



# Don't You Push Me Down

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie



**F** **Bb** **C7**  
Well you can play with me and you can hold my hand. We can skip together  
**F** **Bb**  
Down to the Pretzel man, you can wear my mommy's shoes, put on my daddy's hat  
**C7** **F**  
You can even laugh at me, but don't you push me down

## Chorus:

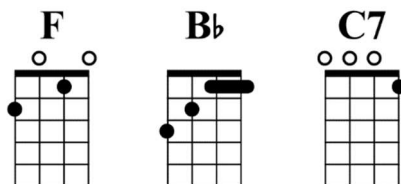
**F** **C7**  
**Don't you push me, push me, push me, don't you push me down**  
**C7** **F**  
**Don't you push me, push me, push me, don't you push me down**

**F** **Bb** **C7** **F**  
You can play with me, we can play all day, you can use my dishes, if you'll put them away  
**F** **Bb** **C7**  
You can feed me apples and oranges and plums, you can even wash my face  
**F**  
But don't you push me down

## CHORUS

**F** **Bb** **C7** **F**  
You can play with me, we can build a house, you can take my ball, and bounce it all around  
**F** **Bb** **C7**  
You can take my skates and ride them all around, you can even get mad at me  
**F**  
But don't you push me down

## CHORUS



# Going Down That Road Feeling Bad



**F** **Bb** **F**  
I'm blowin' down this old dusty road, I'm a-blowin' down this old dusty road  
**Bb** **F** **Dm** **C7** **F**  
I'm a-blowin' down this old dusty road, Lord, Lord, An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way

**F** **Bb** **F**  
I'm a-goin' where the water taste like wine, I'm a-goin' where the water taste like wine  
**Bb** **F** **Dm** **C7** **F**  
I'm a-goin' where the water taste like wine, Lord, An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way

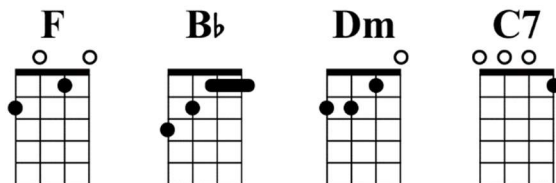
**F** **Bb** **F**  
I'm a-goin' where the dust storms never blow, I'm a-goin' where them dust storms never blow  
**Bb** **F** **Dm** **C7** **F**  
I'm a-goin' where them dust storms never blow, blow, blow, I ain't a-gonna be treated this way

**F** **Bb** **F**  
They say I'm a dust bowl refugee, yes they say I'm a dust bowl refugee  
**Bb** **F** **Dm** **C7** **F**  
They say I'm a dust bowl refugee, Lord, Lord, An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way

**F** **Bb** **F**  
I'm a-lookin' for a job at honest pay, I'm a-lookin' for a job at honest pay  
**Bb** **F** **Dm** **C7** **F**  
I'm a-lookin' for a job at honest pay, Lord, Lord, An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way

**F** **Bb** **F**  
My children need three square meals a day, Now, my children need three square meals a day  
**Bb** **F** **Dm** **C7** **F**  
My children need three square meals a day, Lord, An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way

**F** **Bb** **F**  
Your a-two-dollar shoe hurts my feet, your two-dollar shoe hurts my feet  
**Bb** **F** **Dm** **C7** **F**  
Yes, your two-dollar shoe hurts my feet, Lord, Lord, An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way





# Rambling Round Your City



A E7 A  
Ramblin' around your city, Ramblin' around your town  
D E7 A E7 A  
I never see a friend I know, as I go ramblin' 'round boys, as I go ramblin' 'round

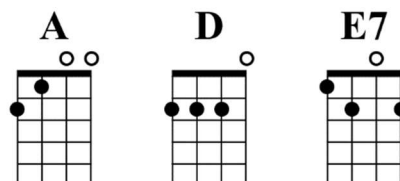
A E7 A  
My sweetheart and my parents, I left at my old hometown  
D E7 A E7 A  
I'm out to do the best I can, as I go ramblin' 'round, as I go ramblin' 'round

