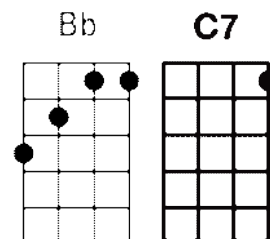
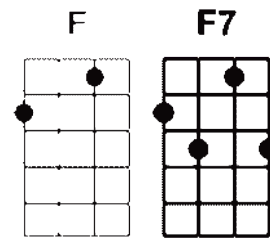


GOTTA TRAVEL ON

Recorded by Billy Grammer
Words and music by Paul Clayton

[F]I've laid around and played
around this old town too long
Summer's almost gone; [F7] Yes,
[Bb] winter's comin' [F] on
I've laid around and played around
this old town too long
And I [Bb] feel like I've [C7] gotta
travel [F] on.



[F]Papa writes to Johnny; But Johnny
can't come home
Johnny can't come home; [F7] No, [Bb] John
can't come [F]home
[F]Papa writes to Johnny; But Johnny
can't come home
'Cause he's [Bb]been on the [C7]chain gang
too [F]long.

[F]High sheriff and police; Ridin'
after me
Ridin' after me; [F7]Yes, [Bb]comin'
After [F]me
[F]High sheriff and police ridin'
after me
And I [Bb]feel like I've [C7]gotta travel [F]on.

[F]Want to see my honey; Want to see
her bad
Want to see her bad; [F7]Oh! [Bb]want to see
her [F]bad
[F]Want to see my honey; Want to see
her bad
She's the [Bb]best gal this [C7]poor boy
ever [F]had.

CHORUS and Repeat last line