**Is Anybody Going to San Antone**

[E] Rain dripping off the [A] brim of my hat [B7] sure is cold to [E]day

Here I am walking down [A] Sixty Six [B7] wish she hadn't done me that

[E] way

Sleeping under a table in a [A] roadside park a [B7] man could wake

up[E]dead

But it sure seems warmer [A] than it did [B7] sleeping in our king

size[E] bed

(CHORUS)

[E] Is anybody going to [A] San Antoine or [B7] Phoenix Ari[E]zona

Any place is all right as [A] long as I can for [B7] get I've ever

[E]known her.

[E] Wind whippin down the [A] neck of my shirt like I [B7] aint got

nothin [E] on

But I'd rather fight the [A] wind and rain than [B7] what I've been

fightin at [E] home

Yonder comes a truck with the [A] U.S. mail [B7] people writin letters

back [E] home

Tommorrow she'll probably [A] want me back but I'll [B7] still be just

as [E] gone

(Repeat Chorus)