E E7

So many nights, I been mislead

A

Rocks was my pillow, stones was my bed

E B7

Now after all my hard trav'ling,

E B7 E

Things is ‘bout comin' my way.

I roamed around, from town to town

All of my good friends, turned me down

Now after all……..

Ain't got no money, Can't buy no grub,

Back-bone and navel Doing the belly rub.

Now after all........

The pot was empty, The cupboard bare

I said, "Mama, What's going on here?"

Now after all........

Lost all my money, ain't got a dime   
Givin' up this whole world, leavin' it behind   
  
But after all .....

Don’t let nobody, be your friend

They will forsake you, in the end.

Now after all….  
  
Now take me, baby, just as I am   
Ain't got no money, I'm in a jam

Now after all........

They stood around, the prison wall

They were so happy, at my downfall.

Now after all........

Now after all........