

To Coda ⊕

no cry
don't shed no tears
don't shed no tears—

1,2,3, No wo-man, no cry—

said, said,

Am F C F C G

said I re-mem-ber when we used to sit—

in the government yard in

C G Am F C G

Trench-town,

Ob-er-ob-er-serv-ing the

and then Geor-gie would

Am F C G

hy-po-crites,
make the fi-re light,

as they would
as it was

min-gle with the good peo-ple we

log wood burn-ing through the

Am F C G

meet, night, good friends we have... oh good friends we've lost
 then we would cook corn meal por - ridge,

Am F C G Am F

a-long the way... in this great fu - ture,
 of which I'll share with you... oh... my feet is my

C G Am F C G

you can't for - get your past... So dry your tears... I
 on - ly car - riage... So I've got to push on

Am F C G

1 2
 say. And through. But while I'm gone I mean,

Am F Am F G

ev - 'rything's gon - na be al - right, Ev - 'ry thing's gon - na be al - right.

C Am F G

Ev - 'ry thing's gon - na be al - right, Ev - 'ry thing's gon - na be al - right,

C Am F G

D.S. al Coda **CODA** Gtr. ad lib.

ev-'ry things gon-na be al-right, so

Am F G C G

To fade

Am F C F C G