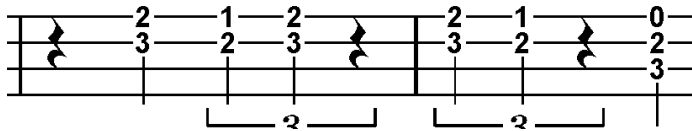


Dyin' Crapshooter's Blues



Riff x 2

Em

B7

Em

Little Jesse was a gambler, night and day, He used crooked cards and dice

B7

Em

He was a sinful guy, had no soul, Heart was hard and cold like ice

Em

B7

Em

A wild reckless gambler, won a lotta change, many gambler's heart he left in pain

B7

Em

he lost all his money, he was all alone, his heart hard and cold like stone

riff x 2

Em

B7

Em

Well the Police they come in and shot, Jesse down, (He said) boys, I got to die today

F#7

He had a gang of crapshooters by his bed side

Em

B7

Em

And these are the words he had to say:

C7

B7

C7

B7

Em

He said I guess I oughta know how I want to go

Em

B7

Em

I want 8 crapshooters for my pallbearers, let'em all be dressed in black

B7

Em

I want 9 men going to the graveyard, but only 8 men comin' back

F#7

I want a gang of gamblers gathered 'round my coffin-

Em

B7

Em

A Crooked card printed on my hearse

F#7

B7 (stop)

Don't say the crapshooters wont grieve over me, My life been a doggone curse

Em

B7

Em

Send poker players to the graveyard, dig my grave with the ace of spades

B7

Em

I want twelve policemen in my funeral march, the sheriff leads the parade

F#7

I want the judge and jury who jailed me fourteen times

Em

B7

Em

put a pair of dice in my shoes

F#7

C7

B7

Em

Let a deck of cards be my tombstone, I got the dyin' crapshooter's blues

Riff x 2

Solo

Em		B7		Em		B7	
Em		B7		Em		B7	

riff x 2

Em B7
 Sixteen real good crapshooters, sixteen bootleggers singin' songs
 Em C7 B7 Em
 Sixteen buckriders gamblin', in covered tents while I'm rollin' along

Em B7
 I wants 29 womens from the Hampton Hotel, 26 from South Bell
 Em C7 B7 Em
 22 women out of North Atlanta, sayin' Jesse didn't pass out so swell

Em(stop)
 His head was achin', his heart was thumpin'
 B7 Em
 Jesse went down bouncin' and jumpin'
 F#7
 Boys, don't be hangin' around Jesse cryin'
 B7 (stop)
 He wants everybody to do the Charleston whiles he's dyin'

Em
 One foot up, and a toenail dragging
 B7 Em
 Throw my buddy Jesse in the hoodoo wagon
 F#7
 Come here mama with that can of booze
 C7 B7 Em C7 B7 Em
 I got The dyin' crapshooter's, blues, I got the dyin' crapshooter's blues...

