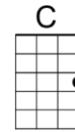
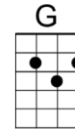


The Goodnight-Loving Trail



C G
 Too old to wrangle or ride on the swing
 F C
 You beat the triangle and you curse everything
 F
 If dirt was a kingdom, then you'd be the king



C G C F
On the Goodnight Trail, on the Loving Trail

C G
Our Old Woman's lonesome tonight

C G C F
Your French harp blows like the lone bawling calf

C G
It's a wonder the wind don't tear off your skin

F C
Get in there and blow out the light

C G
 With your snake oil and herbs and your liniments too
 F C
 You can do anything that a doctor can do
 F
 Except find a cure for your own goddam stew . . . **On the . . .**

C G
 The cookfire's gone out and the coffees all gone
 F C
 The boys are all up and they're raising the dawn
 F
 You're still sitting there, all lost in a song . . . **On the . . .**

C G
 Yeah I know that some day I'll be just the same
 F C
 Wearing an apron instead of a name
 F
 And no one can change it, and no one's to blame (skip chorus)

C G
 for the desert's a book writ in lizards and sage
 F C
 it's easy to look like an old torn out page
 F
 Faded and cracked with the colors of age . . . **On the . . .**

