

# Eight More Miles To Louisville

Words and music by Louis "Grandpa" Jones 1946

[G] I've traveled o'er this country wide [D] seeking fortune [G] fair.  
Up and down the two coastlines. I've traveled every [D] where.  
From [C] Portland East and [G] Portland West and back along the [D] line.  
I'm [G] going [D] now to a [G] place that's [C] best.  
That [G] old home [D] town of [G] mine.

Eight more miles and Louisville will [C] come in to my [G] view.  
Eight more miles on this old road, I'll [A] never more be [D] blue.  
I [C] knew some day that [G] I'd come back. I knew it from the [D] start.  
[G] Eight more [D] miles to [G] Louis-[C] ville. The [G] hometown [D] of my [G] heart.

There's sure to be a gal somewhere that [D] you like best of [G] all.  
Mine lives down in Louisville. She's long and she is [D] tall.  
But [C] she's the kind that [G] you can't find a rambling through the [D] land.  
I'm [G] on my [D] way this [G] very [C] way to [G] win her [D] heart and [G] hand.

Eight more miles and Louisville will [C] come in to my [G] view.  
Eight more miles on this old road, I'll [A] never more be [D] blue.  
I [C] knew some day that [G] I'd come back. I knew it from the [D] start.  
[G] Eight more [D] miles to [G] Louis-[C] ville. The [G] hometown [D] of my [G] heart.

Well, I can picture in my mind a [D] place we'll call our [G] home.  
A humble little hut for two. We'll never want to [D] roam.  
The [C] place that's right [G] for that love site is in those bluegrass [D] hills.  
Where [G] gently [D] flows the [G] O[C]hio, by a [G] place called [D] Louis[G]ville.

Eight more miles and Louisville will [C] come in to my [G] view.  
Eight more miles on this old road and I'll [A] never more be [D] blue.  
I [C] knew some day that [G] I'd come back. I knew it from the [D] start.  
[G] Eight more [D] miles to [G] Louis-[C] ville. The [G] hometown [D] of my [G] heart.