

Spoon River.....Michael Peter Smith

D F#m Em A D F#m G A
All of the riverboat gamblers are losing their shirts
D F#m Em A D F#m G A
All of the brave union soldier boys sleep in the dirt
F#m Em A D F#m B
But you know and I know there never was reason to hurt
Em G
When all of our lives were entwined to begin with
D F#m G A
Here in Spoon River

All of the calico dresses, the gingham and lace
Are up in the attic with grandfather's derringer case
There's words whispered down in the parlor, a shadowy face
The morning is heavy with one more beginning
Here in Spoon River

Come to the dance Mary Perkins, I like you right well
The union's preserved, if you listen you can hear all the bells
There must be a heaven, god knows I've seen mostly hell
My rig is outside, come and ride through the morning
Here in Spoon River

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All of the brave union soldier boys sleep in the dirt
But you know and I know there never was reason to hurt
When all of our lives were entwined to begin with
Here in Spoon River