

The La Crosse Sessions Band

The La Crosse Sessions Band - Season 2

- 1. Can the Circle Be Unbroken?**
- 2. If I Had a Hammer**
- 3. Keep on the Sunny Side**
- 4. Central Time**
- 5. Paradise**
- 6. I'll Fly Away**
- 7. Erie Canal**
- 8. 16 Tons**
- 9. Old Man River**
- 10. Sitting on the Dock of the Bay**
- 11. I'd Rather Go Blind**
- 12. Cotton Fields**
- 13. She'll Be Coming Around the Mountain**
- 14. This Train is Bound for Glory**
- 15. Wagon Wheel**

Can the Circle Be Unbroken?

Songwriters: A.P. Carter, Ada Ruth Habershon, , Charles Hutchinson Gabriel

Fiddle intro

I was standing by my window | **G** | **G7** |
On one cold and cloudy day | **C** | **G** |
When I saw that hearse come rolling | **G** | **Em** |
For to carry my mother away | **G** **D** | **G** |

Chorus

Will the circle be unbroken | **G** | **G7** |
By and by, Lord, by and by | **C** | **G** |
There's a better home a-waiting | **G** | **Em** |
In the sky, Lord, in the sky | **G** **D** | **G** |

banjo lead

I said to that undertaker
Undertaker please drive slow
For this lady you are carrying
Lord, I hate to see her go

Chorus guitar lead

Oh, I followed close behind her
Tried to hold up and be brave
But I could not hide my sorrow
When they laid her in the grave

Chorus

I went back home Lord, my home was lonesome
Missed my mother, she was gone
All of my brothers, sisters crying
What a home so sad and lone

Chorus

Chorus (acapella) slow end

If I had a Hammer

Songwriters: Lee Hays / Pete Seeger

If I had a hammer | **G Bm | C D |**
I'd hammer in the morning | **G Bm | C D |**
I'd hammer in the evening | **G Bm |**
All over this land | C | D | | D |
I'd hammer out **danger | G | G |**
I'd hammer out a **warning | Em | Em |**
I'd hammer out **love between | C G |**
My brothers and my sisters | C G |
ah-ah - All over this land | C G | D | G Bm | C D | G Bm | C D |

If I had a bell
I'd ring it in the morning
I'd ring it in the evening - **All over this land**
I'd ring out **danger**
I'd ring out a **warning**
I'd ring out **love between**
My brothers and my sisters - ah-ah - All over this land

If I had a song
I'd sing it in the morning
I'd sing it in the evening - **All over this land**
I'd sing out **danger**
I'd sing out a **warning**
I'd sing out **love between**
My brothers and my sisters ah-ah - All over this land

I got a hammer
And I've got a bell
And I've got a song to sing
All over this land
It's the hammer of justice
It's the bell of freedom
It's the song about love between
My brothers and my sisters - All over this land
All over this land - All over this land

Keep on the Sunny Side

Songwriters: A. P. Carter

There's a dark and a troubled side of life | C F | C |
There's a bright and a sunny side too | C | G |
Though we meet with the darkness and strife | G | C |
The sunny side we also may view | G | C |

Chorus

Keep on the sunny side, always on the sunny side | C | F C |
Keep on the sunny side of life | C | G |
It will help us every day, it will brighten up the way | C | F C |
If we keep on the sunny side of life | C F C G | C |

Fiddle lead

Let us greet with a song of hope each day
Though the moments may be cloudy or fair
Let us trust that the Savior always
Will keep us every one in His care

Chorus guitar lead

Oh, the storm and it's fury broke today
Crushing hopes that I cherished so dear
Storms and clouds will in time pass away
And the sun again will shine bright and clear

Chorus accordion lead

Chorus acapella If we keep on the Sunny side of life (**slow**)

Central Time

Songwriter: Pokey LaFarge

| A D | A D | A D | E7 |

The Missouri is my right arm, the Ohio is my left | A D | x4

But I'm livin' on the Mississippi River where I like life the best | A D | x4

I don't mind the west coast, and I don't mind the east coast | D | G | D | G |

Oh, baby but I ain't gonna live on no coast (take me back) | A D | x4

Chorus:

I'm just a plain ole Midwestern boy | E7 | | E7 | D7 | D7 |

(what am I doing) **Gettin' by on Central time** | A D | A D | A D | E7 |

Some people say that the Mississippi River

is the backbone of the nation

They can say whatever they want, I won't disagree with that statement

I see people workin' hard as ever

just wondering what I can do to make their lives better (tell me)

Chorus

Bridge:

Well, I won't worry if the world don't like me | D | D |

I won't let 'em waste my time | A | A7 |

'Cause there ain't nothin' goin' to change my mind, | D | D | E | E |

I'm feelin' fine | D | D |

Gettin' by on Central time | A D | A D | A D | E7 |

guitar lead

I won't worry if the world don't like me, I won't let 'em waste my time

There ain't nothin' goin' to change my mind, I'm feelin' fine because...