A E7 A  
The peach trees they are loaded, the limbs are bending down  
D E7 A E7 A  
I pick 'em all day for a dollar, as I go a ramblin' 'round boys, as I go a ramblin' 'round

A E7 A  
Sometimes the fruit gets rotten, and falls upon on the ground  
D E7 A  
There's a hungry mouth for every peach, as I go a ramblin' 'round boys  
E7 A  
As I go ramblin' 'round

A E7 A  
I wish that I could marry, so I could settle down  
D E7 A E7 A  
But I can't save a penny, as I go a ramblin' 'round boys, as I go a ramblin' 'round

A E7 A  
My mother prayed that I would be, a man of some renown  
D E7 A E7 A  
But I am just a railroad bum, as I go a ramblin' 'round boys, as I go a ramblin' 'round



# Pretty Boy Floyd

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie



If you'll gather 'round me, children,  
A story I will tell  
'Bout Pretty Boy Floyd, an outlaw,  
Oklahoma knew him well.

It was in the town of Shawnee,  
A Saturday afternoon,  
His wife beside him in his wagon  
As into town they rode.

There a deputy sheriff approached him  
In a manner rather rude,  
Vulgar words of anger,  
An' his wife she overheard.

Pretty Boy grabbed a log chain,  
And the deputy grabbed his gun;  
In the fight that followed  
He laid that deputy down.

Then he took to the trees and timber  
Along the river shore,  
Hiding on the river bottom  
And he never come back no more.

Yes, he took to the trees and timber  
To live a life of shame;  
Every crime in Oklahoma  
Was added to his name.

But a many a starvin' farmer  
The same old story told  
How the outlaw paid their mortgage  
And saved their little homes.

Others tell you 'bout a stranger  
That come to beg a meal,  
Underneath his napkin  
Left a thousand-dollar bill.

It was in Oklahoma City,  
It was on a Christmas Day,  
There was a whole car load of groceries  
Come with a note to say:

"Well, you say that I'm an outlaw,  
You say that I'm a thief.  
Here's a Christmas dinner  
For the families on relief."

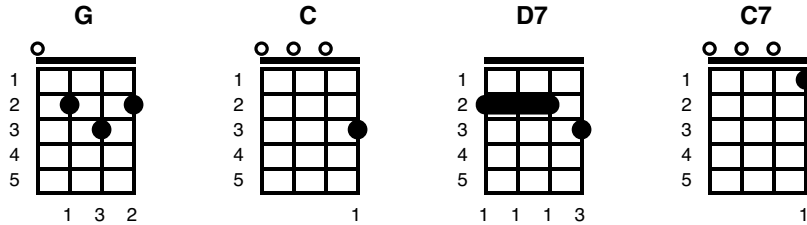
Yes, as through this world I've wandered  
I've seen lots of funny men;  
Some will rob you with a six-gun,  
And some with a fountain pen.

And as through your life you travel,  
Yes, as through your life you roam,  
You won't never see an outlaw  
Drive a family from their home.

**Rev's Notes:** While most play this song in the key of E or G, with just three chords accompanied by guitar or banjo, I prefer to sing it unaccompanied with just the human voice. Woody choose to write this song in the traditional "Come all ye" (or Gather Round Me) Ballad style. This type of song is designed to tell a story.

# Good Morning Blues / Leadbelly

Key of G



G  
 Good Morning Blues, Blues how do you do?  
 C G  
 Good Morning Blues, Blues how do you do?  
 D7 C7 G  
 I'm doing alright, Good Morning how are you?

G  
 I laid down last night, turning from side to side,  
 C G  
 Aw, turning from side to side,  
 D7 C7 G  
 I was not sick, i was just dissatisfied.

G  
 When i got up this morning, Blues walking round my bed,  
 C G  
 Aw, Blues walking round my bed,  
 D7 C7 G  
 I went to eat my breakfast,the blues was all in my bread.

