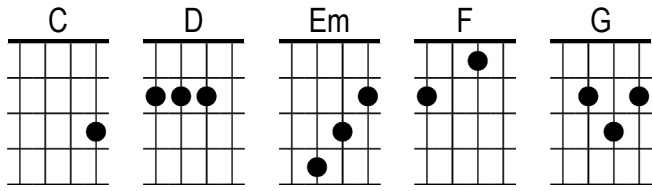


Travelin' Soldier

Dixie Chicks



G Two days **G** past eighteen he was **G** waitin' for the bus in his **G** army greens,

Sat **C** down in a booth in a **C** café there, gave his **G** order to a girl with a **G** bow in her hair

G He's a little shy, so she **G** give him a smile, and he **G** said, "Would you mind sittin' **G** down for a while,

And **C** talkin' to me, I'm **C** feelin' a little **G** low" **G**

She said, "I'm **F** off in an hour, and I **C** know where we can **G** go" **G** **G**

G

So they **G** went down and they | sat on the pier,

He said, "I | bet you got a boyfriend, but | I don't care,

I **C** got no one | to send a letter **G** to |

Would you **F** mind, if I sent **C** one back here to **G** you?" |

Chorus

Em I **D** cried, **C** never gonna hold the | hand of another guy, **G** too young for | him they told her,

D Waitin' for the love of the | travelin' soldier

Em Our love will | never end, **C** waitin' for the soldier to | come back again,

G Never more to | be alone when the **D** letter says, my | soldier's comin' **G**

home | | |

So the **G** letters came from an **G** army camp in **G** California, then **G** Vietnam,
 And he **C** told her of his heart and it **C** might be love, and **G** all of the things he was **G** so scared of
 He **G** said, "When it's getting kinda **G** rough over here, I **G** think of that day sitting **G** down at the pier
 And I **C** close my eyes and **C** see your pretty **G** smile **G**
 Don't **F** worry, but I won't be **C** able to write for a **G** while" **G**

Repeat Chorus

G | **C** |
G | | | | | **C** |
G | **F** **C** **G** | | |

One **G** Friday night at a **G** football game, the **G** Lord's Prayer said and the **G** anthem sung,
 A **C** man said, "Folks would you **C** bow your head for the **G** list of local **G** Vietnam dead"

G | | Cryin' all alone | under the stands was the | piccolo player in the | marching band,
 And **C** one name read and | nobody really **G** cared, |
 But a **F** pretty little girl **C** with a bow in her **G** hair |

Em I **D** cried, **C** never gonna hold the | hand of another guy, **G** too young for | him they told her,
D Waitin' for the love of the | travelin' soldier
Em Our love will | never end, **C** waitin' for the soldier to | come back again,
G Never more to | be alone when the **D** letter says, my | soldier's comin'

Repeat Chorus **G**