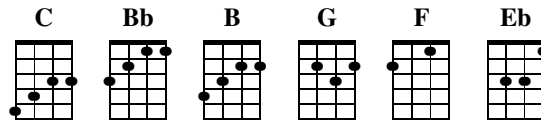


Tennessee Stud

Key of C

Written by Jimmy Driftwood



Intro

| C | C | C | Bb/ B/ C/. | C | C | C | Bb/ B/ C/. |

Verse 1

| C | C | Bb | Bb | Bb | Bb |
 Long about eighteen - twenty-five, I left Tennessee very much alive____.

| C | C | C | Bb/ B/ C// | C | C |
 Never would have forded the Arkansas mud, if I hadn't been riding on the Tennessee Stud.

| C | C | Bb | Bb | Bb | Bb |
 had a little trouble with my sweetheart's Paw, and one of her brothers was a bad outlaw____

| C | C | C | Bb/ B/ C// | C | C |
 sent her a letter with my Uncle Fudd, then I rode away on the Tennessee Stud.

Chorus

| C | Bb// C// | F | Eb// G// | G |
 The Tennessee Stud was long and lean, the color of the sun and his eyes were green.

| C | Bb// C// | C | Bb/ B/ C// | C | C |
 He had the nerve and he had the blood and there never was a horse like the Tennessee Stud.

Verse 2

| C | C | Bb | Bb | Bb | Bb |
 We drifted on down into no man's land, and crossed that river called the Rio Grande.

| C | C | C | Bb/ B/ C// | C | C |
 raced my horse with a Spaniard's foal, 'til I got me a skin full of silver and gold.

| C | C | Bb | Bb | Bb | Bb |
 Me and the gambler we could'nt agree, we got in a fight over Tennessee,

| C | C | C | Bb/ B/ C// | C | C |
 We jerked our guns and he fell with a thud, and I got away on the Tennessee Stud.

Chorus

Verse 3

| C | C | Bb | Bb | Bb | Bb |
 Well I got just as lonesome as a man could be, a-dreamin' of my girl in Tennessee.

| C | C | C | Bb/ B/ C// | C | C |
 The Tennessee Stud's green eyes turned blue, 'cause he was dreamin' 'bout his sweetheart too.

| C | C | Bb | Bb | Bb | Bb |
 We loped right back across Arkansas____, I whooped her brother and I whooped her Paw.

| C | C | C | Bb/ B/ C// | C | C |
 When I found that girl with the golden hair____, she was a-ridin' that Tennessee Mare. (Whoa! Boy!)

Ending

| C | Bb// C// | F | Eb// G// | G |
 The Tennessee Stud was long and lean, the color of the sun and his eyes were green.

| C | Bb// C// | C | Bb/ B/ C// | C | C |
 He had the nerve and he had the blood and there never was a horse like the Tennessee Stud.

| C | Bb/ B/ C/. | C | Bb/ B/ C/. |