

JOHNNY CASH

AND THE TENNESSEE TWO

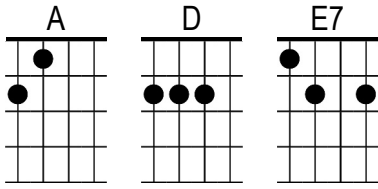


STORY SONGS OF THE TRAINS AND RIVERS

Johnny Cash Anthology

A Boy Named Sue

Johnny Cash



Intro

A |

Well, my **A** daddy left home when I was three
And he **D** didn't leave much to ma and me
Just this **E7** old guitar and an empty bottle of **A** booze
Now, | I don't blame him cause he run and hid
But the **D** meanest thing that he ever did
Was **E7** before he left, he went and named me, **A** "Sue" |

Well, he **A** must o' thought that is quite a joke
And it **D** got a lot of laughs from a' lots of folk,
E7 It seems I had to fight my whole life **A** through
Some | gal would giggle and I'd get red
And **D** some guy'd laugh and I'd bust his head,
I **E7** tell ya, life ain't easy for a boy named, **A** "Sue" |

Well, I **A** grew up quick and I grew up mean,
My **D** fist got hard and my wits got keen,
I'd **E7** roam from town to town to hide my **A** shame
But I | made me a vow to the moon and stars
That I'd **D** search the honky-tonks and bars
And **E7** kill that man who gave me that awful **A** name

Well, it was **A** Gatlinburg in mid-July
And I **D** just hit town and my throat was dry,
E7 I thought I'd stop and have myself a **A** brew
At an | old saloon on a street of mud,
D There at a table, dealing stud,
E7 Sat the dirty, mangy dog that named me, **A** "Sue"

Well, I **A** knew that snake was my own sweet dad
From a **D** worn-out picture that my mother'd had,
E7 And I knew that scar on his cheek and his evil **A** eye
He was | big and bent and gray and old,
And I **D** looked at him and my blood ran cold
And I **E7** said, "My name is 'Sue.' **A** How do you do? | Now you gonna die" | |

Well, I **A** hit him hard right between the eyes
And **D** he went down, but to my surprise,
E7 He come up with a knife and cut off a piece of my **A** ear
But I | busted a chair right across his teeth
And we **D** crashed through the wall and into the street
E7 Kickin' and a' gougin' in the mud and the blood and the **A** beer

A I tell ya, I've fought tougher men
But I **D** really can't remember when,
E7 He kicked like a mule and he bit like a croco**A**dile
I | heard him laugh and then I heard him cuss,
D He went for his gun and I pulled mine first,
E7 He stood there lookin' at me and I saw him **A** smile

And he said, "Son, **A** this world is rough
And if a **D** man's gonna make it, he's gotta be tough
E7 And I knew I wouldn't be there to help ya a **A**long
So I | give ya that name and I said goodbye
I **D** knew you'd have to get tough or die
E7 And it's the name that helped to make you **A** strong" |

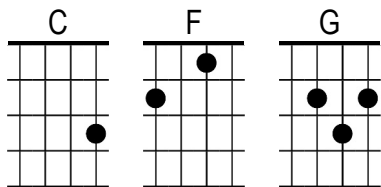
He said, **A** "Now you just fought one hell of a fight
And I **D** know you hate me, and you got the right
E7 To kill me now, and I wouldn't blame you if you **A** do
But ya | ought to thank me, before I die,
For the **D** gravel in ya guts and the spit in ya eye
E7 'Cause I'm the son-of-a-bitch that named you, **A** 'Sue'" | |

I got **A** all choked up and I threw down my gun
And I **D** called him my pa, and he called me his son,
E7 And I came away with a different point of **A** view
And I | think about him, now and then,
Every **D** time I try and every time I win,
E7↓ And if I ever have a son, I think I'm gonna name him
Bill or George, any damn thing but **A**↓ Sue

Wed Dec 11 2019 15:41:11 GMT-0500 (Eastern Standard Time) - For non-commercial educational use.