1st verse - **Chorus**

Gettin' by on Central time vamp (audience singing)

horns

Paradise - John Prine

**Daddy won't you take me back to Muhlenberg County (accapella)
Down by the Green River where Paradise lay
Well, I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in asking
Mister Peabody's coal train has hauled it away**

When I was a child my family would travel | **G** | **C** **G** |
Down to Western Kentucky where my parents were born | **G** | **D** **G** |
And there's a backwards old town that's often remembered | **G** | **C** **G** |
So many times that my memories are worn | **G** | **D** **G** |

Chorus

Well, sometimes we'd travel right down the Green River
To the abandoned old prison down by Airdrie Hill
Where the air smelled like snakes and we'd shoot with our pistols
But empty pop bottles was all we would kill

Chorus

Then the coal company came with the world's largest shovel
And they tortured the timber and stripped all the land
Well, they dug for their coal till the land was forsaken
Then they wrote it all down as the progress of man

Chorus

When I die let my ashes float down the Green River
Let my soul roll on up to the Rochester dam
I'll be halfway to Heaven with Paradise waitin'
Just five miles away from wherever I am

Chorus

I'll Fly Away

Songwriter: Albert Brumley

Some bright morning when this life is over - **I'll fly away | D | D | G | D |**
To that home on God's celestial shore - **I'll fly away | D | D | D A7 | D |**

Chorus

I'll fly away, oh glory | D | D |
I'll fly away, in the morning | G | D |
When I die, Hallelujah by and by | D | D |
I'll fly away | D A7 | D |

When the shadows of this life have gone - **I'll fly away**
Like a bird from these prison walls I'll fly - **I'll fly away**

Chorus fiddle lead

Oh, how glad and happy when we meet - **I'll fly away**
No more cold iron shackles on my feet - **I'll fly away**

Chorus guitar lead

Just a few more weary days and then **I'll fly away**
To a land where joys will never end **I'll fly away**

Chorus

I'll fly away, fly away, oh glory
I'll fly away, in the morning
When I die, Hallelujah by and by
I'll fly away
I'll fly away

Erie Canal

(fiddle)

I've got a mule and her name is Sal | **Em D | G Em |**
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal | Em | D Em |
She's a good old worker and a good old pal | **Em D | G Em |**
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal | Em | D Em |
We haul'd some barges in our day | **G | D |**
Filled with lumber, coal, and hay | **Am | Em |**
We know every inch of the way | **Em D | G Em |**
From Albany to Buffalo | **Em | D Em |**

Low bridge, everybody down | G | D |
Low bridge, yeah we're coming to a town | G | D Em |
And you'll always know your neighbor | **Em D | (ooh ooh)**
And you'll always know your pal | **G Em | (ooh ooh)**
If ya ever navigated on the Erie Canal | **Em | D Em |**

Horns lick | **Em D | G Em | Em | D Em |**

We'd better look around for a job, old gal - **Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal**
You can bet your life I'll never part with Sal - **Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal**
Get up mule, here comes a lock - We'll make Rome 'bout six o'clock
One more trip and back we'll go - Right back home to Buffalo

Chorus

horns lead fiddle lead

Where would I be if I lost my pal - **Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal**
I'd like to see a mule good as my Sal - **Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal**
A friend of mine once got her sore - Now he's got a broken jaw
'Cause she let fly with an iron toe - And kicked him back to Buffalo

Chorus (If ya ever made a livin' on the Erie Canal)
Chorus (If ya ever navigated on the Erie Canal) X2

Low bridge, everybody down
Low bridge, we're coming to a town

Hooo...

