

Sweet Baby James

There [D]is a young [A]cowboy
He [G]lives on the [F#m]range
His [G]horse and his [A]cattle are his [D]only com[F#m]panions.
He [G]works in the [A]saddle and he [D]sleeps in the [F#m]canyons
[G]Waiting for [D]summer, his [A]pastures to [Em]change. [A]

And [G]as the moon rises he [A7sus4]sits [A7]by the [D]fire
[Bm]Thinkin about [G]women and [D]glasses of [A]beer
[G]Closing his eyes as the [A7sus4]doggies [A7] re[D]tire
He [Bm]sings out a [G]song which is [D]soft but it's clear
As [E]if maybe [E7]someone could [A7sus4]hear [A7]

[D]Goodnight you [G]moonlight [A]ladies [D]
[Bm]Rock-a-bye [G]sweet baby [D]James [Dsus2 D]
[Bm]Deep greens and [G]blues are the [D]colors I choose
Won't you [E]let me go [E7]down in my [Asus4]dreams [A7]
And [G]rock-a-bye [A]sweet baby [D]James [Dsus2 D]

Now the [D]first of [A]December was [G]covered with [F#m]snow
And [G]so was the [A]turnpike from [D]Stockbridge to [F#m]Boston
Though the [G]Berkshires seemed [A]dream-like
on [D]account of that [F#m]frosting
With [G]ten miles be[D]hind me and [A]ten thousand more to [Em]go. [A]

There's a [G]song that they sing
when they [A7sus4]take [A7]to the [D]highway.
A [Bm]song that they [G]sing when they [D]take to the [A]sea
A [G]song that they sing of their [A7sus4]home [A7]in the [D]sky
Maybe [Bm]you can [G]believe it if it [D]helps you to sleep
But [E]singing works [E7]just fine for [A7sus4]me. [A7]

[D]Goodnight you [G]moonlight [A]ladies [D]
[Bm]Rock-a-bye [G]sweet baby [D]James (Dsus2 D)
[Bm]Deep greens and [G]blues are the [D]colors I choose
Won't you [E]let me go [E7]down in my (Asus4)dreams [A7]
And [G]rock-a-bye [A]sweet baby [D]James (Dsus2 D)