

Elvis Presley - An American Trilogy

Tom: C

Oh I wish I was in the land of cotton
 Old things they are not forgotten
 Look away, look away, look away Dixieland

Oh I wish I was in Dixie, away, away
 In Dixieland I take my stand to live and die in Dixie
 Cause Dixieland, that's where I was born
 Early Lord one frosty morning
 Look away, look away, look away Dixieland

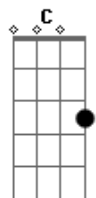
Glory, glory hallelujah
 Glory, glory hallelujah

Glory, glory hallelu-----jah
 His truth is marching on

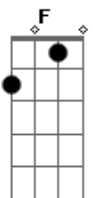
So hush little baby
 Don't you cry
 You know your daddy's bound to die
 But all my trials, Lord will soon be over

Solo:
 Glory, glory hallelu-----jah
 His truth is marching on
 His truth is marching on

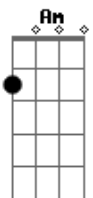
Acordes



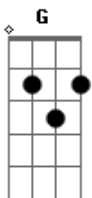
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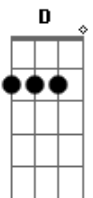
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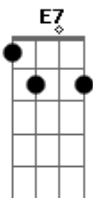
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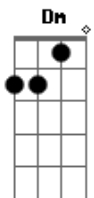
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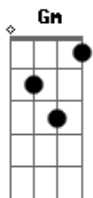
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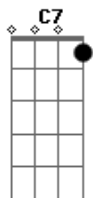
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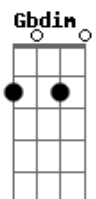
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