

Henry

New Riders of the Purple Sage

Here s your song, and by the way, I aint no hick, I m a Bull rider

Verse 1:

G **F** **G**
Every year along about this time it all goes dry
F **G**
Nothin that for love or money that ll get you high
C **G**
Henry got pissed off and said he d run to Mexico
F **G**
See if he could come back haulin twenty keys of gold

Verse 2:

Now the road to Acapulco is very hard indeed
And it isn t any better if you haven t any weed
Henry s drivin hard and straight on twisted mountain roads
Fifty people waitin back at home for Henry s load

Chorus:

D **C** **G**
And now he s rollin down the mountain goin fast, fast, fast
D **C** **G**
And if he blows it this one s gonna be his last
C **G**
Come to Acapulco, return the golden keys
C **G** **F** **G**
Henry keep your brakes on for this corner if you please

Verse 3:

Henry got to Mexico and turned his truck around
He s talkin with the man who has it growin from the ground
Henry tasted, he got wasted, couldn t even see
How he s gonna drive like that is not too clear to me

Chorus

Verse 4:

Sunday afternoon Tijuana is a lovely town
The bullfights bring the tourists and their money flowin down
The border guards are much too busy there at five o clock
Henry s truckin right on through, he hardly even stopped

Chorus