

No Place Like Oregon (in the Summer Time)

Ken Zimmerman III-84

Capo 2->*D*

Chorus:

C	F	C	<i>D G D</i>
There's no place like Oregon in the summer time,			
C	F	C	<i>D G D</i>
Where the blackberries hang fat on the vine,			
G	B7	C	<i>A C#7 D G</i>
And the tall fir trees sway in the sweet Pacific breeze,			
C	G	C	<i>D A D</i>
There's no place else can set my soul at ease.			

Verse 1, same chords

Where the whitewater crashes down from the mountains,
 And the hot springs bubble up from the ground,
 I used to camp out there all summer underneath the singing trees,
 And paddle and play or just listen to the sounds.

Chorus

Verse instrumental break

Bridge

G	G7	C	<i>A A7 D</i>
Sometimes I wonder why I've wandered			
G	G7	C	<i>A A7 D</i>
So far away from everything that matters the most,			
G	B7	C	<i>A C#7 D G</i>
As I walk through the streets of some big city all alone			
C	G	C	<i>D A D</i>
With this old guitar, I feel just like a ghost.			

Verse 2

So even if I have to hop a freight train,
 Or step out on the highway and stick out my thumb,
 When this long winter ends I know you'll find me on my way
 Back up to the mountains where all this started from.

Chorus twice to end