Cocaine Blues

Johnny Cash



C Early one mornin' while | makin' the rounds
I | took a shot of cocaine and I **G** shot my woman down
I | went right home and I | went to bed
I **C↓** stuck that lovin' ⁴⁴ be **nc**neath my head

C Got up next mornin' and I | grabbed that gun
| Took a shot of cocaine and a **G**way I run
| Made a good run but I | run too slow
They **C↓** overtook me down in **nc** Juarez, Mexico

C Late in the hot joints | takin' the pills
| In walked the sheriff from **G** Jericho Hill
He | said, "Willy Lee your name is | not Jack Brown"
C↓ You're the dirty hack that shot your **nc** woman down

C Said, "Yes, oh yes my name is | Willy Lee
If | you've got the warrant just a **G** read it to me
| Shot her down because she | made me slow
I **C↓** thought I was her daddy but she **nc** had five more

C When I was arrested I was | dressed in black
| They put me on a train and they **G** took me back
| Had no friend for to | go my bail
They **C↓** slapped my dried up carcass in that **nc** county jail

C Early next mornin' about a | half past nine
I | spied the sheriff comin' **G** down the line
| Talked and he coughed as he | cleared his throat
He said, **C↓** "Come on you dirty heck into that **nc** district court"

C Into the courtroom my | trial began
| Where I was handled by **G** twelve honest men
| Just before the jury | started out
I **C↓** saw the little judge commence to **nc** look about

C In about five minutes in | walked a man
| Holdin' the verdict in **G** his right hand
The | verdict read in the | first degree
I **C↓** hollered, ""Lawdy, Lawdy, have a **nc** mercy on me"

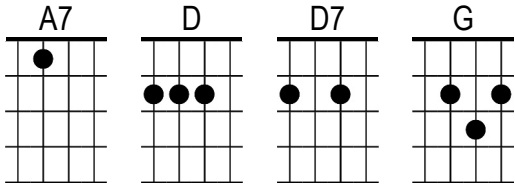
C The judge he smiled as he | picked up his pen
| 99 years in the **G** Folsom Pen
| 99 years under | neath that ground
I **C↓** can't forget the day I shot that **nc** bad bitch down

C Come on you've gotta listen **F** unto me
G Lay off that whiskey and | let that cocaine **C** be **C↓**

Sat May 09 2020 06:31:51 GMT-0400 (Eastern Daylight Time) - For non-commercial educational use.

Folsom Prison Blues

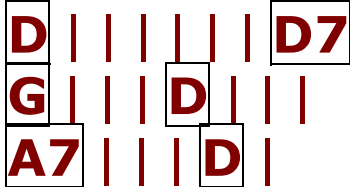
Johnny Cash



I **D** hear the train a | comin', it's | rollin' 'round the | bend and |
I ain't seen the | sunshine since | I don't know **D7** when
I'm **G** stuck at Folsom | Prison | and time keeps | draggin' **D** on | | |
But that **A7** train keeps | rollin' | on down to | San An **D**tone |

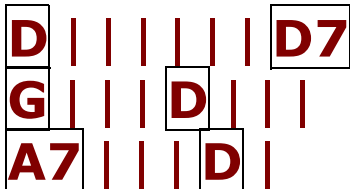
When **D** I was just a | baby my | mama told me | "Son, |
Always be a | good boy, don't | ever play with **D7** guns"
But I **G** shot a man in | Reno | just to | watch him **D** die | | |
When I **A7** hear that whistle | blowin', | I hang my | head and **D** cry |

Instrumental Verse



I **D** bet there's rich folks | eatin' in a | fancy dinin' | car
They're | prob'ly drinkin' | coffee and **D7** smokin' big ci | gars
But I **G** know I had it | comin', | I know | I can't be **D** free | | |
But those **A7** people keep a | movin', | and that's what | tortures **D** me |

Instrumental Verse

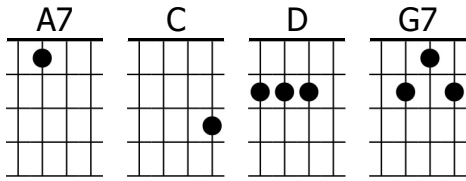


Well, if they **D** freed me from this | prison, if that | railroad train was | mine
I | bet I'd move it | on a little | farther down **D7** the line
G Far from Folsom | Prison, | that's where I | want to **D** stay | | |
And I'd **A7** let that lonesome | whistle | blow my | blues a **D** way | | | **D**↓
A7↓ **D**↓

Mon Mar 09 2020 16:18:46 GMT-0400 (Eastern Daylight Time) - For non-commercial educational use.

