GREENBACK DOLLAR - Hoyt Axton/Ken Ramsey

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro:

Some people say I'm a no count, others say I'm no good

But I'm just a natural-born travelin' man, doin' what I think I should, oh yeah

Doin' what I think I should

And I don't give a damn about a greenback dollar, spend it as fast as I can

For a wailin' song, and a good gui-tar the only things that I understand, oh yeah,

The only things that I understand

When I was a little baby, my mama, she said, "Son,"

Travel where you will, and grow to be a man, and sing what must be sung, poor boy,

Sing what must be sung."
And I don’t give a damn about a greenback dollar, spend it as fast as I can

For a wailin’ song, and a good gui-tar the only things that I under-stand, poor boy,

The only things that I under-stand

Now that I’m a grown man, I’ve traveled here and there

And I’ve learned that a bottle of brandy, and a song, are the only ones who care, oh Lord,

The only ones who care

And I don’t give a damn about a greenback dollar, spend it as fast as I can

For a wailin’ song, and a good gui-tar the only things that I under-stand, oh yeah,

The only things that I under-stand

That’s all that I under-stand, poor boy, that’s all that I under-stand!
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4/4  1…2…1234

Intro:  Dm  C6  Dm  C6  Dm  C6  Dm  C6

Dm                                  F                                    Bb                                  F
Some people say I’m a no count, others say I’m no good

Bb                                  F                                    C                                    Dm
But I’m just a natural-born travelin’ man, doin’ what I think I should, oh yeah

C                                  Dm  C6  Dm  C6  Dm  C6  Dm
Doin’ what I think I should

F                                Bb                              F                        Bb                        F                        Bb
And I don’t give a damn about a greenback dollar, spend it as fast as I can

F                        Bb                                  F                        Bb                        C                                  Dm
For a wailin’ song, and a good gui-tar the only things that I understand, oh yeah,

C                                   Dm  C6  Dm  C6  Dm  C6  Dm  C6
The only things that I understand

Dm                                  F                                    Bb                                  F
When I was a little baby, my mama, she said, “Son,

Bb                                  F                                    C                                    Dm
Travel where you will, and grow to be a man, and sing what must be sung, poor boy,

C                                  Dm  C6  Dm  C6  Dm  C6  Dm
Sing what must be sung.”

F                                Bb                              F                        Bb                        F                        Bb
And I don’t give a damn about a greenback dollar, spend it as fast as I can

F                        Bb                                  F                        Bb                        C                                  Dm
For a wailin’ song, and a good gui-tar the only things that I understand, poor boy,

C                                   Dm  C6  Dm  C6  Dm  C6  Dm  C6
The only things that I understand

Dm                                  F                                    Bb                                  F
Now that I’m a grown man, I’ve traveled here and there

Bb                                  F                                    C                                    Dm
And I’ve learned that a bottle of brandy, and a song, are the only ones who care, oh Lord,

C                                  Dm  C6  Dm  C6  Dm  C6  Dm
The only ones who care

F                                Bb                              F                        Bb                        F                        Bb
And I don’t give a damn about a greenback dollar, spend it as fast as I can

F                        Bb                                  F                        Bb                        C                                  Dm
For a wailin’ song, and a good gui-tar the only things that I understand, oh yeah,

C                                   Dm
The only things that I understand

C                                  Dm                        C                                  Dm  C6  Dm  C6  Dm  C6  Dm
That’s all that I understand, poor boy, that’s all that I understand!