Mississippi Halfstep Uptown Toodeloo Grateful Dead

| | | _ / | | | | AIII | | | |
|--------|--|------------|------|----|-----------|------|---|---|--|
| V1 | (C]On the day when I was born Daddy sat down and cried. | | | | | | | | |
| | F | C | G | - | D7 | G | | | |
| | I had the mark just as plain as day; which could not be denied. | | | | | | | | |
| | C | - | E7 F | | Aı | n | | | |
| | They say that Cain caught Abel rolling loaded dice; | | | | | | | | |
| | F | C | G | Am | | E | | | |
| | Ace of Spades behind his ear and him not thinkin' twice. | | | | | | | | |
| | Am | | | | F | (| | G | |
| Chorus | Half step, Mississippi uptown toodeloo. Hello, baby, I'm gone, goodbye | | | | | | | | |
| | F C | G | F | | | C | G | | |
| | Half a cup of Rock and Rye. Farewell to you old Southern skies | | | | | | | | |
| | Am E | | | | | | | | |
| | I'm on my way, on my way. | | | | | | | | |
| Lead | MV Lead | | | | | | | | |
| | Am // D9 F Dm E | 37 E7 | | | | | | | |

If all you got to live for is what you left behind, Get yourself a powder charge and seal that silver mine. Lost my boots in transit, baby, pile of smokin' leather. I nailed a retread to my feet and prayed for better weather.

Half step, Mississippi uptown toodeloo Hello, baby, I'm gone, goodbye Half a cup of Rock and Rye. Farewell to you old Southern skies I'm on my way, on my way.

PJ lead

They say that when your ship comes in, the first man takes the sails; Second takes the after deck, the third the planks and rails, What's the point of callin' shots; this cue ain't straight in line. Cue ball's made of styrofoam and no one's got the time.

Half step, Mississippi uptown toodeloo Hello, baby, I'm gone, goodbye Half a cup of Rock and Rye. Farewell to you old Southern skies I'm on my way, on my way.

MS start > whisper quiet

Am // D9 | F Am D7 G7

Across the Rio Grande, across the lazy river.

MS lead to end