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Key: G Capo: Notes:
[Intro]
                                                                 [Verse 5]
[Verse 1]
                                                                 Well I stood on
                                                                                              the road ma
I'm goin' home,
                             sit right down
                                                                 and I cried alone,
                                                                                              all by myself
tell my,
                             tell my ma
                                                                 stood on the roadside and I cried all by myself
goin' back home, sit down and tell my ma
                                                                stood on the roadside and I cried all by myself
goin' back home, sit down and tell my ma
                                                                 and that's no way for me to get along
and that's no way for me to get along
                                                                 [Verse 6]
[Verse 2]
                                                                 Now I wish some
                                                                                              some train ma
well them low down
                             women, ma
                                                                 come take me
                                                                                              away from here
they treated your,
                             poor son wrong
                                                                 I wish some train come take me away from here
low down women, they treated your poor son wrong
                                                                 I wish some train come take me away from here
low down women, they treated your poor son wrong
                                                                 and that's no way for me to get along
and that's no way for me to get along
                                                                 [solo]
[Verse 3]
They treated my
                             my poor heart
                                                                 [Verse 7]
like it's made of
                              rock or stone
                                                                 I'm goin' home,
                                                                                              sit right down
Treated my heart like it was made of rock or stone
                                                                 tell my,
                                                                                              tell my ma
Treated my heart like it was made of rock or stone
                                                                 goin' back home, sit down and tell my ma
and that's no way for me to get along
                                                                 goin' back home, sit down and tell my ma
[solo]
                                                                 [Closing]
[Verse 4]
                                                                 and that's no way for me to get along
Well that's not enough, ma
                            To make your son
                                                                 and that's no way for me to get along
wish that
                             he's was dead and gone
nothing gonna make your poor son wished he's dead and gone
nothing gonna make your poor son wished he's dead and gone
and that's no way for me to get along
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