C#m…. E…. A….|.. E….|….

C#m…. E….

Gone are the days when the ox fall down,

B…. A….

take up the yoke and plow the fields around.

C#m…. E….

Gone are the days when the ladies said, "Please

A….|.. E….|….

Gentle Jack Jones won't you come to me."

B….|….

Brown-eyed women and red grenadine,

 A…. E.. B..

The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean.

A…. E.. C#m..

Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down,

 F#m…. A.. E….|….

And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.

C#m…. E….

1920 when he stepped to the bar,

B…. A….

Drank to the dregs of the whiskey jar.

C#m…. E….

1930 when the wall caved in,

A….|.. E….|….

He made his way selling red-eyed gin.

B….|….

Brown-eyed women and red grenadine,

 A…. E.. B..

The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean.

A…. E.. C#m..

Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down,

 F#m…. A.. E….|….

And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.

C#m…. E…. A….|.. E..

C#m…. E…. A….|.. E….|….

C#m…. E….

Delilah Jones was the mother of twins,

B…. A….

Two times over all the rest were sins.

C#m…. E….

Raised eight boys, only I turned bad

A….|.. E….|….

Didn't get the lickin's that the other ones had.

B….|….

Brown-eyed women and red grenadine,

 A…. E.. B..

The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean.

A…. E.. C#m..

Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down,

 F#m…. A.. E….|….

And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.

Bm…. A.. E..

Tumble down shack in Big Foot county.

Bm…. A.. E..

Snowed so hard that the roof caved in.

C#m.. B.. A.. G#m..

Delilah Jones went to meet her God,

 A….|.. E….|….

And the old man never was the same again.

C#m…. E….

Daddy made whiskey and he made it well.

B…. A….

Cost two dollars and it burned like hell.

C#m…. E….

I cut hick'ry just to fire the still,

 A….|.. E….|….

Drink down a bottle and you’re ready to kill.

B….|….

Brown-eyed women and red grenadine,

 A…. E.. B..

The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean.

A…. E.. C#m..

Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down,

 F#m…. A. E….|….

And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.

C#m…. E….

Gone are the days when the ox fall down,

B…. A….

take up the yoke and plow the fields around.

C#m…. E….

Gone are the days when the ladies said, "Please

A….|.. E….|….

Gentle Jack Jones won't you come to me."

B….|….

Brown-eyed women and red grenadine,

 A…. E.. B..

The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean.

A…. E.. C#m..

Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down,

 F#m…. A.. E….|….

And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.

 F#m…. A.. E. (ring)

And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.