

# Registration Day Blues

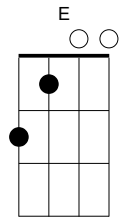
Sleepy John Estes

<b>E</b>	%	%	%
<b>A</b>	%	<b>E</b>	%
<b>B7</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>E</b>	%

**E**

They're calling from 18 on up to 36

Some of us leaving our homes in a terrible fix



**A**

**E**

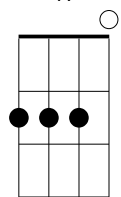
But you've got to go, you're trying to win this race

**E7**

**A**

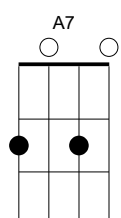
**E**

You know by the help of the Lord, we'll see our wife and mothers' face



Now let's go boys pull up for your town

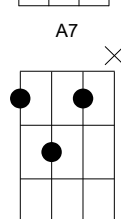
If you ever get back home, you'll be on your same old paid ground



But you've got to go...

Now your boss man may be rich, have all kind of change

When Uncle Sam calls you that don't mean a thing



But you've got to go...

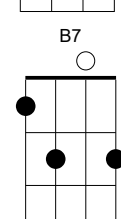
Now, poor mother do worry, I know how she feels

Thinking 'bout her son out on the battlefield

But you've got to go...

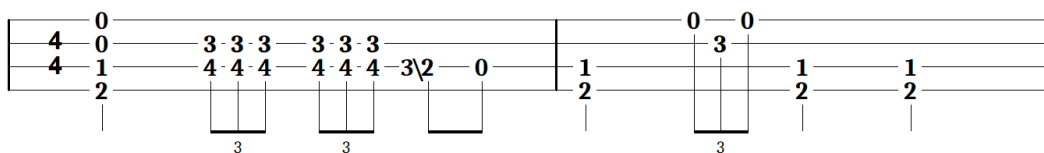
Now if you go to the camp boy, hoping to act rough

They put you in that old guard house and make you pick up cigarette butts



But you've got to go...

Riff 1



Riff 2

