

Intro

WAIMANALO

BLUES

by Country Comfort

| G | G | D7 | G | G | G | D7 | G | D7 | G |  
 | G | | G | | D7 | | G |  
 Winds gonna blow, so I'm-a-gonna go, down on the road - a ~ gain.  
 | G | | G | | D7 | | G G7 |  
 Starting, where the mountains left me, I end up where I be-gan.  
 | C | | C | | G | | G |  
 Where I will go~ the wind on-ly knows~ good times around the bend.  
 | G | | G | | D | | G | D7 | G |  
 I get in my car, I'm going too far, never coming back a - gain.  
 | G | | G | | D7 | | G |  
 Tired and worn I woke up this morn', found that I was con - fused  
 | G | | G | | D7 | | G G7 |  
 Spun right around and found that I'd lost the things that I couldn't lose.  
 | C | | C | | G | | G |  
 The beaches they sell~ to build their hotels, my fathers and I once knew.  
 | G | | G | | D7 | | G |  
 The birds all along the sunlight at dawn singing Waimanalo Blues

*interlude*

| G | G | D7 | G | G | G | D7 | G | D7 | G |

| G | | G | | D7 | | G |  
 Down on the road the mountains so old, far on the country - side  
 | G | | G | | D7 | | G G7 |  
 Birds on the wind, for get-ting they're wild, so I'm headed for the windward side.  
 | C | | C | | G | | G | In  
 all of my dreams, sometimes it just seems that I'm just along for the ride.  
 | G | | G | | D7 | | G | D7 | G |  
 Some they will cry, be-cause they have pride, for someone whose love there died

*interlude*

| G | G | D7 | G | G | G | D7 | G |

| C | | C | | G | | G |  
 The beaches they sell to build their hotels, my fathers and I once knew.  
 | G | | G | | D7 | | G |  
 The birds all along the sunlight at dawn singing Waimanalo blues.  
 | D7 | | G | D7 | | G | D7 | | G |  
 singing Waimanalo blues, singing Waimanalo blues, singing Waimanalo blues...  
 end → D7 | G | D7 | G