

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