Acordesweb.com

Old Timer Waylon Jennings

#-----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. # #-----# # written and performed by Waylon Jennings. Verse 1: D Α I grew up in Wyoming D In and around Jackson s hole А In the shadows of the Tetons Where summers are hot D And winters unbearably cold G But the Spring and the Fall D Are always as good as it gets Α For over 70 years now D I d watch the sun rise and set Verse 2: Α I ve been a cowboy D Working the round-ups in spring Α I ve lived in the mountains Hunted the grizzly D Trapping the rivers and streams G Always the loner D I ve treasured my freedom the most Α

```
And though i never married
```

As a young man i might have come close

Verse 3: G From somewhere back east She came to the valley D With a man who did her no good G He was fast with the ladies A tin horn gambler р And a cheat whenever he could G She had no friends or family D Most of the time he was gone Α He died in a card game D And she found herself all alone Verse 4: G Alone and afraid and left unprotected D Cause he was all that she had G Maybe i should have

But i never told her D So she never knew he was bad G But i ll always remember D Standing and watching her cry A There was no one to help her D But i was determined to try

Verse 5: A I mended her fences and D

Fixed up her cabin D I had everything looking good I laid by her food And wood for the winter D Helping wherever i could G The more i was around her D The more i wanted to be Α There was something about her D That brought out a good side of me Verse 6: G I went into town, i brought a new outfit D I got me a haircut and shave I d trek through the snow For no good reason D Just to go by her cabin each day G I don t know about love D But i was quite taken in by it all А Till her brother came in the Spring D And he took her back to St. Paul Verse 7: Α I don t go down to Jackson Ain t nothing there but motels and bars А Too damn many tourists No place to hide D They ll find you wherever you are G They like to call me old timer

D

```
D
I am getting older i guess
A
But i don t like the changes
D
Cause i ve seen it all at its best
```

Verse 8:

Α When my life is over D I don t want to be left in town Α But up in the mountains There is a place D I ve marked off my own piece of ground G High in the Tetons D Above and away from it all Α From the top of old Grand I bet on a clear day - you can see D All the way to St. Paul Perret Charles-Amir : perret@diva.univ-mlv.fr