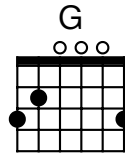
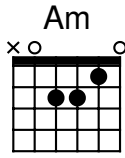
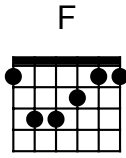
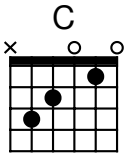


Gulf Coast Highway

James Hooker (m); Nanci Griffith (w)



(Instrumental: verse:)

[C] [F] [C] /
 [C] [F] /
 [F] [Am] [G] [C] /
 [F] [C] /
 [G] [C]

[C] Gulf coast highway, he [F] worked the [C] railroads.

He worked the rice fields, with their cool dark [F] wells.

[F] He worked the [Am] oil rigs in the [G] Gulf of Mex- [C] -i-co.

The only [F] thing we've ever [C] owned

Is this old [G] house here by the [C] road.

[F] And when he [G] dies he says he'll catch some black- [C] -bird's wing.

And he will [F] fly away to [C] heaven,

Come some [G] sweet bluebonnet [C] spring.

(Instrumental: Chorus)

[F] [G] [C] /
 [F] [C] /
 [G] [C]

[C] She walked through springtime, when [F] I was [C] home.

Days were sweet; our nights were [F] warm.

Seasons [Am] changed; jobs would [G] come; the flowers [C] fade.

This old [F] house felt so a- [C] -lone

When the [G] work took me a- [C] -way.

[F] And when she [G] dies she says she'll catch some black- [C] -bird's wing.

And she will [F] fly away to [C] heaven,

Come some [G] sweet bluebonnet [C] spring.

(Instrumental: Chorus)

[F] [G] [C]/

[F] [C] /

[G] [C]

[C] Highway Ninety, [F] jobs are [C] gone;
We tend our garden. Here sets the [F] sun.
This is our [Am] only place on [G] earth. Bluebonnets [C] grow.
Once a [F] year they come and [C] go
At this old [G] house here by the [C] road.

[F] And when we [G] die we say we'll catch some black- [C] -bird's wing.
And we will [F] fly away to- [C] gether,
Come some [G] sweet bluebonnet [C] spring.
[F] And when we [G] die we say we'll catch some black- [C] -bird's wing.
And we will [F] fly away to- [C] gether,
Come some [G] sweet bluebonnet [C] spring.