Where Theres A Road
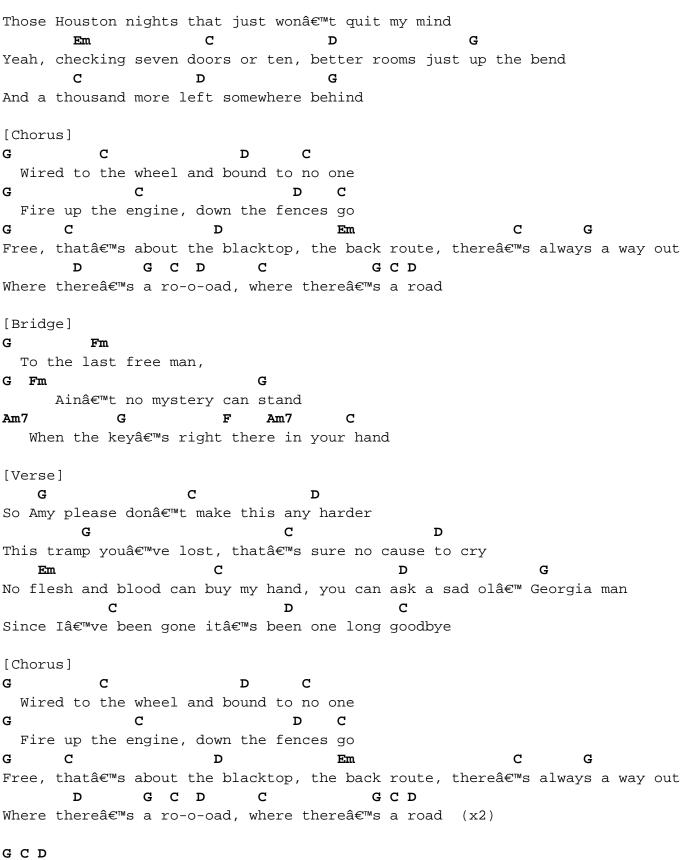**Sam Bush**

Where There's A Road- Sam Bush

[Intro]
G C D x2

[Verse]
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     G              C            D
Jeff Davis was no county line to my daddy
     G              C            D
More like a wall he could not see beyond
        Em              C            D          G
Yeah, to me that farm was just a jail and the day I hit sixteen I bailed
       C              D         G
Shook off the Georgia dust and I was gone
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[Bridge]
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G        Fm
  To the wild unknown,
G  Fm                                  G
     Where no light to guide me shown
Am7          G         F    Am7       C
  And the wheels had ideas of their own
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[Verse]
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       G              C            D
Three bakes joined the ride at a Joplin pawnshop
       G              C            D
And a hard core band somewhere round Santa Fe
   Em              C              D                 G
A club to wreck and a town to burn, not a cent to waste, no rock unturned
 C              D         G
Days like those you've got to throw away
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[Chorus]
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G        C              D     C
  Wired to the wheel and bound to no one
G            C              D    C
  Fire up the engine, down the fences go
G     C          D              Em                 C       G
Free, that's about the blacktop, the back route, there's always a way out
        D       G C D     C           G C D
Where there's a ro-o-oad, where there's a road
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[Verse]
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       G              C            D
That Portland week I can't seem to remember
       G              C                   D
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Those Houston nights that just won’t quit my mind
        Em   C   D   G
Yeah, checking seven doors or ten, better rooms just up the bend
       C   D   G
And a thousand more left somewhere behind

[Chorus]
G   C   D   C
  Wired to the wheel and bound to no one
G   C   D   C
  Fire up the engine, down the fences go
G   C   D   Em   C   G
Free, that’s about the blacktop, the back route, there’s always a way out
        D   G C D   C   G C D
Where there’s a ro-o-oad, where there’s a road

[Bridge]
G   Fm
  To the last free man,
G Fm   G
     Ain’t no mystery can stand
Am7   G   F   Am7   C
   When the key’s right there in your hand

[Verse]
    G   C   D
So Amy please don’t make this any harder
        G   C   D
This tramp you’ve lost, that’s sure no cause to cry
    Em   C   D   G
No flesh and blood can buy my hand, you can ask a sad ol’ Georgia man
          C   D   C
Since I’ve been gone it’s been one long goodbye

[Chorus]
G   C   D   C
  Wired to the wheel and bound to no one
G   C   D   C
  Fire up the engine, down the fences go
G   C   D   Em   C   G
Free, that’s about the blacktop, the back route, there’s always a way out
        D   G C D   C   G C D
Where there’s a ro-o-oad, where there’s a road (x2)

G C D
Instrumental to end