I Got Stripes

Johnny Cash



C |

On a **C** Monday, I was ar **G7** rested
On a | Tuesday, they locked me in the **C** jail
On a | Wednesday, my trial was at **G7** tested
On a | Thursday they said guilty as the **1/2G7** Judge's gavel **1/2C** fell

Chorus

I Got **C** stripes, stripes around my **G7** shoulders
I got | chains, chains around my **C** feet
I got | stripes, stripes around my **G7** shoulders
And them | chains, them chains, they're **1/2G7** 'bout to drag me **1/2C** down

On a **C** Monday, I got my striped **G7** britches
On a | Tuesday, I got my ball and **C** chain
On a | Wednesday, I'm workin' diggin' **G7** ditches
On a | Thursday Lord I begged 'em not to **1/2G7** knock me down a **1/2C** gain

Repeat Chorus

D

On a **D** Monday, my momma came to **A7** see me
On a | Tuesday, they caught me with a **D** file
On a | Wednesday, I'm down in soli **A7** tary
On a | Thursday Lord I start on bread and **1/2A7** water for a **1/2D** while

I Got **D** stripes, stripes around my **A7** shoulders

I got | chains, chains around my **D** feet

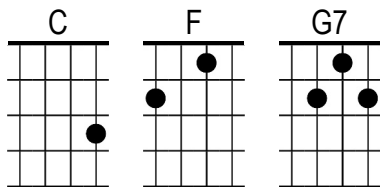
I got | stripes, stripes around my **A7** shoulders

And them | chains, them chains, they're **1/2A7** 'bout to drag me **D↓** down

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I Walk The Line

Johnny Cash



I keep a **G7** close watch on this heart of **C** mine
I keep my **G7** eyes wide open all the **C** time
I keep the **F** ends out for the tie that **C** binds
Because you're **G7** mine, I walk the **C** line

I find it **G7** very, very easy to be **C** true
I find my **G7** self alone when each day is **C** through
Yes, I'll ad**F**mit that I'm a fool for **C** you
Because you're **G7** mine, I walk the **C** line

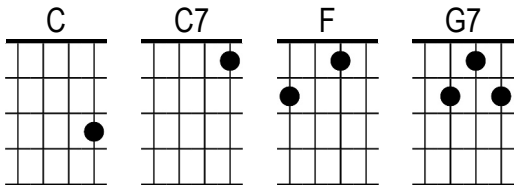
As sure as **G7** night is dark and day is **C** light
I keep you **G7** on my mind both day and **C** night
And happi**F**ness I've known proves that it's **C** right
Because you're **G7** mine, I walk the **C** line

You've got a **G7** way to keep me on your **C** side
You give me **G7** 'cause for love that I can't **C** hide
For you I **F** know I'd even try to turn the **C** tide
Because you're **G7** mine, I walk the **C** line

I keep a **G7** close watch on this heart of **C** mine
I keep my **G7** eyes wide open all the **C** time
I keep the **F** ends out for the tie that **C** binds
Because you're **G7** mine, I walk the **C** line **G7** **C**↓

Jackson

Johnny Cash & June Carter



C We got married in a | fever, | hotter than a pepper | sprout, |
We've been talkin' 'bout | Jackson, **C7** ever since the fire went | out
I'm goin' to **F** Jackson, | I'm gonna mess a **C**round, |
Yeah, I'm goin' to **F** Jackson, **G7** look out Jackson **C** town

Well, **C** go on down to | Jackson; | go ahead and wreck your | health
Go | play your hand your | big-talkin' man, make a **C7** big fool of your |self,
Yeah, go to **F** Jackson; | go comb your **C** hair |
Honey, I'm gonna snowball **F** Jackson, **G7** see if I **C** care

When **C** I breeze into that | city, | people gonna stoop and | bow |
All them women gonna | make me, **C7** teach 'em what they don't know | how,
I'm goin' to **F** Jackson, | you turn a-loose-a my **C** coat |
'Cause I'm goin' to **F** Jackson, **G7** "Goodbye," that's all she **C** wrote

But they'll **C** laugh at you in | Jackson, and I'll be | dancin' on a pony | keg
They'll | lead you 'round town like a | scalded hound, with your **C7** tail tucked
between your | legs,
Yeah, go to **F** Jackson, | you big-talkin' **C** man |
And I'll be waitin' in **F** Jackson, **G7** behind my Jaypan **C** fan, |

