

Gotta Travel On

(Written by Paul Clayton. Recorded by Billy Grammer, 1959.)

I've **(D)** laid around and played around this old town too long
Summer's almost gone; **(D7)** Yes, **(G)** winter's comin' **(D)** on
I've laid around and played around this old town too long **(Bm)**
And I **(G)** feel like I've **(A7)** gotta travel **(D)** on.

(D) Papa writes to Johnny; But Johnny can't come home
Johnny can't come home; **(D7)** No, **(G)** Johnny can't come **(D)** home
Papa writes to Johnny; But Johnny can't come home **(Bm)**
'Cause he's **(G)** been on the **(A7)** chain gang too **(D)** long.

(chorus)

(D) High sheriff and police; Ridin' after me
Ridin' after me; **(D7)** Yes, **(G)** comin' after **(D)** me
High sheriff and police ridin' after me **(Bm)**
And I **(G)** feel like I've **(A7)** gotta travel **(D)** on.

(chorus)

(D) Want to see my honey; Want to see her bad
Want to see her bad; **(D7)** Oh! **(G)** want to see her **(D)** bad
Want to see my honey; Want to see her bad **(Bm)**
She's the **(G)** best gal this **(A7)** poor boy ever **(D)** had.

(chorus)

