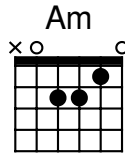
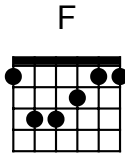
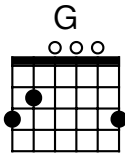


# The Goodnight-Loving Trail

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.