

Way Downtown

 C G
It was late last night when Willie came home
 D G
Heard him a rapping on the door
 C G
Slipping and sliding with his new shoes on
 D G
Willie don't you rap no more

Oh, me, oh, my
What's gonna become of me
I'm downtown mst fooling around
No one to stand by me

One old shirt is about all I've got
And a dollar is all I crave
Brought nothing with me into this world
Gonna take nothing to my grave
Chorus

Wish I was down in Old Baltimore
Sitting in an easy chair
One arm around my old guitar
Ant the other around my dear
Chorus

Wish I had a needle and thread
As fine as I could sew
Sew all the good looking girls to my back
And down the road I'd go
Chorus