

FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN (GEORGE MCCORKLE/MARSHALL TUCKER BAND, 1978)

Em C
Took my family away from my Carolina home
We were diggin' and siftin' from five to five
Dance hall girls were the evenin' treat
Now my widow, she weeps by my grave

Em C
Had dreams about the West and started to roam
Sellin' everything we found just to stay alive
Empty cartridges and blood lined the gutters of the street
Tears flow free for her man she couldn't save

Em C
Six long months on a dust covered trail
Gold flowed free like the whiskey in the bars
Men were shot down for the sake of fun,
Shot down in cold blood by a gun that carried fame,

Em C
They say heaven's at the end, but so far it's been hell
Sinnin' was the big thing, Lord, and Satan was his star
Or just to hear the noise of their forty four guns
all for a useless and no good, worthless claim

Chorus:

G D
And there's fire on the mountain, lightnin' in the air,

Am C Em C Em C
Gold in them hills and it's waitin' for me there

(Instrumental after 2nd verse)

G D Am C G
G D Am C
Em C Em C
Em C Em C

(Outro is extra chorus at the end and the line below)

C G
..waitin' for me there..