

Black Rose Acoustic Society's **Honky-Tonk Jam Book**

Version 0.9

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x = Song to be added soon

Folsom Prison Blues (Johnny Cash, Key of G)

G **G**
I hear the train a comin', it's rollin' round the bend,
G **G7**
And I ain't seen the sunshine, since, I don't know when
C **G**
I'm stuck in Folsom prison _ & time keeps draggin' on
D7 **G**
But that train keeps a-rollin' _ on down to San Antone

When I was just a baby my Mama told me, "Son
Always be a good boy, don't ever play with guns, "
But I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die
When I hear that whistle blowin' I hang my head and cry

I bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy dining car
They're probably drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars
But I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free
But those people keep a-movin' & that's what tortures me

Well, if they freed me from this prison If that railroad
train was mine
I bet I'd move out over a little farther down the line
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away

Hey Good Lookin' (Key of G)

G
Say hey, good lookin', whatcha got cookin'
C **D** **G** (D)
How's about cookin' somethin' up with me?
G
Hey, sweet baby, don't you think maybe
C **D** **G**
We could find us a brand new recipe?
C **G**
I got a hot-rod Ford and a two-dollar bill
C **G**
And I know a spot right over the hill
C **G**
There's soda pop and the dancin's free
A **D**
So if you wanna have fun come along with me
<chorus, 2 lines>
G
I'm free and ready, so we can go steady
C **D** **G** (D)
How's about savin' all your time for me?
G
No more lookin', I know I've been taken
C **D** **G**
How's about keepin' steady company?
C **G**
I'm gonna throw my datebook over the fence and
C **G**
Find me one for 5 or 10 cents
C **G**
I'll keep it til it's covered with age cos'
A **D**
I'm writin' your name down on every page
G
<chorus> Say hey, good lookin', whatcha got cookin'
C **D** **G**
(How's about cookin' somethin' up) **x3** with me?

It's Hard to Be Humble (Mac Davis, ¾ time, Key of D)

Chorus: **D**

Oh, Lord it's hard to be humble

A

When you're perfect in every way
I can't wait to look in the mirror

D

'Cause I get better looking each day
To know me is to love me

G

I must be a hell of a man

D

Oh Lord it's hard to be humble,

A

D

But I'm doing the best that I can

Verse 1:

I used to have a girlfriend,
But I guess she just couldn't compete,
With all of these love-starved women,
Who keep clowering at my feet
Oh I probably could find me another,
But I guess they're all in awe of me
Who cares? I never get lonesome
'cause I treasure my own company
<Chorus>

Verse 2:

I guess you could say I'm a loner
A cowboy out lone, tough, and proud
I could have lots of friends if I wanter
But then I wouldn't stand out from the crowd
Some folks say that I'm egotistical
Hell I don't even know what that means
I guess it has something to do with the way that
I fill out my skin tight blue jeans
<Chorus!, with "we're doing the best that we can" **x2** >

Jackson (Key of C)

C

We got married in a fever, hotter than a pepper sprout,

C7

We've been talkin' bout Jackson, ever since the fire went out

F

C

I'm goin' to Jackson, I'm gonna mess around,

F

G

C

Yeah, I'm goin' to Jackson, look out Jackson town

Well, go on down to Jackson; go ahead and wreck your health.

Go play your hand you big-talkin' man, make a big fool of yoself

Yeah, go to Jackson; go comb your hair!

Honey, I'm gonna snowball Jackson, see if I care

When I breeze into that city, people gonna stoop and bow. (Hah!)

All them women gonna make me teach 'em what they don't know how,

I'm goin' to Jackson, you turn-a loose-a my coat

I'm goin' to Jackson..., "Goodbye" that's all she wrote.

