They hung a sign up in our town

A

"If you live it up, you won't live it down"

G

So, she left Monte Rio, son

A

D

Just like a bullet leaves a gun

G

With charcoal eyes and Monroe hips

D

G

She went and took that California trip

Em

A

Well, the moon was gold, her hair like wind

Em

She said don't look back just come on Jim

A

C

R: Oh you got to hold on, hold on

G

You got to hold on

D

A

Take my hand, I'm standing right here

D

You gotta hold on