

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?