

Bonita And Bill Butler
Alison Krauss

Sat down the other evening to tried and work this out, i love this song so much
and hope this helps you learn this great song

B7

E-----
B-----
G--2-----
D--1-----
A--2-----
E--0-----

on the G chord, do this as well.

E-3-----3---
B-3-----2---
G-0-----0---
D-0-----0---
A-2-----2---
E-3-----2h3---

Intro: Em, D, A, C, D, Em

Em **D** **A**
I grew up in the scantling yards of Wheeling West Virginia
C **D** **Em**
A wheelhouse cub looking for an open door
Em **D** **A**
In the packet ways a Sweeney wed the keel of my Bonita
C **D** **Em**
Just two months from her timbers til she moored
Em **D** **A**
I paid the fare in billet on her maiden voyage to Vicksburg
C **D** **Em**
And talked my way to hand the tiller on the course
Em **D** **A**
In her planks I carved a notch and sealed the vow "Be my Bonita"
C **D** **Em**
And her dowry was my life between the shores

Chorus

Em **D** **C** **G**
I was born with rouging ways, and she steered me like a woman
C **B7**
From the port calls and the bawds that lead me stray
Em **D** **C** **G**
The calliope serenades, made the old towns come running

C **B7**
 And the boys would gamble shards to pull her chains
C **D** **Em**
 The strikers' boast would fain me loss, about the wrecks the shoals were
A
 keeping
C **D** **Em**
 And how the old girls got poor Billy's ransom saved

Em, D, A, C, D, Em x2

Em **D** **A**
 On the lake at Bistineau, she set the wharf at Dixie
C **D** **Em**
 With a thousand bales of cotton on her main
Em **D** **A**
 As the great raft disappeared, the watermark went sinking
C **D** **Em**
 And she was stuck right hard, a listing on the bank
Em **D** **A**
 With the furnace still a blaze, I stood my last upon her
C **D** **Em**
 Then climbed the prow and took a landsman's trade
Em **D** **A**
 "A derelict now Milady" said the watch log I've concorded
C **D** **Em**
 "Have the bosun sound us eight bells for the change"

Chorus:

Em **D** **C** **G**
 I was born with rouging ways, and she steered me like a woman
C **B7**
 From the port calls and the bawds that lead me stray
Em **D** **C** **G**
 The calliope serenades, made the old towns come running
C **B7**
 And the boys would gamble shards to pull her chains
Em **D** **C** **G**
 And I would take to wider walks, so the gin I stopped a drinking
C **B7**
 At three scores aloft this crooked frame
C **D** **Em**
 The strikers' boast would fain me loss, about the wrecks the shoals were
A
 keeping
C **D** **Em**
 And how the old girls got poor Billy's ransom saved

Outro: Em, D, A, C, D, Em x2