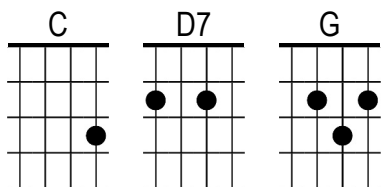
Well now, **C** we got married in a | fever, | hotter than a pepper | sprout, |
We've been talkin' 'bout | Jackson, **C7** ever since the fire went | out
I'm goin' to **F** Jackson, | and that's a **C** fact |
Yeah, we're goin' to **F** Jackson, **G7** ain't never comin' **C** back |

Well, **C** we got married in a | fever, | hotter than a pepper | sprout,
And | we've been talkin' 'bout | Jackson, **C7** ever since the fire went | out
I'm goin' to **F** Jackson, | I'm gonna mess a **C**round, |
Yeah, I'm goin' to **F** Jackson, **G7** look out Jackson **C↓** town

Wed Dec 18 2019 05:39:08 GMT-0500 (Eastern Standard Time) - For non-commercial educational use.

Ring of Fire

Johnny Cash



Intro

G **1/2C** **G** | | **1/2D7** **G** |

G Love **1/2G** is a **1/2C** burning **G** thing **1/2C** **G** |
And it | makes **1/2G** a **1/2D7** fiery **G** ring **1/2D** **G** |
| Bound **1/2G** by **1/2C** wild **G** desires **1/2C** **G** |
| I fell into a **1/2D7** ring of **G** fire |

Chorus

D7 I fell | into a **C** burnin' ring of **G** fire

I went **D7** down, down, | down

And the **C** flames went **G** higher

And it | burns, burns, | burns

1/2G The **1/2C** ring of **G** fire

1/2G The **1/2D7** ring of **G** fire |

G **1/2C** **G** | | **1/2D7** **G** | x2

Repeat Chorus

The **G** taste **1/2G** of **1/2C** love is **G** sweet **1/2C** **G** |

When | hearts **1/2G** like **1/2D7** ours **G** meet **1/2D7** **G** |

| I fell for you **1/2C** like a **G** child | **1/2C** **G** |

| Oh, **1/2G** but the **1/2D7** fire went **G** wild |

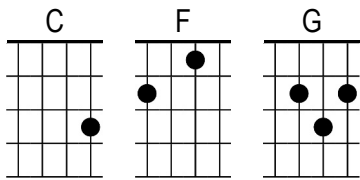
Repeat Chorus x2

And it **G** burns, burns, | burns
1/2G The **1/2C** ring of **G** fire
1/2G The **1/2D7** ring of **G** fire
1/2G The **1/2D7** ring of **G** fire
1/2G The **1/2D7** ring of **G** fire **G↓**

Sat Dec 21 2019 06:10:02 GMT-0500 (Eastern Standard Time) - For non-commercial educational use.

Sam Hall

Johnny Cash



C | |

Well, my C name it is Sam Hall, Sam | Hall
Yes, my | name it is Sam Hall, it is Sam G Hall
My C name it is Sam Hall an' I F hate you, one and all
An' I 1/2C hate you, one and 1/2G all, "Damn your C eyes"

I C killed a man, they said, so they | said
I | killed a man, they said, so they G said
I C killed a man, they said an' I F smashed in his head
An' I 1/2C left him layin' 1/2G dead, "Damn his C eyes"

But a-C swingin', I must go, I must | go
A-| swingin', I must go, I must G go
A-C swingin', I must go while you F critters down below
Yell up, 1/2C "Sam, I told you 1/2G so, well, damn your C eyes"

C | | G
C F 1/2C 1/2G C

I saw C Molly in the crowd, in the | crowd
I saw | Molly in the crowd, in the G crowd
I saw C Molly in the crowd an' I F hollered, right out loud
"Hey there 1/2C Molly, ain't you 1/2G proud? Damn your C eyes"

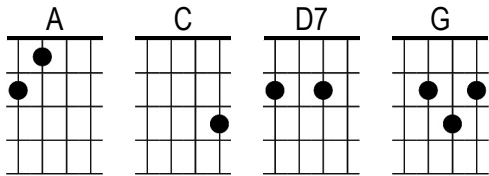
Then the **C** Sheriff, he came to, he came | to
Ah, yeah, the | Sheriff, he came to, he came **G** to
The **C** Sheriff, he come to an he **F** said, "Sam, how are you?"
An I **1/2C** said, "Well, Sheriff, how are **1/2G** you. Damn your **C** eyes"

My **C** name is Samuel, Samu|el
My | name is Samuel, Samu**G**el
My **C** name is Samuel, an' I'll **F** see you all in hell
An' I'll **1/2C** see you all in **1/2G** hell. Damn your **1/2C** eyes" **C↓**

Thu Jun 18 2020 06:59:19 GMT-0400 (Eastern Daylight Time) - For non-commercial educational use.

