

| G | G | D7 | G | G | G | D7 | G | D7 | G |

| G | | | G | | | D7 | | | G | |  
Winds gonna blow, so I'm-a-gonna go, down on the road - a ~ gain.

| G | | | G | | | D7 | | | G G7 | |  
Starting, where the mountains left me, I end up where I be - gan.

| C | | | C | | | G | | | G | |  
Where I will go~ the wind on-ly knows~ good times around the bend.

| G | | | G | | | D | | | G | D7 | G | |  
I get in my car, I'm going too far, never coming back a - gain.

| G | | | G | | | D7 | | | G | |  
Tired and worn I woke up this morn', found that I was~ con - fused

| G | | | G | | | D7 | | | G G7 | |  
Spun right around and found that I'd lost the things that I couldn't lose.

| C | | | C | | | G | | | G | |  
The beaches they sell~ to build their hotels, my fathers and I once knew.

| G | | | G | | | D7 | | | G | D7 | G | |  
The birds all along the sunlight at dawn singing Waimanalo Blues

*interlude*

| G | G | D7 | G | G | G | D7 | G | D7 | G

| G | | | G | | | D7 | | | G | |  
Down on the road the mountains so old, far on the country - side

| G | | | G | | | D7 | | | G G7 | |  
Birds on the wind, for get-ting they're wild, so I'm headed for the windward side.

| C | | | C | | | G | | | G | |  
In all of my dreams, sometimes it just seems that I'm just along for the ride.

| G | | | G | | | D7 | | | G | |  
Some they will cry, be-cause they have pride, for someone whose love there died

*interlude*

D7 | G | G | G | D7 | G | G | G | D7 | G G7

| C | | | C | | | G | | | G | |  
The beaches they sell to build their hotels, my fathers and I once knew.

| G | | | G | | | D7 | | | G | |  
The birds all along the sunlight at dawn singing Waimanalo blues.

| D7 | | | G | | | D7 | | | G | D7 | | G | |  
singing Waimanalo blues, singing Waimanalo blues, singing Waimanalo blues...

end → D7 | G | D7 | G