

I Was Young When I Left Home

Trad.

Recorded on the "Minnesota Hotel Tape" (Dec 22, 1961)

Intro:

G

"D" G "C"

"D" "C"

G' "D" G G

D-----|-----|-----| etc.

G'

I was young when I left home

D G C

and I been a-rambling 'round.

D

And I never wrote a letter to my home.

G G' D G C

To my home, lord to my home.

D

G'

And I never wrote a letter to my home.

It was just the other day,
 I was bringing home my pay
 when I met an old friend I used to know.
 Said your mother's dead and gone,
 baby sister's all gone wrong
 and your daddy needs you home right away.

Not a shirt on my back,
 not a penny on my name.
 But I can't go home thisaway.
 Thisaway, lord lord lord.
 And I can't go home thisaway.

If you miss the train I'm on,
 count the days I'm gone.
 You will hear that whistle blow a hundred miles.
 Hundred miles, honey baby, lord lord lord,
 and you'll hear that whistle blow a hundred miles.

I'm playing on a track,
 ma would come and whoop me back
 on them trussels down by old Jim McKay's.
 When I pay the debt I owe
 to the commissary store,
 I will pawn my watch and chain and go home.
 Go home, lord lord lord.
 I will pawn my watch and chain and go home.

Used to tell ma sometimes
 when I see them riding blind,
 gonna make me a home out in the wind.
 In the wind, lord in the wind.
 Make me a home out in the wind.

I don't like it in the wind,
 I go back home again,
 but I can't go home thisaway.
 Thisaway, lord lord lord,
 and I can't go home thisaway.

I was young when I left home
and I been all rambling 'round.
And I never wrote a letter to my home.
To my home lord lord lord.
And I never wrote a letter to my home.