cold, cold ground
       G   G   G   D7
   No, I'd rather have 'em cut me up and pass me all around
     G   G   C   G
   Throw my brain in a hurricane and the blind can have my eyes
       C   G   D7   G
   And the deaf can take both of my ears if they don't mind the size

Interlude: C   G   D7   G

```
            G                   G                  C              G
Verse 2:    Give my stomach to Milwaukee if they run out of beer
            G                   G                  A7            D7
            Put my socks in a cedar box just to get 'em out of here
             G                  G                  C                    G
            Venus De Milo can have my arms, Look out! I've got your nose
             C                  G                  D7               G
            Sell my heart to the junk man and give my love to Rose!


             C                 C        G                   G
Chorus:     Please don't bury me down in the cold, cold ground
                     G             G            G            D7
            No, I'd rather have 'em cut me up and pass me all around
             G                  G                  C                    G
            Throw my brain in a hurricane and the blind can have my eyes
                     C          G                D7               G
            And the deaf can take both of my ears if they don't mind the size


Interlude:    C    G    D7    G


             G                  G        C              G
Verse 3:    Give my feet to the footloose, careless, fancy free
                     G                  G        A7              D7
            And give my knees to the needy, don't pull that stuff on me
             G                  G                  C        G
            Hand me down my walking cane, it's a sin to tell a lie
             C              G                      D7              G
            Send my mouth way down south and kiss my ass good-bye


Chorus
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Wildflowers (Dolly Parton)

Dolly Parton - *Trio* (1987) with

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        A          D        E7
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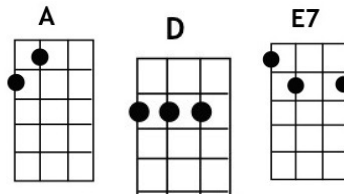
Standard time - Each chord = 4 beats

Intro: A   A   D   A   A   E7   A   A

              A   A   D   A   A   E7   A
V1: The hills were a-live with wild-flowers, and I was as wild, even wilder, than they

        A   A   D   A   A   E7   A
For at least I could run, they just died in the sun, and I re-fused to just wither in place

        D   D   A   A   D   D   A   E7
Just a wild mountain rose needing freedom to grow, so I ran fearing not where I'd go

              A   A   D   A   A   E7   A   A
When a flower grows wild it can always sur-vive, wild-flowers don't care where they grow

V2: And the <u>flowers</u> I <u>knew</u> in the <u>fields</u> where I <u>grew</u> were con-<u>tent</u> to be <u>lost</u> in the <u>crowd</u>
They were <u>common</u> and <u>close</u>, I had <u>no</u> room for <u>growth</u>,

                                                            and I <u>wanted</u> so <u>much</u> to branch <u>out</u>
So I up-<u>rooted</u> my-<u>self</u> from <u>home</u> ground and <u>left</u>, took my <u>dreams</u> and I <u>took</u> to the <u>road</u>
When a <u>flower</u> grows <u>wild</u> it can <u>al</u>-ways sur-<u>vive</u>, wild-<u>flowers</u> don't <u>care</u> where they <u>grow</u>

Interlude: A E7 A A

V3: I grew <u>up</u> fast and <u>wild</u> and I <u>never</u> felt <u>right</u> in a <u>garden</u> so <u>different</u> from <u>me</u>
I just <u>never</u> be-<u>longed</u>, I just <u>longed</u> to be <u>gone</u>, so the <u>garden</u> one <u>day</u> set me <u>free</u>
I hitched a <u>ride</u> with the <u>wind</u> and since <u>he</u> was my <u>friend</u>

                                              I just <u>let</u> him de-<u>cide</u> where we'd <u>go</u>
When a <u>flower</u> grows <u>wild</u> it can <u>al</u>-ways sur-<u>vive</u>, wild-<u>flowers</u> don't <u>care</u> where they <u>grow</u>
V3.5 (2nd half verse):
Just a <u>wild</u> mountain <u>rose</u> seeking <u>mysteries</u> un-<u>told</u>, no re-<u>gret</u> for the <u>path</u> that I <u>chose</u>
When a <u>flower</u> grows <u>wild</u> it can <u>al</u>-ways sur-<u>vive</u>, wild-<u>flowers</u> don't <u>care</u> where they <u>grow</u>

              A   A   D   A   A   E7   A   A   A   A   D   A   A   E7   A   A
Outro: Mm mm mm…

              A   A   D   A   A   E7   A   End on A
Dee-dee dum …   Wild-flowers don't care where they grow…