

# Little White Washed Chimney

Written by Bill Clifton

G C A  
Where the Mississippi flowing by the sunny southern shores  
D7 G  
And the steamboat comes a puffing round the bend  
G C A  
To the little old log cabin with a grapevine o'er the door  
D7 G  
And a little white washed chimney at the end

## CHORUS

G C G  
Oh I'm going back yes going back to the place I love so well  
G D7  
Where the folks they want me for there own again. G  
C A  
To the little old log cabin with the grapevine o'er the door  
D7 G  
And the little white washed chimney at the end

G C A  
Oh I went way up north where they told me I would find  
D7 G  
Money hanging around like apples on a tree  
G C A  
It was like my sweetheart told me there was nothing of the kind  
D7 G  
And the weather was so cold I thought I'd freeze  
Repeat CHORUS..

G C A  
I can see the smoke raising from the little chimney top  
D7 G  
As the folks come out to greet me on the street.  
G C A  
I'll start running and I know I'll never stop  
D7 G  
Until I've landed in that cabin on my feet  
Repeat Chorus