

Gone Country by Alan Jackson

[Intro]

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                G                D    C                repeatx4
e|-----3-----|
B|-----3-----3-----3-----|
G|-----0-----2-----|
D|---0^2-----0-----|
A|-----2-----2--3-----3-----|
E|-----3-----3-----|
    
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[Verse 1]

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                G                C                D                G D C
She's been playing that room on the strip for ten years in Vegas
                G                C                D                G D C
Every night she looks in the mirror but she only ages
                G                C                D
She's been reading 'bout Nashville and all the records that everybody's
                G D C
buying
                G                C                D                G D C
Say's I'm a simple girl myself grew up on Long Island
                Em                D
So she packs her bags to try her hand
                Em                D
Says this might be my last chance
    
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[Chorus]

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                G                C                D
She's gone country, look at them boots
                G                C                D
She's gone country, back to her roots
                G                C                D
She's gone country, a new kind of suit
                Em                N.C.
She's gone country, here she comes
    
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[RIFF]

G D C G D C

[Verse 2]

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                G                C                D                G D C
Well the folk scene's dead, but he's holding out in the village
                G                C                D                G D C
He's been writing songs, speaking out against wealth and privilege
                G                C                D                G D C
    
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He says I don't believe in money, but a man could make him a killin'
Cause some of that stuff don't sound much different than Dylan

I hear down there its changed you see
They're not as backwards as they used to be

[Chorus]

He's gone country, look at them boots
He's gone country, back to his roots
He's gone country, a new kind of suit
He's gone country, here he comes

[RIFF]

G D C x4

[Verse 3]

He commutes to L.A., but he's got a house in the valley
But the bills are piling up and the pop scene just ain't on a rally
And he says honey I'm a serious composer,
school'd in voice and composition
But with the crime and the smog these days
this ain't no place for children
Lord it sounds so easy, this shouldn't take long
Be back in the money in no time at all

[Chorus]

He's gone country, look at them boots
He's gone country, back to his roots
He's gone country, a new kind of suit

Em N.C.

He's gone country, here he comes

[Riff]

G D C x2

[Outro]

Yeah he's gone country, a new kind of walk

He's gone country, a new kind of talk

He's gone country, look at them boots

He's gone country, aw back to his roots

He's gone country

He's gone country everybody's

Gone country yeah we've gone

Country the whole world's

Gone country

Gone country

We gone

Gone country

and fade...