

Big Doins

Davis Raines

Big Doinsâ€™ In a Small Town

Davis Raines

(Intro) **F** **C** **G** **F** **G** **C** **F** **C** **G** **F** **G** **C**

F **D** **G** **F** **G** **C** **F** **G** **C**

Gary Dale ainâ€™t right itâ€™s like his mind s on hold.

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

Heâ€™s still a little kid, Heâ€™s thirty two years old.

F **G** **C**

And he lives there at the fruit stand that his people run.

F **G** **C**

Wears his white cowboy hat and little toy guns.

F **F** **F** **G**

And tells folks heâ€™s the sheriff, now fate has found him making rounds

Dm **G** **Am**

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Mr. James Lee Jones, he is a desperate man.

Heâ€™s all hopped up on speed, heâ€™s on the prowl again.

He left the racetrack station half an hour ago.

He drove off without paying â€˜cause heâ€™s low down broke.

He was jumpy, kinda nervous, and now no better actor could be found.

For Big doinsâ€™ in a small town

[instrumental bridge] **Dm** **G** **Am**

Drivinâ€™ thirty miles down the interstate,

James takes the Prattville ramp, he thinks heâ€™ll sit and wait.

So he pulls into the fruit stand amongst some other cars.

His mind is racing crazy as he starts to park.

When he sees the armed man coming and everything just starts to slow down.

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Gary Dale walks up just like he always does.

He shows the man his badge, he shows the man his guns.

Then he reaches for his pistols in the parking lot.

James takes his twenty five and he fires a shot.

He kills Gary Dale, and now James Lee Jones lifeâ€™s just come unwound

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[instrumental break-complete verse]

They sent James away down to the Draper farm.

The cityâ€™s mighty glad he canâ€™t do no more harm.

Too bad about the idiot boy, what was his name.

And his poor Mom and Daddy, Lord what a shame
The funeralâ€™s nice, the trial was nice and long,
and for a while it was the talk for miles around.
Big doinsâ€™ in a small town.
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