

Is Anybody Goin' to San Antone

Written by Glenn Martin and Dave Kirby.
Recorded by Charley Pride, 1970.

[D] Rain dripping off the **[G]** brim of my hat
It **[A]** sure is cold **[D]** today.
Here I am walking down **[G]** sixty-six.
Wish she **[A]** hadn't done me that **[D]** way.

Sleeping under a table in a **[G]** road side park
A **[A]** man could wake up **[D]** dead.
But it sure seems warmer **[G]** than it did,
[A] sleeping in our king size **[D]** bed.

Is anybody going to **[G]** San Antone,
or **[A]** Phoenix, Ari**[D]**zona?
Anyplace is alright as **[G]** long as I
can **[A]** forget I've ever **[D]** known her.

Solo

[D] Wind whipping down the **[G]** neck of my shirt
Like I **[A]** ain't got nothing **[D]** on.
But I'd rather fight the **[G]** wind and rain
than **[A]** what I've been fighting at **[D]** home.

Yonder comes a truck with the **[G]** U.S. Mail
People **[A]** writing letters back **[D]** home.
Tomorrow she'll probably **[G]** want me back
But I'll **[A]** still be just as **[D]** gone.

Is anybody going to **[G]** San Antone,
or **[A]** Phoenix, Ari**[D]**zona?
Anyplace is alright as **[G]** long as I
can **[A]** forget I've ever **[D]** known her.

