

E	A	<u>Truckin' got my chips cashed in, keep truckin' like the doo-dah man</u>
B	Bsus4 A	<u>together more or less in line just keep truckin' on.</u>
F		

*Dallas got a soft machine, Houston too close to New Orleans,  
New York got the ways and means, but just won't let you be.* [Organ]

Truckin like the doo-dah man once told me "You got to play your hand.  
Sometimes the cards ain't worth a dime if you don't lay 'em down." [Guitar riff]

What in the world ever became of sweet Jane? [Guitar riffs]  
She lost her sparkle, you know she isn't the same.  
Livin' on reds, vitamin C and cocaine,  
all a friend can say is "Ain't it a shame."

Sittin' and starin' out of the hotel window, got a tip they're gonna kick the door in again. I'd like to get some sleep before I travel, but if you got a warrant I guess you're gonna come in.

You're sick of hangin' around, and you'd like to travel.  
Get tired of travelin', you wanna settle down.  
I guess they can't revoke your soul for tryin',  
get out of the door, light out and look all around. [ Walk up ]

Truckin'; I'm a-goin' home, whoa, whoa, baby back where I belong.  
Back home, sit down and patch my bones and get back truckin' on. [ Jam ]