I'M GOING DOWNTOWN TO THE RACES

I learned this song from a Norman Blake album, *Live at McCabe's*, and the greatest thing about it is definitely Norman's flatpicking. But the song is also a lot of fun to sing. You can hear Norman picking and singing it at https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pDdiQKDh070, or on the HFMS Audio Archive page at http://www.houstonfolkmusic.org/HFS_Audio_Archive.html.

SWEET HEAVEN WHEN I DIE

G C G D
I'm going downtown to the races, just to see my pony run.
G C G D G
If I win any greenbacks, I'm sure gonna give you some.
G C D
When I was down in the jailhouse, my friends all walking by.
G C G D G
Nobody came down to see 'bout me, and I couldn't help but wonder why.

CHORUS:
G C G D
Beefsteak when I'm hungry, whiskey when I'm dry –
G C G D G
Greenbacks when I'm hard up, and sweet heaven when I die.

My daddy was a ramblin' man, he roamed from town to town.
I'm gonna be a rounder, boys, ain't never gonna settle down.
I'm goin' down to Savannah, on the Georgia Southern Number Five
Where the soft breezes blow from the ocean, and thw live oaks are growing wild.

CHORUS

Well, who's gonna shoe your pretty little foot, who's gonna hold your hand?
Who's gonna do, well, you know what, when I'm in some foreign land.
Let her go, let her go, God bless her. Though she roams o'er land and sea.
She may search this wide world over, but she'll never find a friend like me.

CHORUS