

“Charlie Gaither” – Norman Blake

VERSE 1...

C dm G C
Charlie Gaither was a carpenter, born the restless kind...
(C) dm F G/G, G/F, G/E, G/D
Days and weeks with-out a job, wore hard on his mind...
C dm G C
He took to drinkin', gamblin', ramblin' in the town...
F C dm F C G C
'Til one night an atheist fight, he knocked the Sheriff down...

VERSE 2...

C dm G C
Well, they put him in that jail down town, under lock and key...
(C) dm F G/G, G/F, G/E, G/D
To someone, a wrong was done, that they could a-gree...
C dm G C
And they labeled him a no account, poor white trash it seems...
F C dm F C G C
A roudy, drunken carpen-ter, a man of dubious means...

CHORUS...

C F C/C, C/B...
Come on home Charlie Gaither, six months now you've been gone...
C/A C/G am F C G/G, G/F, G/E, G/D
The fields a-round have all turned brown, and we're all a-lone...
C F C
You be-long at the county jail, but you're getting' out next week,
(C) F C G C
Come on home, Charlie Gaither, to your cabin by the creek...
(C) F C G C
(Come on home, Charlie Gaither, to your cabin by the creek)...

Fiddle Solo (James Bryan)

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“Charlie Gaither” – Cont'd...

VERSE 3...

C dm G C
And a-way down in that dried up jail, eatin' beans and bread...
C dm F G/G, G/F, G/E, G/D
A victim of soc-i-e-ty, just uh-wishin' he was dead...
C dm G C
Wonderin' if he went wrong, in his younger days...
F C dm F G C
All be-cause they told him a-bout his, no account, soured ways...

VERSE 4...

C dm G C
Well, just as our chas-tise-ment, don't always right the wrong...
C dm F G/G, G/F, G/E, G/D
Charlie stepped a-cross the line, we drum for our own...
C dm G C
Just takin' his frus-trations out, was his crime, in name...
F C dm F G C
A poor man with-out a job, is he the one to blame?

CHORUS...

(End)...