Georgia Blood-Marty Robbins

```
C
I step across the railroad track
                                      F
Climb a fence and walk out through a field
    G7
And for a while I breath fresh air
                                        C
And feel that sun I can't believe it's real


For eighteen months I've been locked up
                                  F
Iron bars is all that I could see
  G7
I ran away from prison
                                      C
I've been in the Nashville penitentiary

  F
I came up here from Georgia
                                    C
Everyone said I had talent I could write

Nashville's where the money is
                                   G7
They all said my songs are out of sight

   C
So I caught a bus in Waycross
                                   F
I enjoyed the ride a quiet winter night
     G7
Head straight to 16th avenue to show
                                  C
The kind of songs that I could write


Well the first door that I opened
                                        F
Was a wrong one and it's kinda like a dream
  G7
I met a music man that shook my hand
                                  C
And said we both make quite a team


He handed me a contract
                                   F
With a lot of words I didn't understand
    G7
But he told me not to worry
                                          C
I could trust him cause he was an honest man

   F
He told me I should get a job
                                      C
So I hired on in a restaurant here in town

Wasn't very long till I heard
                                  G7
Some of my songs being played around

    C
But he told me they weren't selling
                                        F
Though a ballad I wrote went to number one
   G7
He said keep on writing keep your job
                                 C
And bring me songs that you have done


I kept my job kept writing
                                        F
```

For personal educational purposes only

Cause I really thought I'd find that pot of gold
    G7
But the story that I'm telling
                                C
Is a story that's been told and retold

He said he spent the money
                                          F
I had made from promoting songs he really tried
   G7
It got so I could never see him
                                  C
When he saw me coming he would hide

  F
I waited for my money why it never came
                 C
I couldn't understand

Till one day I saw him in a car
                                   G7
That must have cost at least ten grand

     C
Then finally I caught him
                                        F
And he said I'm sorry kid you've had bad luck
   G7
He said go back to Georgia
                                      C
Then he laughed and handed me a hundred bucks

I took the hundred dollars
                                           F
And in a flash a thought was burning in my mind
  G7
I had a big surprise for him
                                        C
And he'd regret he stole songs that were mine

My temper flared and I told myself
                                F
An hour from now he wouldn't be alive
     G7
Then I ran to a pawn shop
                                  C
Where I bought an automatic forty-five

   F
My temper got the best of me
                                C
For a while there was no guiding star

There was no one to talk to
                                     G7
So I walked back and I waited by his car

   C
It wasn't very long until I saw
                              F
Him walking to the parking lot
     G7
Then I stepped out beside him and I said
                                  C
Would you look here see what I've got

His face was white as powder
                                        F
And he dropped the cigarette he tried to light
   G7
He said don't pull that trigger
                                         C
Lord have mercy please don't kill me here tonight

Music resources from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

For personal educational purposes only

I'll give you all your money
                                    F
If you'll wait until tomorrow then you'll see
    G7
But a Georgia boy don't like a thief
                                  C
There was too much Georgia blood in me

   F
So I pulled the trigger
                                      C
And the bullet hit him squarely in the chest

Then I shot him one more time
                                  G7
For every button sewed upon his vest

   C
It was then and only then I realized
                              F
The awful wrong that I had done
   G7
In disbelief I stood there until somebody
                               C
Walked up and they took the gun

  F
I wish I'd never wrote a song
                              C
Or ever heard of Nashville Tennessee

I wish that I were home in Georgia
                                 G7
But I guess that I will never be

  C
I wish I could stay here
                              F
In this field so fresh and green
    G7
But better yet I wish that I could
                             C
Wake and find this just a dream

For personal educational purposes only