

# Sweet Baby James

James Taylor

There (D)is a young (A)cowboy he (G)lives on the (F#m)range.  
His (Bm)horse and his (G)cattle are his (D)only com(F#m)panion  
He (Bm)works in the (G)saddle and he (D)sleeps in the (F#m)canyon.  
(G)Waiting for (D)summer, his (A)pastures to (Em)change(A)  
And (G)as the moon rises he (A)sits by his (D)fire.  
(Bm)Thinkin' about (G)women and (D)glasses of (A)beer.  
(G)Closing his eyes as the (A)doggies re(D)tire  
He (Bm)sings out a (G)song which is (D)soft but it's (A)clear  
As (Bm)if maybe (E)someone could (A)hear.

He sings (D)Goodnight you (G)moonlight (A)lad(D)ies.  
(Bm)Rock-a-bye (G)sweet baby (D)James.  
(Bm)Deep greens and (G)blues are the (D)colors I choose.  
(Bm)Won't you let me go (E)down in my (A)dreams.  
And (G)rock-a-bye (A)sweet baby (D)James.(GD)

Now the (D)first of De(A)cember was (G)covered with (F#m)snow.  
And (Bm)so was the (G)turnpike from (D)Stockridge to (F#m)Boston.  
Lord the (Bm)Berkshires seemed (G)dreamlike on a(D)ccount of that  
(F#m)frosting.  
With (G)ten miles be(D)hind me and (A)ten thousand (Em)more to go(A).  
There's a (G)song that they sing when they (A)take to the (D)highway.  
A (Bm)song that they (G)sing when they (D)take to the (A)sea.  
A (G)song that they sing of they're (A)home in the (D)sky.  
And maybe (Bm)you can be(G)lieve it if it helps you to (D)sleep.  
But (Bm)singing works (E)just fine for (A)me.

So (D)Goodnight you (G)moonlight (A)lad(D)ies.  
(Bm)Rock-a-bye (G)sweet baby (D)James.  
(Bm)Deep greens and (G)blues are the (D)colors I choose.  
(Bm)Won't you let me go (E)down in my (A)dreams.  
And (G)rock-a-bye (A)sweet baby (D)James.(GD)