**China Grove**

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|  | D | C | G | D | C | G |

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|  | D | C | G |
| When the | sun comes up on a sleepy little town | down around | San Antone |

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|  | D | C | G |
|  | And the folks are risin' for another day | 'round a | bout their homes. |

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|  | D | Bm | A | Asus4 | A | G | Ab7 | A7 | Bb7 |
|  | The | people of the town are | strange |  | and they're | proud of where |  | they | came. |

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| Chorus |

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|  | D | C | G | D | C | G | D | C | G | D |
| Well you're | talkin' 'bout China Grove, |  | Oh oh |  |  | China Grove |  |  |  |  |

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|  | D | C | G |
| Well, the | preacher and the teacher, Lord, they're a caution, | they are the | talk of the town |

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|  | D | C | G |
|  | When the gossip gets to flyin' and they ain't lyin' when the | sun goes | fallin' down |

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|  | D | Bm | A | Asus4 | A | G | Ab7 | A7 | Bb7 |
|  | They | say that the father's in | sane |  | and | dear Missus Per | kin's | a | game |

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| Chorus |

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|  | F#m | |
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|  | A | Bm7 | | Em7 | Bm7 |
|  | But | ev'ry day there's a new thing comin' the | | ways of an oriental | view |

|  |  |  |  |  |  |
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|  | E | Esus4 | E | Esus4 | E |
| The sheriff and his buddies with their samuari swords, | you can even hear the | music | at night. |  |  |

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|  | F#m |
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|  | A | Bm7 | Em7 | Bm7 |
|  | And | though it's a part of the Lone Star State | people don't seem to care, |  |

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|  | G | Gsus4 | G |
|  | They just keep on | lookin' | to the East. |

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|  | Bb | C | D | Bb | C | D |
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| Chorus and fade |