

So Long, It's Been Good to Know Ya(c)-crd

C G
 I've sung this song, but I'll sing it again,
 C G
 Of the place that I lived on the wild windy plains,
 C C7 F
 In the month called April, the county called Gray,
 G G7 C
 And here's what all of the people there say:

C
 So long, it's been good to know yuh,
 G C
 So long, it's been good to know yuh,
 C7 F
 So long, it's been good to know yuh,
 C G
 This dusty old dust is a-gettin' my home,
 G7 C
 And I got to be driftin' along."

A dust storm hit, an' it hit like thunder,
 It dusted us over, an' it covered us under,
 Blocked out the traffic an' blocked out the sun,
 Straight for home all the people did run, singin'

We talked of the end of the world, and then,
 We'd sing a song an' then sing it again.
 We'd sit for an hour an' not say a word,
 And then these words would be heard

Sweethearts sat in the dark and sparked,
 They hugged and kissed in that dusty old dark.
 They sighed and cried, hugged and kissed,
 Instead of marriage, they talked like this: "Honey."

Now, the telephone rang, an' it jumped off the wall,
 That was the preacher, a-makin' his call.
 He said, "Kind friend, this may be the end,
 An' you got your last chance of salvation of sin!"

The churches was jammed, and the churches was packed,
 An' that dusty old dust storm blowed so black.
 Preacher could not read a word of his text,
 An' he folded his specs, an' he took up collection, said

(World War II Version)

I got the news that the war had begun
 It was straight for the Army Hall that I run
 And all of the people in my home town
 Was a running up and a running down.

Singing: So long, it's been good to know you
 So long, it's been good to know you
 So long, it's been good to know you
 There's a mighty big war that's got to be won
 And we'll get back together again.

The crowd was packed by the railroad track
 People was yelling and patting my back
 And while the engineer rung his bell
 I hugged all the mothers and kissed all the gals.

I got to the camp and I learnt how to fight
 Fascists in daytime, mosquitoes at night

I got my orders to cross o'er the sea
So I waved "goodbye" to the girls I could see,

I got on a boat and I started to float
My old pack-sack and my big woollen coat
With ten thousand men we rode the foam
And sung this song to the people back home:

I landed somewhere on a fighting shore
With ten million soldiers and ten million more
And while we were chasing that Super Race
We sung this song in the chase.It was:

So it won't be long till the fascists are gone
And all of their like are finished and done
We'll throw the clods of dirt in their face
And walk away from that lonesome place.