## **DUST DOWN A COUNTRY ROAD**

A/D/A A//F#m/E/D /////E/A//D/DAE/A

Introduction

D

| A      |           |           | D         | А      |         |         |        |     |
|--------|-----------|-----------|-----------|--------|---------|---------|--------|-----|
| Could  | not get   | to sleep  | o it was  | on my  | weddin  | g night |        |     |
| F#m    |           | E         |           | D      |         | E       |        |     |
| I was  | tangled   | in the s  | sheets a  | nd I w | as drea | ming of | a liq  | ght |
| D      | E         | А         |           |        | D       |         |        |     |
| Pouri  | ng from 1 | her windo | ow comi   | ng up  | through | the flo | oor    |     |
| D      |           |           |           |        | E       |         |        |     |
| Liftin | ng up th  | e darknes | ss cras   | hing t | hrough  | my kitc | hen do | or  |
| A      |           | Ι         |           | А      |         |         |        |     |
| Down   | to that   | old oak t | table I   | went t | o take  | a look  |        |     |
|        | F#m       |           | E         |        | D       |         | E      |     |
| And my | y whole   | life pass | sed befor | re me  | just li | ke a st | ory bo | ook |
| D      |           | E         |           | А      |         | D       |        |     |
| She us | sed to m  | ake me bi | reakfast  | sit a  | round a | nd talk |        |     |
| D      |           |           |           | E      |         |         |        |     |
| Have a | anothe c  | up of cot | ffee may  | be tak | e a lit | tle wal | k      |     |
| F      | #m        | E         | Α :       | D      |         |         |        |     |
| Like   | dust dow  | n a count | try road  |        |         |         |        |     |
| D      |           |           |           | E      |         |         |        |     |
| Blowin | ng in th  | e wind be | ehind an  | old t  | ruck lo | ad      |        |     |
| F#m    |           | E         | A         | D      |         |         |        |     |
| up be: | fore the  | roster o  | crowed    |        |         |         |        |     |

E

|             |                 | ing as one aas | t down a county road |
|-------------|-----------------|----------------|----------------------|
| A           | D               | А              |                      |
| That truck  | is going some   | where I just   | can't be sure        |
| F#m         | E               | D              | E                    |
| And tomorro | ow's just a dag | y after all t  | hat's gone before    |
| D           | E               | А              | D                    |
| I always th | nought of leav  | ing I never    | could stay too long  |
| D           |                 |                | E                    |
| Now her mem | nory's catching | g up and her   | sweet dreams are all |
|             |                 |                |                      |
| (repeat cho | orus)           |                |                      |
|             |                 |                |                      |
| A           | D               | A              |                      |
| If I had a  | bullet I'd pu   | t in this gun  |                      |
| F#m         | E               | D              | E                    |
| And I'd cat | ch that old d   | og naping and  | shoot him fore he'd  |
| D           | ]               | E A            | D                    |
| Cause he ai | .n't much good  | for nothing    | cept starring at the |
| D           |                 | E              |                      |
| Lord I wond | der what he's   | looking at sn  | eaking up on us      |
|             |                 |                |                      |
| (repeat cho | orus)           |                |                      |
| . •         | •               |                |                      |
|             |                 |                |                      |
| DUST DOWN A | A COUNTRY ROAD  | JOHN HAIT      | T                    |
| DUST DOWN A | COUNTRY ROAD    | JOHN HAIT      | T                    |
|             | A COUNTRY ROAD  | JOHN HAIT      | T                    |
| A           |                 | A              |                      |

| D           | E          | A           | D            |                         |
|-------------|------------|-------------|--------------|-------------------------|
| Pouring fr  | rom her wi | ndow comi   | ng up throu  | agh the floor           |
| D           |            |             | E            |                         |
| Lifting up  | p the dark | ness cras   | shing throug | gh my kitchen door      |
| А           |            | D           | A            |                         |
| Down to the | nat old oa | ak table I  | went to tak  | ke a look               |
| F#m         |            | E           | Ι            | E                       |
| And my who  | ole life p | passed befo | ore me just  | like a story book       |
| D           | E          | 2           | А            | D                       |
| She used t  | to make me | e breakfast | sit around   | d and talk              |
| D           |            |             | E            |                         |
| Have anoth  | ne cup of  | coffee may  | ybe take a l | ittle walk              |
| F#m         | E          | А           | D            |                         |
| Dust down   | a country  | road        |              |                         |
| D           |            |             | E            |                         |
| Blowing in  | n the wind | d behind ar | old truck    | load                    |
| F#m         | E          | А           | D            |                         |
| up before   | the roste  | er crowed   |              |                         |
| D           |            | E           |              | A                       |
| There's an  | n old dog  | staring at  | the dust o   | down a county road      |
| A           |            | D           | A            |                         |
| That truc   | k is going | g somewhere | e I just car | n't be sure             |
| F#m         | E          |             | D            | E                       |
| And tomor   | row's just | a day aft   | er all that  | s's gone before         |
| D           | E          | Ξ.          | А            | D                       |
| I always t  | thought of | leaving     | I never cou  | ald stay too long       |
| D           |            |             |              | E                       |
| Now her me  | emory's ca | atching up  | and her swe  | eet dreams are all gone |

|                             | F#m         | E              | A      | D       |           |           |            |  |
|-----------------------------|-------------|----------------|--------|---------|-----------|-----------|------------|--|
|                             | Dust down a | a country road |        |         |           |           |            |  |
|                             | D           |                |        | E       |           |           |            |  |
|                             | Blowing in  | the wind behi  | nd an  | old tr  | ruck load | d         |            |  |
|                             | F#m         | E              | A      | D       |           |           |            |  |
| up before the roster crowed |             |                |        |         |           |           |            |  |
|                             | D           |                | E      |         |           | A         |            |  |
|                             | There's an  | old dog stari  | ng at  | the du  | ıst down  | a county  | road       |  |
|                             | A           | D              |        | A       |           |           |            |  |
|                             | If I had a  | bullet I'd pu  | tin    | this gu | ın        |           |            |  |
|                             | F#m         | E              | D      |         | E         |           |            |  |
|                             | And I'd cat | ch that old d  | .og na | ping an | d shoot   | him fore  | he'd run   |  |
|                             | D           |                | E      |         | A         | D         |            |  |
|                             | Cause he ai | .n't much good | for    | nothing | g cept st | tarring a | t the dust |  |
|                             | D           |                |        |         | E         |           |            |  |
|                             | Lord I wond | der what he's  | looki  | ng at s | neaking   | up on us  |            |  |