Streets Of Laredo (aka."Cowboy's Lament")

Johnny Cash



G | | | |

As **G** I walked **D7** out on the **G** streets of La **D7**redo
As **G** I walked **C** out on La **G**redo one **D7** day
I **G** spied a young **D7** cowboy all **G** wrapped in white **D7** linen
G Wrapped in white **C** linen as **D7** cold as the **G** clay |

"I can **G** see by your **D7** outfit that **G** you are a **D7** cowboy"
These **G** words he did **C** say as I **G** boldly walked **D7** by
"Come and **G** sit down be **D7**side me and **G** hear my sad **D7** story
I'm **G** shot in the **C** breast and I **D7** know I must **G** die" | | | |

"It was **G** once in the **D7** saddle, I **G** used to go **D7** dashing
G Once in the **C** saddle, I **G** used to go **D7** gay
G First to the **D7** card-house and **G** then down to **D7** Rose's
But I'm **G** shot in the **C** breast and I'm **D7** dyin' to **G**day |

Get **G** six jolly **D7** cowboys to **G** carry my **D7** coffin
G Six dance-hall **C** maidens to **G** bear up my **D7** pall
Throw **G** bunches of **D7** roses all **G** over my **D7** coffin
G Roses to **C** deaden the **D7** clods as they **G** fall" |

"Then **G** beat the drum | slowly, **C** play the fife | lowly
G Play the dead | march as you **A** carry me a **D7** long
Take me **G** to the green | valley, **C** lay the sod | o'er me
G I'm a young | cowboy and I **D7** know I've done **G** wrong" | | |

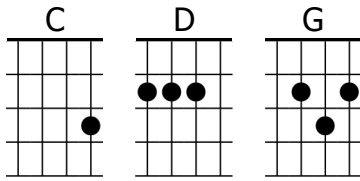
"Then **G** go write a **D7** letter to **G** my grey-haired **D7** mother
And **G** tell her the **C** cowboy that **G** she loved has **D7** gone
But **G** please not one **D7** word of the **G** man who had **D7** killed me
Don't **G** mention his **C** name and his **D7** name will pass **G** on" | | |

When **G** thus he had **D7** spoken, the **G** hot sun was **D7** setting
The **G** streets of La **C**redo grew **G** cold as the **D7** day
We **G** took the young **D7** cowboy down **G** to the green **D7** valley
And **G** there stands his **C** marker we **D7** made to this **G** day |

We **G** beat the drum | slowly, **C** play the Fife | lowly
G Play the dead | march as we **A** carried him a **D7** long
Down **G** in the green | valley, **C** lay the sod | o'er him
G He was a young | cowboy and he **D7** said he'd done **G** wrong

Wreck Of The Old 97

Johnny Cash



G |

Well, they **G** gave him his orders at **C** Monroe, Virginia
Sayin' **G** Steve you're way behind **D** time
This is **G** not Thirty-Eight, this is **C** Old Ninety-Seven
You must **1/2G** put her into **1/2D** Spencer on **G** time

Then he **G** turned around and said to his **C** black greasy fireman
G Shovel on a little more **D** coal
And **G** when we cross that **C** wide oak mountain
1/2G Watch Old Ninety-**1/2D** Seven **G** roll

G C G D
G C 1/2G 1/2D G

But it's a **G** mighty rough road from **C** Lynchburg to Danville
On a **G** line with a three mile **D** grade
It was **G** on that grade that he **C** lost his air brakes
1/2G See what a **1/2D** jump he **G** made

He was **G** goin' down the grade makin' **C** ninety miles an hour
His **G** whistle broke into a **D** scream
He was **G** found in the wreck with his **C** hand on the throttle
A-**1/2G** scalded to **1/2D** death by the **G** steam

G C G D
G C 1/2G 1/2D G

Then a **G** telegram come to **C** Washington Station
And **G** this is how it **D** read
Well, that **G** brave engineer that **C** run Old Ninety-Seven
He's a-**1/2G** lyin' in ol' **1/2D** Danville **G** dead

So now, **G** all you ladies you **C** better take a warnin'
From **G** this time on and **D** learn
Never **G** speak harsh words to your **C** true lovin' husband
He may **1/2G** leave you and **1/2D** never re**G**turn

1/2G **1/2D** **G↓**

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