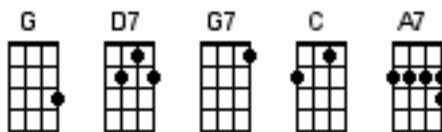
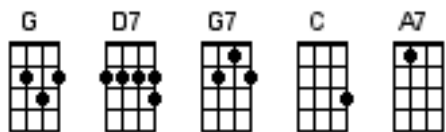


Standard:

Baritone:

128 BPM



| A7... | D7... | G...

| G... | G... | D7... | G... |

Winds gonna blow, so I'm gonna go, down on the road a - gain.

| G... | G... | D7... | G. G7. |

Starting, where the mountains left me, I end up where I be - gan.

| C... | C... | G... | G... |

Where I will go, the wind only knows, good times around the bend.

| G... | G... | D7... | G... | D7... | G... |

I get in my car, I'm going too far, never coming back a - gain.

| G... | G... | D7... | G... |

Tired and worn I woke up this morn', found that I was con - fused

| G... | G... | D7... | G. G7. |

Spun right around and found that I'd lost the things that I couldn't lose.

| C... | C... | G... | G... |

The beaches they sell to build their hotels, my father and I once knew.

| G... | G... | D7... | G... | D7... | G... |

The birds all along the sunlight at dawn singing Waimanalo blues.

| G... | G... | D7... | G... |

Down on the road, the mountains so old, far on the country - side

| G... | G... | D7... | G.G7. |

Birds on the wing, forgetting they're wild, so I'm headed for the windward side.

| C... | C... | G... | G... |

In all of my dreams, sometimes it just seems that I'm just along for the ride.

| G... | G... | D7... | G... | D7... | G... |

Someday they'll cry, because they have pride, for someone as lucky as I.

| C... | C... | G... | G... |

The beaches they sell to build their hotels, my father and I once knew.

| G... | G... | D7... | G... |

The birds all along the sunlight at dawn singing Waimanalo blues.

| D7... | G... | D7... | G... | D7... | G... |

singing Waimanalo blues, singing Waimanalo blues, singing Waimanalo blues...

Country Comfort:



This as PDF, and more at: <https://shawnsukulele.wordpress.com/song-charts/>

