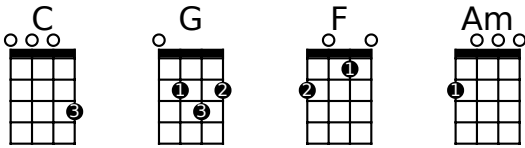


The Goodnight-Loving Trail

Bruce "Utah" Phillips 1976



Instrumental Intro:

[C] Too old to wrangle or **[G]** ride on the swing

Verse 1:

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

Chorus:

On the **[C]** Goodnight **[G]** Trail, on the **[C]** Loving **[F]** Trail,
Our **[C]** Old Woman's lonesome to **[G]** night.
Your **[C]** French harp **[G]** blows like the **[C]** lone bawling **[F]** calf.
It's a **[C]** wonder the **[Am]** wind don't **[G]** tear off your skin.
Get in there and **[F]** blow out the **[C]** light.

Verse 2:

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

Chorus:

On the **[C]** Goodnight **[G]** Trail, on the **[C]** Loving **[F]** Trail,
Our **[C]** Old Woman's lonesome to **[G]** night.
Your **[C]** French harp **[G]** blows like the **[C]** lone bawling **[F]** calf.
It's a **[C]** wonder the **[Am]** wind don't **[G]** tear off your skin.
Get in there and **[F]** blow out the **[C]** light.

Verse 3:

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

Chorus:

On the [C] Goodnight [G] Trail, on the [C] Loving [F] Trail,
Our [C] Old Woman's lonesome to [G] night.
Your [C] French harp [G] blows like the [C] lone bawling [F] calf.
It's a [C] wonder the [Am] wind don't [G] tear off your skin.
Get in there and [F] blow out the [C] light.

Instrumental Break:

Your [C] French harp [G] blows like the [C] lone bawling [F] calf.
It's a [C] wonder the [Am] wind don't [G] tear off your skin.
Get in there and [F] blow out the [C] light.

Verse 4:

[C] I know that some day I'll [G] be just the same,
Wearing an apron in [C] stead of a name.
There's nothing can change it, there's [F] no one to blame

Verse 5:

For the [C] desert's a book writ in [G] lizards and sage,
It's easy to look like an [C] old torn out page,
Faded and cracked with the [F] colors of age.

Chorus:

On the [C] Goodnight [G] Trail, on the [C] Loving [F] Trail,
Our [C] Old Woman's lonesome to [G] night.
Your [C] French harp [G] blows like the [C] lone bawling [F] calf.
It's a [C] wonder the [Am] wind don't [G] tear off your skin.
Get in there and [F] blow out the [C] light.

Instrumental Outro:

Your [C] French harp [G] blows like the [C] lone bawling [F] calf.
It's a [C] wonder the [Am] wind don't [G] tear off your skin.
Get in there and [F] blow out the [C] light.