

**Gone Country**  
**Alan Jackson**

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Alan Jackson

[Intro]

	<b>G#</b>	<b>Eb</b>	<b>C#</b>	repeatx4
e	-----3-----			
B	-----3-----3-----3-----			
G	-----0-----2-----			
D	-----0^2-----0-----			
A	-----2-----2--3-----3-----			
E	-----3-----3-----			

[Verse 1]

	<b>G#</b>	<b>C#</b>	<b>Eb</b>	(riff)
She s	been playing that room on the strip for ten years in Vegas			
	<b>G#</b>	<b>C#</b>	<b>Eb</b>	(riff)
Every	night she looks in the mirror but she only ages			
	<b>G#</b>	<b>C#</b>	<b>Eb</b>	
She s	been reading bout Nashville and all the records that everybody s			
	(riff)			
buying				
	<b>G#</b>	<b>C#</b>	<b>Eb</b>	(riff)
Say s	I m a simple girl myself grew up on Long Island			
	<b>Fm</b>	<b>Eb</b>		
So	she packs her bags to try her hand			
	<b>Fm</b>	<b>Eb</b>		
Says	this might be my last chance			

[Chorus]

	<b>G#</b>	<b>C#</b>	<b>Eb</b>
She s	gone country, look at them boots		
	<b>G#</b>	<b>C#</b>	<b>Eb</b>
She s	gone country, back to her roots		
	<b>G#</b>	<b>C#</b>	<b>Eb</b>
She s	gone country, a new kind of suit		
	Em	NC	
She s	gone country, here she comes		

[Verse 2]

(Riff x 2)

	<b>G#</b>	<b>C#</b>	<b>Eb</b>	(riff)
Well	the folk scene s dead, but he s holding out in the village			
	<b>G#</b>	<b>C#</b>	<b>Eb</b>	(riff)
He s	been writing songs, speaking out against wealth and privilege			
	<b>G#</b>	<b>C#</b>	<b>Eb</b>	
(riff)				
He	says I don t believe in money, but a man could make him a killin			

**G#** **C#** **Eb** (riff)  
Cause some of that stuff don t sound much different than Dylan

**Fm** **Eb**  
I hear down there its changed you see

**Fm** **Eb**  
They re not as backwards as they used to be

[Chorus]

**G#** **C#** **Eb**  
He s gone country, look at them boots

**G#** **C#** **Eb**  
He s gone country, back to his roots

**G#** **C#** **Eb**  
He s gone country, a new kind of suit  
**Em** **NC**

He s gone country, here he comes

[Verse 3]

(Riff x 4)

**G#** **C#** **Eb** (riff)  
He commutes to L.A., but he s got a house in the valley

**G#** **C#** **Eb**  
(riff)

But the bills are piling up and the pop scene just ain t on a rally

**G#** **C#** **Eb**  
And he says honey I m a serious composer schooled in voice and  
(Riff)

composition

**G#** **C#** **Eb**  
But with the crime and the smog these days this ain t no place for  
(Riff)

children

**Fm** **Eb**  
Lord it sounds so easy, this shouldn t take long

**Fm** **Eb**  
Be back in the money in no time at all

[Chorus]

**G#** **C#** **Eb**  
He s gone country, look at them boots

**G#** **C#** **Eb**  
He s gone country, back to his roots

**G#** **C#** **Eb**  
He s gone country, a new kind of suit  
**Em** **NC**

He s gone country, here he comes

[Outro]

(Riff x 2)

**G#** **C#** **Eb**  
Yeah he s gone country, a new kind of walk

**G#** **C#** **Eb**  
He s gone country, a new kind of talk

	<b>G#</b>	<b>C#</b>	<b>Eb</b>	
He s gone country, look at them boots				
	<b>G#</b>	<b>C#</b>	<b>Eb</b>	
He s gone country, aw back to his roots				
	<b>G#</b>	<b>C#</b>	<b>Eb</b>	
He s gone country				
	<b>G#</b>	<b>C#</b>	<b>Eb</b>	
He s gone country			everybody s	
	<b>G#</b>	<b>C#</b>	<b>Eb</b>	
Gone country			yeah we ve gone	
<b>G#</b>	<b>C#</b>	<b>Eb</b>		
Country		the whole world s		
<b>G#</b>		<b>C#</b>		<b>Eb</b>
Gone country				
<b>G#</b>		<b>C#</b>		<b>Eb</b>
<b>G#</b>		<b>C#</b>		<b>Eb</b>
We gone				
<b>G#</b>		<b>C#</b>		<b>Eb</b>
and fade...				