**DOWN THE ROAD**

Written and arranged by Andy Barber, 1978

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VERSE 1

F# (F#) C# E B

My Daddy left home when I was twelve; didn’t leave a darn thing on the shelf.

F# C# E B

My Ma became a prostitute; after a while she didn’t give a hoot.

F#. C#. E. B. F#… D

CHORUS 1

(D) A B A

I was born to head on down the road;

D E B A

Sleep without a coat in the freezing cold.

D A B

Ain’t nobody gonna tell me what to do.

A D E B A

‘Cause I’ve been through a lot more hell than you.

F#. C#. E. B. F#. C#. E. B.

VERSE 2

Fought my way through the Civil War; must’ve killed twenty men or more.

I was sixteen by the end of the strife; all I had left was my gun and my life.

CHORUS 2 (“It was time to head back down the road;”)

C. G. D. A. G C. G. A… G F. C. D. A. G F. C. D… E… (D)

CHORUS 2 (Repeat)

VERSE 3

I got hitched when I was twenty-one to a red-haired lady who carried my son.

They both died while she was giving birth; I done lost everything I ever had on this earth.

VERSE 4

Sitting on a stool at the end of the bar. I’ve traveled all over but I never got far.

Everything I loved is long since gone. Guess I’ll have another shot and be moving on.

CHORUS 3 (“So now it’s one more for the road;”)

POSTLUDE

(D) A B A D

So now it’s time to hit the road.

It’s time to head back down the road.

I’m heading back on down the road.

I was born to head on down the road. D… A…B…B. A. D… A… B…