Gm

In the mornin you go gunnin', For the man who stole your water And you fire till he is done-in, But they catch you at the border And the mourners are all sangin', As they drag you by your feet But the hangman isn't hangin', And they put you on the street

Cm7 Dm7 D# Dm7 You go back, Jack, do it again Gm Wheel turnin' 'round and 'round

Cm7 Dm7 D# Dm7 You go back, Jack, do it again Gm

Gm

When you know she's no high climber, Then you find your only friend In a room with your two timer, And you're sure you're near the end Then you love a little wild-one, And she brings you only sorrow All the time you know she's smilin', You'll be on your knees tomorrow, yeah

CHORUS

SOLO v/c SITAR SOLO v/c Organ

Gm

Now you swear and kick and beg us, That you're not a gamblin' man Then you find you're back in Vegas, With a handle in your hand Your black cards can make you money, So you hide them when you're able In the land of milk and honey, You must put them on the table, yeah

CHORUS

Gm