- horns trumpet lead - slow horn ending

16 Tons

Songwriters: Merle Travis

horn lick - snap fingers

Some people say a man is made outta mud | **Dm C | Bb A |**
A poor man's made outta muscle and blood | **Dm C | Bb A |**
Muscle and blood and skin and bones | **Dm F | Gm Bb |**
A mind that's a-weak and a back that's strong | **Dm | A Dm |**

You load 16 tons, what do you get? | Dm C | Bb A |
Another day older and deeper in debt | Dm C | Bb A |
St. Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go | Dm F | Gm Bb |
I owe my soul to the company store | Dm | A Dm |

horn lick - snap fingers

I was born one mornin' when the sun didn't shine
I picked up my shovel and I walked to the mine
I loaded 16 tons of number nine coal
And the straw boss said, "Well, a-bless my soul"

Chorus

horn lick - snap fingers

I was born one mornin', it was drizzlin' rain
Fightin' and trouble are my middle name
I was raised in the canebrake by an ol' mama lion
Can't no high toned woman make me walk the line

Chorus

horn lick - snap fingers

If you see me comin', better step aside
A lotta men didn't, a lotta men died
One fist of iron, the other of steel
If the right one don't get you
Then the left one will

Chorus

horn lick

Old Man River

Songwriters: Jerome Kern / Oscar Hammerstein

Ol' man river - That ol' man river | **G Em | G Em |**
he must know something | **G C |**
But he don't say nothing | **G Em |**
he just **keeps on rolling** | **Am7 D |**
He **keeps on rolling** along | **Am7 D | G Em | G Em |**

He don't plant tators - He don't plant cotton
Them that plants 'em is soon forgotten
But ol' man river

Just keeps rolling along | **G C | G F# |**

You and me - We sweat and strain | **Bm Em | Bm Em |**
Body all aching - And wracked with pain | **Bm Em | Bm Em |**
Tote that barge - Lift that bale | **Bm F#7 | Bm F#7 |**
Get a little drunk - And you land in jail | **Bm F#7 | Bm Am7 | D |**

I gets weary - Yes I' am sick of trying
I'm tired of living but I'm scared of dying
But ol' man river - He **just keeps rolling** along

solo

You and me - We sweat and strain
Body all aching - And wracked with pain
Tote that barge - Lift that bale
Get a little drunk - And you land in jail

I gets weary - Yes I' am sick of trying
I'm tired of living but I'm scared of dying
But ol' man river - He **just keeps rolling** along
But ol' man river – He **just keeps rolling** along

Sitting on the Dock of the Bay

Songwriters: Otis Redding / Steve Cropper

Sittin' in the mornin' sun | **G** | **B7** |
I'll be sittin' when the evenin' comes | **C** | **A** |
Watching the ships roll in | **G** | **B7** |
Then I watch 'em roll away again, yeah | **C** | **A** |

I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay | G | E |
Watchin' the tide roll away, ooh | G | E |
I'm just sittin' on the dock of the bay | G | A |
Wastin' time | G | E |

I left my home in Georgia
Headed for the Frisco Bay
'Cause I've had nothin' to live for
It look like nothin's gonna come my way

So I'm just gon' **sittin' on the dock of the bay**
Watchin' the tide roll away, ooh
I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay, wastin' time

Look like nothin's gonna change | **G D** | **C G** |
Everything still remains the same | **G D** | **C G** |
I can't do what ten people tell me to do | **G D** | **C G** |
So I guess I'll remain the same, yes | **F** | **D** | **D** |

Sittin' here restin' my bones
And this loneliness won't leave me alone, listen
Two thousand miles, I roam
Just to make this dock my home

Chorus

I'd Rather Go Blind

Songwriters: Ellington Jordan / Billy Foster

| A | Bm |

Something told me it was over (**yeah**)
When I saw you and her talkin'
Something deep down in my soul said, 'Cry, girl' (**Cry, Cry**)
When I saw you and that girl walkin' around

Who, I would rather, I would rather go blind, boy (**ooh**)
Then to see you walk away from me, child, no

Who, so you see, I love you so much (**ooh**)
That I don't wanna watch you leave me, baby
Most of all, I just don't, I just don't wanna be free, no

Who, who, I was just, I was just, I was just (**ooh,ooh ooh**)
Sittin here thinkin', of your kiss and your warm embrace, yeah
When the reflection in the glass that I held to my lips now, baby
(**yeah,yeah**)
Revealed the tears that was on my face, yeah

Who and baby, baby, I'd rather, I'd rather be blind, boy (**baby, baby**)
Then to see you walk away, see you walk away from me, yeah
Who, baby, baby, baby, I'd rather be blind... (**baby, baby,baby**)

