

# Streets Of Bakersfield G

Recorded by Buck Owens

Written by Homer Joy

G C  
I came here looking for something  
D7 G  
I couldn't find anywhere else  
C  
I don't want to see nobody  
D7 G  
Just want a chance to be myself  
C  
I've spent a thousand miles of thumbing  
D7 G  
Yes I've worn blisters on my heels  
C  
Trying to find me something better  
D7 G  
Here On the streets of Bakersfield  
Chorus:

C  
You don't know me but you don't like me  
D7 G  
You say you care less how I feel

C  
How many of you that sit and judge me  
D7 G  
Ever walked the streets of Bakersfield  
Instrumental

C  
Spent some time in San Francisco  
D7 G  
I Spent a night there in the can  
C  
They threw this drunk man in my jail cell  
D7 G  
I took fifteen dollars from that man  
C  
I left him my watch and my old house keys  
D7 G  
Don't want folks thinking that I'd steal

C  
Then I thanked him as I was leavin'  
D7 G  
And headed out for Bakersfield  
Chorus X 2

C  
How many of you that sit and judge me  
D7 G  
Ever walked the streets of Bakersfield

# Streets Of Laredo

(CARLO SUTHERLE)

Intro: / C -- / G -- / Am -- / G -- /  
/ C -- / F -- / C -- / G -- /  
/ C -- / G -- / Am -- / G -- /  
/ C -- / F -- / G -- / C -- / - - - /

C F C G  
As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,

C F C G  
As I walked out in Laredo one day,

C F C G  
I spied a poor cowboy all wrapped in white linen,  
Am Dm G C (x2)

C F C G  
All wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.

C F C G  
"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy,"

C F C G  
These words he did say as I proudly stepped by.

Am Dm G C (x2)  
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,

C F C G  
I'm shot in the breast and I know I must die."

C F C G  
"Twas once in the saddle I used to go dashing,

C F C G  
Was once in the saddle I used to go gay,

Am Dm G C (x2)  
First led to drinkin', and then to card playin',

C F C G  
Got shot in the breast and I'm dying today."

C F C G  
"Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin,

C F C G  
Get six pretty gals come to carry my pall.

Am Dm G C (x2)  
Throw bunches of roses all over my coffin,

Roses to deaden the clods as they fall."

C F C G  
"Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,

C F C G  
Play the dead march as you carry me along.

C F C G  
Take me to the green valley and lay the earth o'er me,

Am Dm G C (x2)  
For I'm a poor cowboy and I know I've done wrong."

C F C G  
We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly,

C F C G  
And bitterly wept as we carried him along.

C F C G  
For we all loved our comrade, so brave young and handsome,

Am Dm G C (x2)  
We all loved our comrade although he'd done wrong.

**Repeat Intro, end on first beat of final C chord**