

# The Allman Brothers Band, Long Time Gone

Out on the lonesome highway  
Suitcase and an old guitar  
Just outside Oklahoma City  
In a place called Johnny's Roadside Bar  
Having fun  
Son of a gun  
I ain't fit to be tied  
I'm on my way back to Georgia  
Won't you give me a ride

Sometimes it at easy  
When you don't have much to spare  
Traveling light  
Lord, counting on my fifth  
But the little bit hear and there  
She's got the prettiest big brown eyes  
When she's satisfied  
But I'm on way back to Georgia, boys  
Won't you give me a ride

I'm a long time gone  
On my way back home, Lord  
Long time gone, gone

[solo]

I'm a long time gone  
On my way back home, Lord  
Long time gone, gone

I'm a long time gone  
On my way back home, Lord  
Long time gone, gone