

He Died a Rounder at Twenty-one (4/4) Key G

By: Jimmie Skinner

Verse

G
He drank whiskey for his liver

Smoked cigarettes for his lungs

He loved women for his ego
he died a rounder at twenty-one

He never worked down at the saw mill
he couldn't stand that hot sunshine

He had twenty-one years of real life
he lived a thousand in that time

Verse

G
One night when the blues had got him

He must have drank three fifths of rum

He got mean as hell when I told him
he'd never live past twenty-one

Well if a man ever hit me harder
well I don't know where or when

He picked me up off that old bar floor
he said I'd like to be your friend

Verse

G
One night I heard him talkin'

To an old man at the bar

He said Dad, you know I love you,
I just don't like where you are

C **G**
Tell Mama to turn my light on,
C **G**
turn down my feather bed

I'll be twenty-one tomorrow
C **G**
but tomorrow he was dead.

Verse

G
It was twenty-one miles to the graveyard

Twenty-one roses red

Told the story of the rounder
who at twenty-one he was dead

Verse (repeat first verse)

G
He drank whiskey for his liver

Smoked cigarettes for his lungs

He loved women for his ego
he died a rounder at twenty-one
he died a rounder at twenty-one
he died a rounder at twenty-one

Verse

I I I I/IV

I/IV I/IV I I/IV

I (BRIDGE)