

# Milwaukee Blues (baritone) *Charlie Poole*

<b>G</b>	%	<b>D7</b>	%		
<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D7</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>G7</b>
<b>C</b>	%	<b>G</b>	%		
<b>G</b>	<b>D7</b>	<b>G</b>	%		

**G**

One Tuesday morning and it looked like rain

**D7**

Around the curve come a passenger train

**G**                      **C**

On the blind sat old Bill Jones

**G**                                      **D7**                      **G**

A good old hobo and he's trying to get home

**G7**                      **C**                                      **G**

Trying to get home, he's trying to get home

**D7**                      **G**

He's a good old hobo and he's trying to get home

Way down in Georgia on a tramp

The roads are getting muddy and the leaves are getting damp

I've got to catch a freight train and leave this town

"Cause they don't allow no hobos hanging around

Hanging around, yes, hanging around

"Cause they don't allow no hobos hanging around

I left Atlanta one morning before day

The brakeman said, "You'll have to pay"

Got no money but I'll pawn my shoes

I want to go west, I got the Milwaukee blues

Got the Milwaukee blues, got the Milwaukee blues

I want to go west, I got the Milwaukee blues

Old Bill Jones said before he died,

"Fix the roads so the boys can ride

When they ride they will ride the rods

Put all their trust in the hands of God

In the hands of God, in the hands of God

They'll put all their trust in the hands of God"

Old Bill Jones said before he died

There's two more roads he'd like to ride

Fireman said "What can it be?"

"Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe

Santa Fe, yes, Santa Fe

Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe"

