

Frank Sinatra - Old Man River

Tom: C

Here we all work 'long the Mississippi,
here we all work while the white folk play.
Pullin' them boats from the dawn till sunset,
gettin' no rest till the judgment day.

Don't look up and don't look down,
you don't das make the boss man frown.
Bend your knees and bow your head,
and pull that rope until you're dead.

Let me go 'way from the Mississippi,
let me go 'way from the white man boss.
Show me that stream called the River Jordan,
that's the old stream that I long to cross.

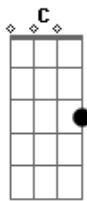
Ol' Man River, that Ol' Man River,
he don't say nothin', but he must know somethin',
he just keeps rollin', he keeps on rollin' along.

He don't plant tatters, and he don't plant cotton,
and them what plants em, are soon forgotten
But Ol' Man River, just keeps rollin' along.

You and me, we sweat and strain,
body all achin' and racked with pain.
Tote that barge and lift that bail,
you get a little drunk and you lands in jail.

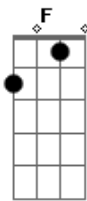
I gets weary, and sick of trying,
I'm tired of livin', but I'm scared of dyin',
but Ol' Man River, he just keeps rollin' along.

Acordes



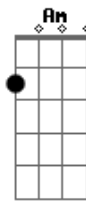
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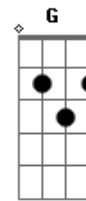
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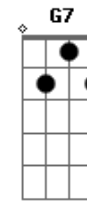
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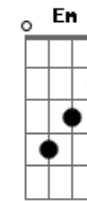
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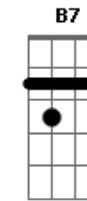
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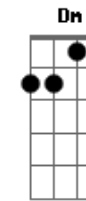
Em

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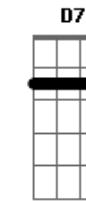
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Dm

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D7

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