

ON THE ROAD AGAIN

HARMONICA

WELL I'M SO-O TIRED OF CRYIN' BUT I'M OU
ON THE ROAD AGAIN I'M ON THE ROAD AGAIN
WELL I'M SO-O TIRED OF CRYIN' BUT I'M OU
ON THE ROAD AGAIN I'M ON THE ROAD AGAIN
I AIN'T GOT NO WOMAN JUST TO CALL MY SPECIAL FRIEND

YOU KNOW THE FIRST TIME I TRAVELLED OU
IN THE RAIN AND SNO-OW IN THE RAIN AND SNOW
YOU KNOW THE FIRST TIME I TRAVELLED OU
IN THE RAIN AND SNO-OW IN THE RAIN AND SNOW
I DIDN'T HAVE NO PARROW NOR EVEN NO PLACE TO GO

A-AND MY DEAR MOTHER LEFT ME WHEN
I WA-AS QUITE YOU-OUNG WHEN I WAS QUITE YOUNG
A-AND MY DEAR MOTHER LEFT ME WHEN
I WA-AS QUITE YOU-OUNG WHEN I WAS QUITE YOUNG
SHE SAID LORD HAVE MERCY-Y...ON MY WICKED SON

HARMONICA

TA-AKE A HINT FROM ME MAMA PLEASE
DON'T YOU CRY-Y NO MO-ORE DON'T YOU CRY NO MORE
TA-AKE A HINT FROM ME MAMA PLEASE
DON'T YOU CRY-Y NO MO-ORE DON'T YOU CRY NO MORE
COS IT'S SOON ONE MORNINN'...DOWN THE ROAD I GO

BUT I AIN'T GOIN' DOWN THA-AT
LONG O-OLD LONESOME ROAD ALL BY MYSELF
BUT I AIN'T GOIN' DOWN THA-AT
LONG O-OLD LONESOME ROAD ALL BY MYSELF
I CAN'T CARRY YOU BABY GONNA CARRY SOME BODY ELSE

HARMONICA