They'll laugh at you in Jackson, & I'll be dancin' on a Pony Keg

They'll lead you 'round town like a scalded *[orig scolded]* hound,

with your tail tucked between your legs,

Yeah, go to Jackson, you big-talkin' man

And I'll be waitin' in Jackson, behind my Jaypan Fan,

Well, we got married in a fever, hotter than a pepper Sprout,

We've been talkin' 'bout Jackson, ever since the fire went out

I'm goin' to Jackson, & that's a fact

Yeah, we're goin' to Jackson, ain't never comin' back

Jolene (by Dolly Parton, Key of Am)

<chorus:>

Am C G Am Am
Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene
G G Am Am
I'm begging of you please don't take my man
Am C G Am Am
Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene
G G Am Am
Please don't take him just because you can

Am C G Am
Your beauty is beyond compare w/ flaming locks of auburn hair
G G Am Am
With ivory skin & eyes of emerald green
Am C G Am
He talks about you in his sleep, there's nothing I can do to keep
G G Am Am
From crying when he calls your name, Jolene
Am C G Am
And I can easily understand how you could easily take my man
G G Am Am
But you don't know what he means to me, Jolene

<chorus>

Am C G Am
You could have your choice of men but I could never love again
G G Am Am
He's the only one for me, Jolene
Am C G Am
I had to have this talk with you, my happiness depends on you
G G Am Am
And whatever you decide to do, Jolene

<chorus>

London Homesick Blues

Well when you're down on your luck and you ain't got a buck
In London, you're a goner. Even London Bridge has fallen down
And moved to Arizona, now I know why

And I'll substantiate the rumor that the English sense of humor
Is drier than the Texas sand

You can put up your dukes, or you can bet your boots
That I'm leavin' just as fast as I can.

(chorus)
I want to go home with the Armadilla'
Good country music from Amarilla' and Abilene
The friendliest people & the prettiest women you've ever seen.

Well its cold over here & I swear I wish they'd turn the heat on
And where in the world is that English girl
I promised I would meet on the third floor
And of the whole damn lot the only friend I got
Is a smoke and a cheap guitar
My mind keeps roamin' and my heart keeps longin' To be home in a
Texas bar.

(repeat chorus)
Well I decided that I'd get my cowboy hat And go down to Marble
Arch Station. 'Cause when a Texan fancies he'll take a chance
Chances will be taken, that's for sure
And them Limey eyes, they were eyein' a prize Some people call
manly footwear
And they said "You're from down South" & when u open your mouth
You always seem to put your foot there. **(repeat chorus) END**

Longneck Bottle (Garth Brooks, Key of D)

<intro: Hold the high root note (d), with a 6 note, i.e. d-b-d>

Long.....neck bottle, let go of my hand
Hey jukebox, don't start playin' that song again 'cause
there's a girl at home who loves me, and she won't understand
...
Longneck bottle, let go of my hand
Hey, barroom mirror on the wall, go stare at someone else
Don't show the world the fool I am, just keep it to yourself
...
Longneck bottle, let go of my hand
Hey jukebox, don't start playin' that song again 'cause
there's a girl at home who loves me, you know she won't understand
...
<break>
Dance floor seems you're underneath my feet everywhere I turn
I oughta waltz right out of them swingin' doors,
but that's a step I just can't learn
...
Longneck bottle, let go of my hand
Hey jukebox, don't start playin' that song again 'cause
there's a girl at home who loves me, you know she won't understand
...
Longneck bottle, let go of my hand <tag: There's a girl...>

What's Made Milwaukee Famous (Key of A)

Intro:

(Capo 3 for Key of C)

D D A A E7 E7 A A A A

Verse 1:

A A/E A A/E A A/E D D/A

It's late and she's waiting And I know I should go home

D D/A A A/E B7 B7 E7 E7/B

But every time I start to leave They play another song

A A/E A A/E A A/E D D/A

Then someone buys another round And wherever drinks are free

D D/A A A/E E7 E7 A A

What's made Milwaukee Famous Has made a fool out of me

Bridge:

E7 E7 E7 E7

Baby's begged me not to go

B7 B7 E7 E7

So many times before

E7 E7 E7 E7

She said love and happiness

B7 B7 E7 E7

Just can't live behind those swinging doors

A A/E A A/E A A/E D D/A

Then someone buys another round And wherever drinks are free

D D/A A A/E E7 E7 A A

What's made Milwaukee Famous Has made a *loser* out of me

Repeat Bridge and Refrain

D D/A A A/E E7 E7 A A

What's made Milwaukee Famous Has made a *loser* out of me

