

Gunja Din  
The Byrds

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#  
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #  
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #  
#-----#  
#

From RICKL1@IX.NETCOM.COM Sun Apr 27 11:36:27 1997  
Date: Wed, 19 Mar 1997 02:17:06 GMT  
From: RICKL1@IX.NETCOM.COM  
To: guitar@olga.net  
Subject: Gunja Din      The Byrds      Chords/Words

thanks to Tom Isenhour for the words  
please post corrections

The Byrds              Gunja Din              written by Gene Parsons

[tab]C                      Csus/F              C              Csus/F  
I m writing this here letter from aboard a DC8[/tab]  
[tab]C                      Csus/F              C                      Bb F C  
Heading into Angel town I hope it s not too late[/tab]  
[tab]C                      Csus/F  
It rained in New York City[/tab]  
[tab]      C                      Csus/F  
Mr rock n roll couldn t stay[/tab]  
[tab]      C                      Csus/F  
The crowd was mad and we were had[/tab]  
[tab]C                      Bb F C  
Chasing the sun back to L.A. [/tab]  
[tab]              G                      Am              G                      Am  
Have breakfest with me mamma I hope they ll let us in[/tab]  
[tab]G                      Am                      G                      Bb F C  
Got a leather jacket on I know that it s a sin Gunga Din[/tab]  
[tab]C                      Csus/F              C                      Csus/F  
Sitting backwards on this airplane is bound to make me sick[/tab]  
[tab]C                      Csus/F  
Spend your life on a DC8[/tab]  
[tab]C                      Bb                      F                      C  
Never get to bed settle down settle down[/tab]  
[tab]C                      Csus/F                      C                      Csus/F  
Now we re over Kansas where the clouds are floating by[/tab]  
[tab]      C                      Csus/F  
The whole wide world looks back at me[/tab]  
[tab]      C                      Bb F C  
Just like a mushroom pie I wonder why[/tab]  
[tab]      G                      Am                      G                      Am

Have breakfast with me mamma I hope they ll let us in[/tab]  
 [tab]G                   Am                   G                   Bb F           C  
 Got a leather jacket on I know that it s a sin Gunja Din[/tab]

From the " The Ballad Of Easy Rider" LP Columbia Records 1969

The Byrds           Deportee           written by Woodie Guthrie/M. Hoffman

[tab]D                                   G                   D  
 The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting[/tab]  
 [tab]D                                   A                   D           D7  
 The oranges are packed in their creosote green[/tab]  
 [tab]           G                                   D  
 Your flying them back to the Mexican border[/tab]  
 [tab]                                   A7                   D  
 To spend all their money to wade back again[/tab]  
 [tab]           G                                   D                   A7                   D           D7  
 Goodbye to Juan goodbye   Roseleta   adios mis amigos Jesus and Maria[/tab]  
 [tab]           G                                   D  
 You won t have a name when you ride the big airplane[/tab]  
 [tab]                                   A7                   D  
 And all they will call you will be deportee[/tab]  
 [tab]D                                   G                   D  
 Some of us are illegal and others not wanted[/tab]  
 [tab]D                                   A                   D           D7  
 Our work contracts   out and we have to move on[/tab]  
 [tab]G                                   D  
 Six hundred miles to that Mexican border[/tab]  
 [tab]                                   A                   D  
 They chase us like outlaws like rustlers and thieves[/tab]  
 [tab] G                                   D                   A7                   D           D7  
 Goodbye to Juan goodbye   Roseleta   adios mis amigos Jesus and Maria[/tab]  
 [tab]           G                                   D  
 You won t have a name when you ride the big airplane[/tab]  
 [tab]                                   A                   D  
 And all they will call you will be deportee[/tab]  
 [tab]D                                   G                   D  
 The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos   canyon[/tab]  
 [tab]D                                   A7                   D  
 A fireball of lightning it shook   all our hills[/tab]  
 [tab]G                                   D  
 Who are all these firends who are scattered like dry leaves[/tab]  
 [tab]                                   A7                   D  
 The radio said they were just deportees[/tab]  
 [tab] G                                   D                   A7                   D           D7  
 Goodbye to Juan goodbye   Roseleta   adios mis amigos Jesus and Maria[/tab]  
 [tab]           G                                   D  
 You won t have a name when you ride the big airplane[/tab]  
 [tab]                                   A                   D  
 And all they will call you will be deportee[/tab]

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