

Johnny Cash - Snow In His Hair

Tom: **G**

The years have been many, the years have been long,

D but at last I'm returning to daddy and home.

He's looking my way though he hardly can see,

G G7
God bless my old daddy, he recognized me.

There's snow in his hair and I helped put it there,
a halo of worry and care.

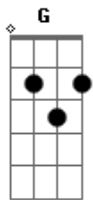
As my daddy grows old, he's more precious than gold,
for I cherish the snow in his hair.
Hu hu hu hu hu, hu hu hu hu.

His shoulders were bent with the weight of the years,

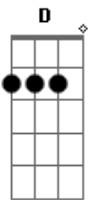
D I scarcely could hold back the flood tide of tears. A
G G7 C G
He walked with a cane as he hurried along,

G G7
coming to meet me, to welcome me home.

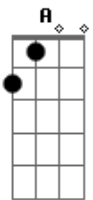
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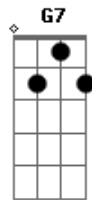
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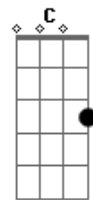
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