

I Used To Be A Country Singer-crd
by Steve McEown

(Am) (Em) (F) (G)

I was (C) sitting in my (F) hotel room, (G) strumming my old gui(C)tar
Not (Am) much to do when you're (Em) far away, (F) playing some smokey (G)
bar

I was (C) feeling a little (F) empty and (G) feeling a little (C) blue
When the (Am) maid came in and (Em) asked me if (F) she could do my (G)
room

(C) I put down my (F) old guitar and (G) she gave me a (C) smile
She had a (Am) crusty voice and a (Em) drinker's look
But she (F) had a friendly (G) style
She (C) dusted my room and (F) made my bed and she (G) talked of days gone
(C) by
She (Am) spoke of when she (Em) wooed the men, a (F) tear came to her (C)
eye

And she said, (G) "I used to be a country (Am) singer
(G) I could sing a mean Patsy (Em) Cline (Am)
My (F) husband he could (Am7/E) yodel like Wilf (Dm) Carter
(F) Kitty Wells was a (G) real good friend of (C) mine"

She told me that her husband died and her son was overseas
I could tell by her eyes and her broken smile she was lonely just like me
She asked me if I'd listen to a tape of when she was young
She said, "I can't sing now, I forget the words and my voice is almost
gone"

And she said, "I used to be a country singer
I could sing a mean Patsy Cline
My husband he could yodel like Wilf Carter
Kitty Wells was a real good friend of mine"

Oh I cried inside but I couldn't tell if it was for her or for me
So I grabbed my axe and we sang a song in two part harmony
Ever since that day when I'm feeling down and I can't find a happy tune
I just think of that maid and the feeling she gave when she came to clean
my room

And she said, "I used to be a country singer
I could sing a mean Patsy Cline
My husband he could yodel like Wilf Carter
Kitty Wells was a real good friend of mine"

(F) Kitty Wells was a (G) real good friend of (Am) mine (Em)
(F) Kitty Wells was a (G) real good friend of (C) mine