Cotton Fields

Songwriters: Huddie Ledbetter

horn lick | **G** | **C G** | **G D** | **G** |

When I was a little bitty baby | **G** |

My mama would rock me in the cradle | **C G** |

In them old cotton fields back home | **G** | **D** |

It was down in Louisiana | **G** |

Just about a mile from Texarkana | **C G** |

In them old cotton fields back home | **G D** | **G** |

Oh, when them cotton bolls get rotten | **C** |

You can't pick very much cotton | **G** |

In them old cotton fields back home | **G** | **D** |

It was down in Louisiana | **G** |

Just about a mile from Texarkana | **C G** |

In them old cotton fields back home | **G D** | **G** |

When I was a little bitty baby

My mama would rock me in the cradle

In them old cotton fields back home

It was down in Louisiana

Just about a mile from Texarkana

In them old cotton fields back home

Chorus

When I was a little bitty baby

My mama would rock me in the cradle

In them old cotton fields back home

It was down in Louisiana

Just about a mile from Texarkana

In them old cotton fields back home

In them old cotton fields back home

In them old cotton fields back home

She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain

She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes (toot toot) | **G** | **G** |

She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes | **G** | **D** |

She'll be coming round the mountain | **G** |

She'll be coming round the mountain | **C** |

She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes | **G** **D** | **G** |

She'll be driving six white horses when she comes (woah back)

Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes (Hi there)

We will kill the old red rooster when she comes (chop chop)

Oh, we'll all have chicken and dumplings when she comes (yum yum)

She'll be wearing red pajamas when she comes (scratch scratch)

She will have to sleep with Grandma when she comes (move over)

She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes (toot toot)

This Train is Bound for Glory

This train is bound for glory, this train | G | G |
This train is bound for glory, this train | G | D |
This train is bound for glory | G |
Don't carry nothing but the righteous and the holy | C |
This train is bound for glory, this train. | G D | G |

This train don't carry no gamblers, this train
This train don't carry no gamblers, this train
This train don't carry no gamblers,
Liars, thieves, nor big shot rambler,
This train don't carry no gamblers, this train

Chorus

This train don't carry no liars, this train
This train don't carry no liars, this train
This train don't carry no liars,
She's streamlined and a midnight flyer,
This train don't carry no liars, this train

Piano lead

This train don't carry no smokers, this train
This train don't carry no smokers, this train
This train don't carry no smokers,
Two bit liars, small time jokers,
This train don't carry no smokers, this train

Chorus

Fiddle Lead

This train don't carry no con men, this train
This train don't carry no con men, this train
This train don't carry no con men,
No wheeler dealers, here and gone men,
This train don't carry no con men, this train

Horn Lead (Chorus X2)

This train don't carry no rustlers, this train
This train don't carry no rustlers, this train
This train don't carry no rustlers,
Side street walkers, two bit hustlers,
This train don't carry no rustlers, this train

(faster)

This train was built for speed now, this train
This train was built for speed now, this train
This train was built for speed now, fastest train you ever did see now
This train was built for speed now, this train

Chorus

(slower)

This train is pulling into the station
This train is pulling into the station
This train is pulling into
Won't be long before it gets a new destination
This train....

Wagon Wheel

Songwriters: Dylan / Secor

Headin' down south to the land of the pines | G D |
I'm thumbin' my way into North Carolina | Em C |
Starin' up the road and pray to God I see headlights | G D | C |
I made it down the coast in seventeen hours | G D |
Pickin' me a bouquet of dogwood flowers | Em C |
And I'm a-hopin' for Raleigh, I can see my baby tonight | G D | C |

Chorus

So, rock me mama like a wagon wheel | G D |
Rock me mama any way you feel | Em C |
Hey... mama rock me | G D | C |
Rock me mama like the wind and the rain | G D |
Rock me mama like a southbound train | Em C |
Hey... mama rock me | G D | C |

Runnin' from the cold up in New England
I was born to be a fiddler in an old time string band
My baby plays a guitar, I pick a banjo now
Oh, north country winters keep a-gettin' me down
Lost my money playin' poker, so I had to leave town
But I ain't a-turnin' back to livin' that old life no more
Chorus

Walkin' to the south out of Roanoke
I caught a trucker out of Philly, had a nice long toke
But he's a-headin' west from the Cumberland Gap
To Johnson City, Tennessee
And I gotta get a move on before the sun
I hear my baby callin' my name and I know that she's the only one
And if I died in Raleigh, at least I will die free
Chorus