

# All The Good Songs

Phillip Mills

C G C G C G

My name it is Jack; I've  
 Raised to be a bank - er, I  
 Life brings me ad - ven - ture, though  
 Once some hair - y lout runs

Am Asus2 G C Am

been down to the sea. Then I turned a - round and  
 am a bank - er's son. When I asked what kind of  
 I'm mis - un - der - stood. I've "heave"d just like the  
 up a rag of sail There's no end to the

G Am Em G

came straight home, It's not the place for me. Heard  
 songs we sing. Dad told me there were none. In -  
 best of men. And "ho"-ed when - e're I could. But I  
 ver - ses scrib - bled down to tell the tale.

C G Am Asus2 G

tunes from dir - ty men at work With knives and tar and pitch.  
 Claimed he'd tried to write one once Of bonds and cheques that float.  
 stead of rum, I sing of tea, Not gold, but blue - chip stock.  
 smile as each old brave sea dog Leaves home for dead - ly trips.

Insert two bar delay in third verse

C Am G Am Dm7

Each time I tried to sing with them, They threw me in a  
 The vil - lage lass - es laughed at him And said, "Ahhh, get a  
 It's hard to get these ropes un - tied While dang - ling from the  
 They on - ly get to ride in them; It's me that owns the

C G C Am G Am

ditch.  
boat!"  
dock.  
ships.

I tell you that's it's crim - i - nal, I ask you ain't it

G C G C G C 1-3

wrong Why do the sail - ors get all the good songs?

4 C G C G C G C G

Why do the sail - ors get all the good songs?

C

Why do the sail - ors get all the good songs?

History:  
September, 2005