

Fast As You - Dwight Yoakam

E E E E
Maybe someday I'll be strong, maybe it won't be long
A A E E
I'll be the one who's tough, you'll be the one who's got it rough
F# A E E
It won't be long and maybe I'll be real strong

Maybe I'll do things right, maybe I'll start tonight
You'll learn to cry like me, baby let's just wait and see
Maybe I'll start tonight and do things right

A A A E E
You'll control me and oh so boldly rule me 'till I'm free
 A A A B
'Till the pain that shakes me finally makes me get up off of my knees
B
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Maybe I'll be fast as you, maybe I'll break hearts too
But I think that you'll slow down when your turn to hurt comes around
Maybe I'll break hearts and be as fast as you...awwwww...

E E E E A A E E F# A E E
[guitar solo]

You'll control me and oh so boldly rule me 'till I'm free
'Til the pain that shakes me finally makes me get up off of my knees
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Maybe I'll be fast as you, maybe I'll break hearts too
But I think you'll slow down when your turn to hurt comes around
Maybe I'll break hearts and be as fast as you
Maybe I'll break hearts and be as fast as you...ahhh, s'okay (?)

Little Sister - Elvis/Yoakam

E7

Little sister, don't you

Little sister, don't you

Little sister, don't you

A

Kiss me once or twice

Then say it's very nice

E7

And then you run

B

C

Little sister, don't you do

B

E7

What your big sister done

E7

Well, I dated your big sister

And I took her to a show

I went for some candy, along came Jim Dandy

And they snuck right out the door

CHORUS

Every time I see your sister

Well, she's got somebody new

She's mean and she's evil, like that old Boll Weevil

Guess, I'll try my luck with you

CHORUS

Well, I used to pull your pigtails

And pinch your turned-up nose

But you been a growin'

And baby, it's been showin'

From your head down to your toes

CHORUS

Folsom Prison - Johnny Cash

E

I hear the train a comin' it's rollin 'round the bend

and I a'int seen the sunshine since I don't know when

A

E

I'm stuck in Folsom Prison, and time keeps draggin' on.

B7

E

But that train keeps a movin' on down to-San-An-Tone

When I was just a baby my mama told me, "Son
Always be a good boy, don't ever play with guns"
But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die
When I hear that whistle blowin' I hang my head and cry.

SOLO

I bet there's rich folks eatin from a fancy dinin car
There probly drinkin coffee and smoking big cigars
Well I know I had it comin I know I can't be free
But those people keep a movin and that's what tortures me.

SOLO

Well, if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine
I bet I'd move it all a little farther down the line
Far from Fulsom Prison, that's where I want to stay
And I'd let that lonesome whistle, blow my blues away