## **WAIMANALO BLUES**

Words and Music by Thor Wold and Liko Martin

$\mathbf{F}$ $\mathbf{C}^7$ $\mathbf{F}$
Winds gonna blow so I'm gonna go, down on the road again.
$C^7$ $F$ $(F^7)$
Starting where the mountains left me, I'm left where I began. $B_b$
Where I will go the wind only knows, good times around the bend.
$C^7$ F $C^7$ F
Get in my car, going too far, never coming back again.
$\mathbf{F}$ $\mathbf{C}^7$ $\mathbf{F}$
Tired and worn I woke up this morn and found that I was confused. $C^7$ $F$ $(F^7)$
<b>Spun right around found I had lost, the things that I couldn't do.</b> B <sub>b</sub> F
The beaches they sell to build their hotels, my father and I once knew $C^7$ F $C^7$ F
<b>Birds all along the sunlight at dawn, singing Waimanalo Blues.</b> F
<b>Down on the road, mountains so old, far on the country side.</b> F
Birds on the wind forgetting their wild, $C^7$ $F$ $(F^7)$
<b>So I'm heading for the windward side.</b> B <sub>b</sub>
<b>And all of your dreams sometimes it just seems</b> F
That I'm just along for the ride.
Someday they'll cry because they have pride
$C^7$ F
Something they've loved has died. Palika March 2007

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