

Allman Brothers Band, Let Me Ride

Allman Brothers Band

Seven Turns

Let Me Ride

by Dickey Betts

(c) 1990 CBS Records, Inc.

transcribed by Matt Dickie

Well now times got hard

And I didn't draw the card I needed

So I proceeded to bang it on down the line

Hitchhike, turnpike

And if you got room won't you let me ride?

Just as far as you're going

And lord knowing I'll be much obliged.

There was a light rain falling

I started recalling how lonesome a man can be

Feeling a chill When over the hill

Came a brand new baby blue Cadillac

Stop on a dime

I threw my guitar in the back and I climbed inside

Big Blue eyes said "Hey boy don't you want a ride?"

I Said to Birmingham, Alabama,

Or to Nashville Tennessee will do just fine with me.

Don't you know what I mean?

I'm coming from New Orleans.

Now hey, [na na.]

Mama won't you let me ride?

Well now black fur coat, diamond ring

Shining like something I ain't ever seen.

My old guitar and a roadside bar.

Walked in the door looking like a movie queen

There was a honky tonk jukebox, hardwood floor

She said "I ain't ever seen nothing like this before."

I said, "That's all right, mama won't you let me ride?"

On down to Birmingham, Alabama,

Or to Nashville Tennessee will do fine with me.

Don't you know what I mean?

I'm coming from New Orleans.

Now hey, [na na.]

Mama won't you let me ride?