G  
 I sent for her yesterday and man she come today,  
 C G  
 I sent for her yesterday and man she come today,  
 D7 C7 G  
 Mouth wide open and you dont know what to say.

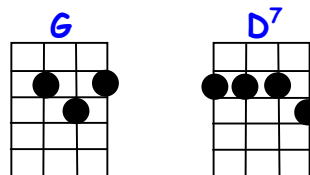
# Pick-a-Bale-o-Cotton

**G**  
Me and my buddy ought'a pick a bale of cotton,

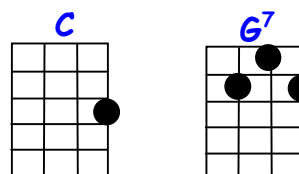
Me and my buddy ought'a **D7** pick a bale a day **G**

**G**  
Me and my buddy ought'a pick a bale of cotton

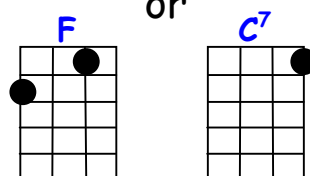
Me and my buddy ought'a **D7** pick a bale a day **G**



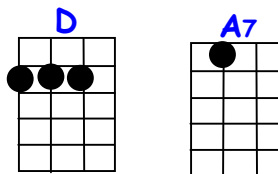
or



or



or



## Chorus

**G**  
Oh Lordy, pick a bale of cotton

Oh Lordy, **D7** pick a bale of the **G** day

**G**  
Oh Lordy, pick a bale of cotton

Oh Lordy, **D7** pick a bale of the **G** day

**G**  
Me and my wife ought'a pick a bale of cotton

Me and my wife ought'a **D7** pick a bail a day **G**

**G**  
Me and my wife ought'a pick a bale of cotton

Me and my wife ought'a **D7** pick a bail a day **G** Chorus

**G**  
Me and my gal ought'a pick a bale of cotton

Me and my gal ought'a **D7** pick a bail a day **G**

**G**  
Me and my gal ought'a pick a bale of cotton

Me and my gal ought'a **D7** pick a bail a day. **G** Chorus

**G**  
Jump down turn-around pick a bale of cotton.

Jump down turn-around **D7** pick a bale a day **G**

**G**  
Jump down turn-around pick a bale of cotton.

Jump down turn-around **D7** pick a bale a day **G** Chorus

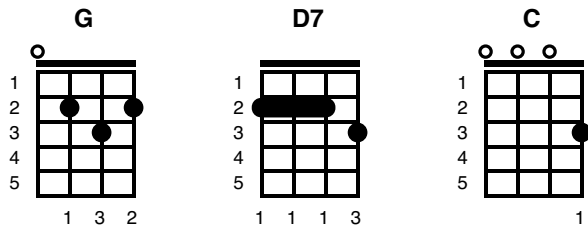
NOTE: There is only one source for this "field holler" Huddie Leadbetter: AKA "Leadbelly" (Good Night Irene) (Midnight Special) (Rock Island Line) As recorded by Lil Rev on "Fountain of Uke #1"

[www.lilrev.com](http://www.lilrev.com)

# Rock Island Line [www.lilrev.com](http://www.lilrev.com)

Key of G

-As Sung by Lead Belly



G  
Oh the Rock Island Line is a mighty good road,  
D7  
Oh the Rock Island is the road to ride,  
G  
Oh the Rock Island is a mighty good road,  
C  
If you want to ride it,  
You got to ride-it-like-you-find-it,  
Get your ticket at the station,  
D7 G  
On the Rock Island Line.

G  
A-B-C double X-Y-Z,  
D7  
Cats in the cupboard,  
G  
But he can't see me.

Chorus

G  
Well, I may be right

And I may be wrong,  
D7 G  
You're gonna miss me when I'm gone.

Chorus

G

Jesus died to save our sins

D7

Glory, to God,

G

Gonna meet him again.

Chorus