

Don t go coming round here, Woodrow, they ll stretch you from a rope
C G C D G
And your corpse won t ever find a bar where a man can drink and smoke

Repeat Chorus

Instrumental (chorus)

C G C Em
Did you hear the screen door slam, Ma, Woodrow s gone again
G C G Em
He s writin obscene letters now, the Feds might bring him in
C G Em D
But every song he ever wrote is hangin on the breeze
C G C D G
With the laundry in the Guthrie yard full of Huntington s disease

C G C Em
So, Woodrow, rest in peace, old pal, there ain t nothin for you here
G C G Em
We re in the scrub oak country now, the land of dread an fear
C G Em D
And whitey s in the wood pile and the writing s on the wall
C G C D G
But your ring of truth still echoes down the Greystone clinic hall

Repeat Chorus

C G C Em
So here s to all outsiders, all the ones who could not fit
G C G Em
The troubadour, the prisoners, the drunken Indian
C G Em D
Ah, the circus freaks, the wounded lovers will make it through somehow
C G C D G
Ah, Mrs. Guthrie, we are ridin blind with your brown eyed baby now

Em G
Sing the truth scream it loud
C G C D G
Ah, Mrs. Guthrie, look what we done to your brown-eyed baby now
Em G
Sing the truth, scream it loud
C G C D G
Ah, Mrs. Guthrie, look what we done to your brown-eyed baby now