

DON'T LET YOUR DEAL GO DOWN

D Now, I've been all around this whole wide world,
G
C I've been down to Memphis, Tennessee;
F
D And it's any old place I hang my hat
G
C Is home, sweet home to me.
F

Chorus:

Don't let your deal go down (x3)
'Fore my last gold dollar is gone.

Now, I left my little girl crying,
Standing in the door;
She threw her arms around my neck,
Saying, "Honey, don't you go."

Now, I've been all around this whole wide world,
Done most everything;
I've played cards with the King and the Queen,
The ace, the eight, or the trey.

Now, where did you get them high-top shoes,
Dress you wear so fine?
I got my shoes from a railroad man,
And my dress from a driver in the mine.

Who's gonna shoe your pretty white feet;
Who's gonna glove your hand;
Who's gonna kiss your lily white cheeks;
Who's gonna be your man?

Now, Papa may shoe my pretty white feet;
Mama can glove my hand;
She can kiss my lily white cheeks
Till you come back again.