

AEP

OLD ROCKING CHAIR THAT DON'T ROCK NO MORE  
(Rick Cardwell) from troy

G

(G)There's an old rockin' chair- spreading(C) memories every(G)where  
On that old home porch across from peoples(D) store.  
You can(G) see where the wood is worn-where my(C) granddaddy rested his(G) arms  
In that old- rockin' chair that(D) don't rock no(G) more.

I was born in a broken home. I was(C) blinded by things gone (G)wrong.  
I had no vision- of what the future held in(D) store;  
Just a(G) baby barely three when my(C) granddaddy came for (G)me  
To rock me in the rockin' (D)chair that don't rock no(G) more.

CH:

If the(C) rockin' chair could read- the(G) thoughts from people's minds,  
Oh- the stories- it would tell time after(D) time:  
Stories (G) you never hear- of the(C) thoughts one holds so(G) dear.  
Oh, how I wish I could have(D) read my grandpa's(G) mind!

BREAK

Granddaddy lived the Christian way. Truth and(C) goodness he por(G)trayed.  
He counted his blessings as he rocked on the old front(D) porch.  
Yes, he(G)loved- to sit and rock. Payed no(C) attention to the time on the(G) clock  
As he rocked me in the rockin' (D)chair that don't rock no(G) more.

DO CH

TAG: (G)AS HE ROCKED ME IN THE ROCKING(D) CHAIR THAT DON'T ROCK NO(G) MORE