

Boom Gone Bust
James Keelaghan

So I haven't been able to find any chords for this song I thought I'd submit something for the people looking for it. Unfortunately he plays the song with a capo on the 2nd fret which I currently don't have. This is how to play it without a capo though (at least as close as I can hear)

Intro
A B C# D E

A
My Dad started east some time in the thirties

B C# D E

With the On-To-Ottawa men

A
He'd enough of the camps and the dole and the handouts

B C# D E

He wanted to work and to tie the loose ends

Asus2

He drifted from factory to foundry to flop-house

B C# D E

The war sorted out what mere men could not

A
In Sudbury's forges he worked like a mad-man

B C# D E

Those years lost to hunger, Dad never forgot

A
I headed west when I had turned twenty

B C# D E

When the factories and foundries had closed

A
And in my mind's eye I thought I might settle

B C# D E

Out here where my father was raised and was born

Asus2

I worked as a jug-hound a rough-neck a bouncer

B C# D E

I worked where I wanted and I drew damn good pay

A
Saw no end to our luck and so we just pushed it

B C# D E

But O.P.E.C. and mortgages ate it away

D E

Now the boom s gone to bust

A **D**

And we re down on the dole boys

B **C#** **D** **E**

No treasure laid up, for family and friends

D **E** **A** **E**

It s pull up stakes now or pull up stakes later

B **C#** **D** **E**

For labouring men the road never ends

Now it seems to me somehow this nation of migrants

From father to daughter, from mother to son

Must constantly shift from the east of the west

Til we run out of work or of places to run

Gone now the days when you lived where your parents

And your parents before them were bred and were born

We must go where the work is to live any life boys

Bend like the willow to weather the storm

Now the boom s gone to bust

And we re down on the dole boys

No treasure laid up, for family and friends

It s pull up stakes now or pull up stakes later

For labouring men the road never ends

Yes the boom s gone to bust

And we re down on the dole boys

For labouring men the road never ends