

# NINE HUNDRED MILES (B)

adfad

Dm

I am walking down this track, I got tears in my eyes

Trying to read a letter from my home If this

train runs me right I'll be home tomorrow night Lord I'm

nine hundred miles from my home And I

hate to hear that lon-some whis-tle-blow

## O'Keefe's Slide

12 A g d g c d  
8

CODA