

Johnny Cash - Call Of The Wild

Tom: C

Bayou, ^G bayou, ^G bayou, ^G bayou. ^G

Now, ^G here's a little tale about a flock of geese, ^C
lookin' for a home and lookin' for a peace, ^D
but before ^C they're safely in the southern sand

^G they gotta watch out for that critter called man.

There's a goose and a gander and a goslin' child, ^G
headin' on south at the call of the wild. ^{D7} ^G

^D ^G Honk and holler as we go, gonna see the Gulf of Mexico. ^C

^G Way up high, don't fly low, the long toms will get you from the old bayou.

^D ^G Well, the wind from the north it chills you to the bone, ^D ^G

^G and the call of the wild is callin' me : come home !
I'll lead my band of geese a marry trip, ^C ^G ^C ^F ^C
we'll navigate that mighty Mississipp'. ^G ^D ^G

^D ^G Honk and holler as we go, gonna see the Gulf of Mexico. ^C

Way up high, don't fly low, the long toms will get you from the old bayou.

Bayou. ^G ^D ^G ^D ^G
Bayou. ^G ^D ^G ^D ^G Bayou.
^C ^G ^C ^F ^C Bayou.
^G ^D ^G ^D ^G Bayou.

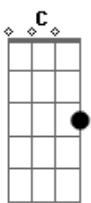
^D ^C
^G Honk and holler as we go, gonna see the Gulf of Mexico. ^C
^G Way up high, don't fly low, the long toms will get you from the old bayou.

Bayou. ^G
My pappy led this band of twenty-three, ^D ^G ^D ^G
and the second in command included me. ^G ^D ^G ^D ^G
He made one fatal slip and he flew too low, ^C ^G ^C ^F ^C
the long toms got him from the old bayou. ^G ^D ^G ^D ^G

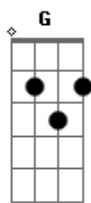
^D ^C
^G Honk and holler as we go, gonna see the Gulf of Mexico. ^C
^G Way up high, don't fly low, the long toms will get you from the old bayou.

^G ^D ^G ^D ^G ^D ^G ^D ^G ^D ^G ^D ^G ^D
^G ^D ^G ^D bayou, bayou, bayou,
bayou

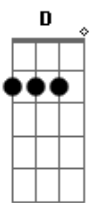
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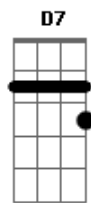
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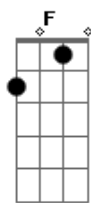
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