

Eight More Miles to Louisville

Grandpa Jones

[G] I've traveled o'er this country wide
A-[D] seekin' fortune [G] fair
I've been down the two coast lines
I've traveled every-[D] where
From [C] Portland East and [G] Portland West
And back along the [D] line
I'm [G] goin' [D] now to a [G] place that's [C] best
That [G] old home [D] town of [G] mine.

CHORUS

[G] 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] home town [D] of my [G] heart.

[G] There's sure to be a girl 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 ramblin' through the [D] land
I'm [G] on my [D] way this [G] very [C] day
To [G] win her [D] heart and [G] hand.

CHORUS

[G] Now 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 for that [G] love site
Is in those bluegrass [D] hills
Where [G] gently [D] flows the [G] O-hi-[C] o
By a [G] place called [D] Louis-[G] ville.

CHORUS