Em

In the mornin' you go gunnin'
for the man who stole your water

And you fire till he's done in but they catch you at the border ${\bf Em}$

And the mourners are all singin' as they drag you by your feet **Em**

But the hangman isn't hangin' so they put you on the street

Am7 Bm7 Bm/C Bm7 Em

You go back, Jack, do it again, wheels turinin' 'round and 'round

Am7 Bm7 Bm/C Bm7 Em | | Bm7 You go back, Jack, do it again

Em

Well you know she's no high climber, then you find your only friend In a room with your two timer, but you're sure you're near the end Then you love a little wild one, and she brings you only sorrow All the time you know she's smilin', you'll be on your knees tomorrow

Am7 Bm7 Bm/C Bm7 Em

You go back, Jack, do it again, wheels turinin' 'round and 'round

Am7 Bm7 Bm/C Bm7 Em \mid \mid Bm7

You go back, Jack, do it again

Now you swear and kick and beg us that you're not a gamblin' man;
Then you find you're back in Vegas with a handle in your hand
Your black cards can bring you money so you hide them when you're able
In the land of milk and honey you must put them on the table

Am7 Bm7 Bm/C Bm7 Em

You go back, Jack, do it again, wheels turinin' 'round and 'round

Am7 Bm7 Bm/C Bm7 Em \mid \mid Bm7

You go back, Jack, do it again