

**You Just Can't Ride The Boxcars Anymore**  
**Written by Tom Stevens**

E            A                    B7                    E  
I was in Atlanta when the news came on TV  
E                    A                    B7                    E  
I was washing dishes just to get my meals for free  
E                    A                    B7                    E  
Remember grandpa talking and this he said to me  
E                    A            D                    A  
As long as I live it'll never happen again  
                  D                    E                    A  
When the poets hopped a ride out west  
D                    E                    A  
Grandpa got us by just sweeping floors  
                  D                    E  
Now everybody's leaving town  
A                    F#m  
Sell the house and sell the farm  
                  E                    D                    A  
But you just can't ride the boxcars anymore

                  E                    A                    B7                    E  
Now everybody's feeling all confused  
                  E                    A                    B7                    E  
They went to get their money and they got refused  
E                    A                    B7                    E  
Somebody burned First National down last night  
                  E                    A                    D                    A  
And smashed and looted daddy's shop downtown  
                  D                    E                    A  
And grandpa said it'd never happen again  
                  D                    E                    A  
Their lesson it was learned real good before  
D                    E  
Now everybody's leaving town  
A                    F#m  
Sell the house and sell the farm  
                  E                    D                    A  
But you just can't ride the boxcars anymore

                  E                    A                    B7                    E  
I'll be looking for the few friends I have left  
E                    A                    B7                    E  
See if we can hitch a ride with someone else  
E                    A                    B7                    E  
Headin' east a thousand miles or so  
                  E                    A                    D                    A  
Before someone puts a knife into my back  
                  D                    E                    A  
When the poets hopped a ride out west  
D                    E                    A  
Grandpa got us by just sweeping floors  
                  D                    E  
Now everybody's leaving town  
A                    F#m  
Sell the house and sell the farm  
                  E                    D                    A  
But you just can't ride the boxcars anymore  
                  D                    E  
Now everybody's leaving town  
A                    F#m

Sell the house and sell the farm

E

D

A D AEA

But you just can't ride the boxcars anymore

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Published by Huevos Rancheros/Bug Music Ltd