

# I AIN'T A-GONNA GRIEVE MY LORD NO MORE

**CHORUS:**           A                           D  
I AIN'T A-GONNA GRIEVE MY LORD NO MORE  
  A  
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  E                           A  
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A   D                   A  
OH, DE DEACON WENT DOWN, TO THE CELLAR TO PRAY  
                                  E                           A  
AND HE GOT DRUNK, AND HE STAYED ALL DAY. - **REPEAT**

**THEN:**                           E                           A  
\*I AIN'T A-GONNA GRIEVE MY LORD NO MORE.

A   D                   A  
OH, YOU CAN'T GET TO HEAVEN, IN A ROCKING CHAIR  
  E                           A  
'CAUSE THE LORD DON'T WANT, NO LAZY BONES THERE - **REPEAT**

**THEN:**                           E                           A  
\*I AIN'T A-GONNA GRIEVE MY LORD NO MORE.

A   D                   A  
OH, YOU CAN'T GET TO HEAVEN, IN AN OLD FORD CAR  
  E                           A  
'CAUSE THE DARN OLD THING, WON'T GO THAT FAR - **REPEAT**

**THEN:**                           E                           A  
\*I AIN'T A-GONNA GRIEVE MY LORD NO MORE.

A   D                   A  
OH, YOU CAN'T GET TO HEAVEN, ON ROLLER SKATES  
  E                           A  
YOU'LL ROLE RIGHT BY, THOSE PEARLY GATES. - **REPEAT**

**THEN:**                           E                           A  
\*I AIN'T A-GONNA GRIEVE MY LORD NO MORE.

A   D                   A  
OH, YOU CAN'T GET TO HEAVEN, WITH POWDER AND PAINT,  
  E                           A  
'CAUSE IT MAKES YOU LOOK, LIKE WHAT YOU AINT. - **REPEAT**

**THEN:**                           E                           A  
\*I AIN'T A-GONNA GRIEVE MY LORD NO MORE

A   D                   A  
OH, IF YOU GET TO HEAVEN, BEFORE I DO,  
  E                           A  
JUST BORE A HOLE, AND PULL ME THROUGH - **REPEAT**

**THEN:**                           E                           A  
\*I AIN'T A-GONNA GRIEVE MY LORD NO MORE.

**CHORUS:**