

Do it Again 77/117

Em

In the mornin' you go gunnin'  
for the man who stole your water  
And you fire till he's done in  
but they catch you at the border  
And the mourners are all singin'  
as they drag you by your feet  
But the hangman isn't hangin'  
so they put you on the street

Am7 Bm7 CM7 Bm7

You go back, Jack, do it again,

Em

wheels turnin' 'round and 'round

Am7 Bm7 CM7 Bm7 Em B7

You go back, Jack, do it again,

Em

Well you know she's no high climber,  
then you find your only friend  
In a room with your two timer,  
but you're sure you're near the end  
Then you love a little wild one,  
and she brings you only sorrow  
All the time you know she's smilin',  
you'll be on your knees tomorrow

Chorus

Guitar Solo

Now you swear and kick and beg us  
that you're not a gamblin' man;  
Then you find you're back in Vegas  
with a handle in your hand  
Your black cards can bring you money  
so you hide them when you're able  
In the land of milk and honey  
you must put them on the table