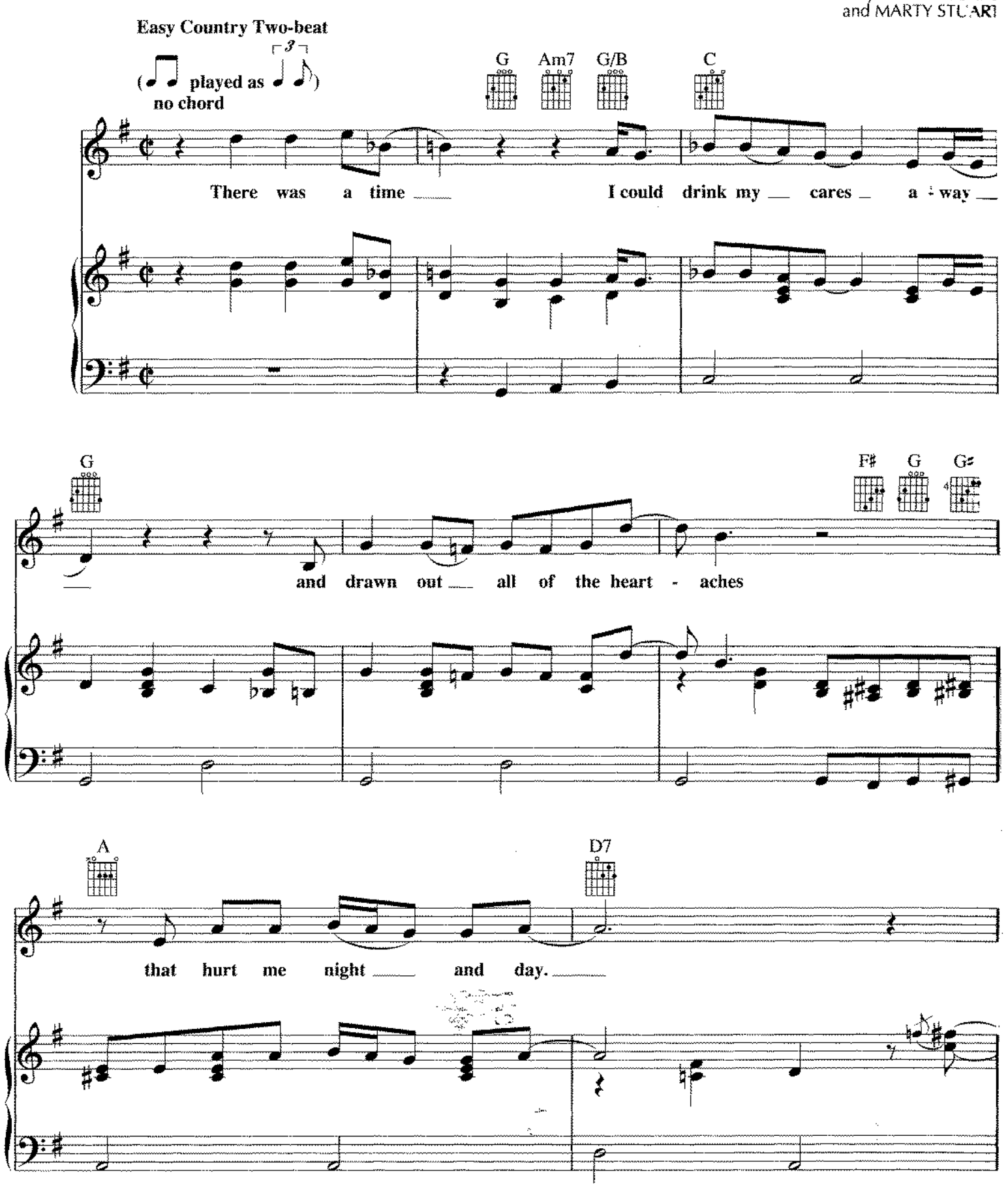
TRAVIS

IT'S ALL ABOUT TO tr**i**tt CHANGE

PHOTO BY PETER NASH

THE WHISKEY AIN'T WORKIN'

Words and Music by RONNY SCAIFE
and MARTY STUART



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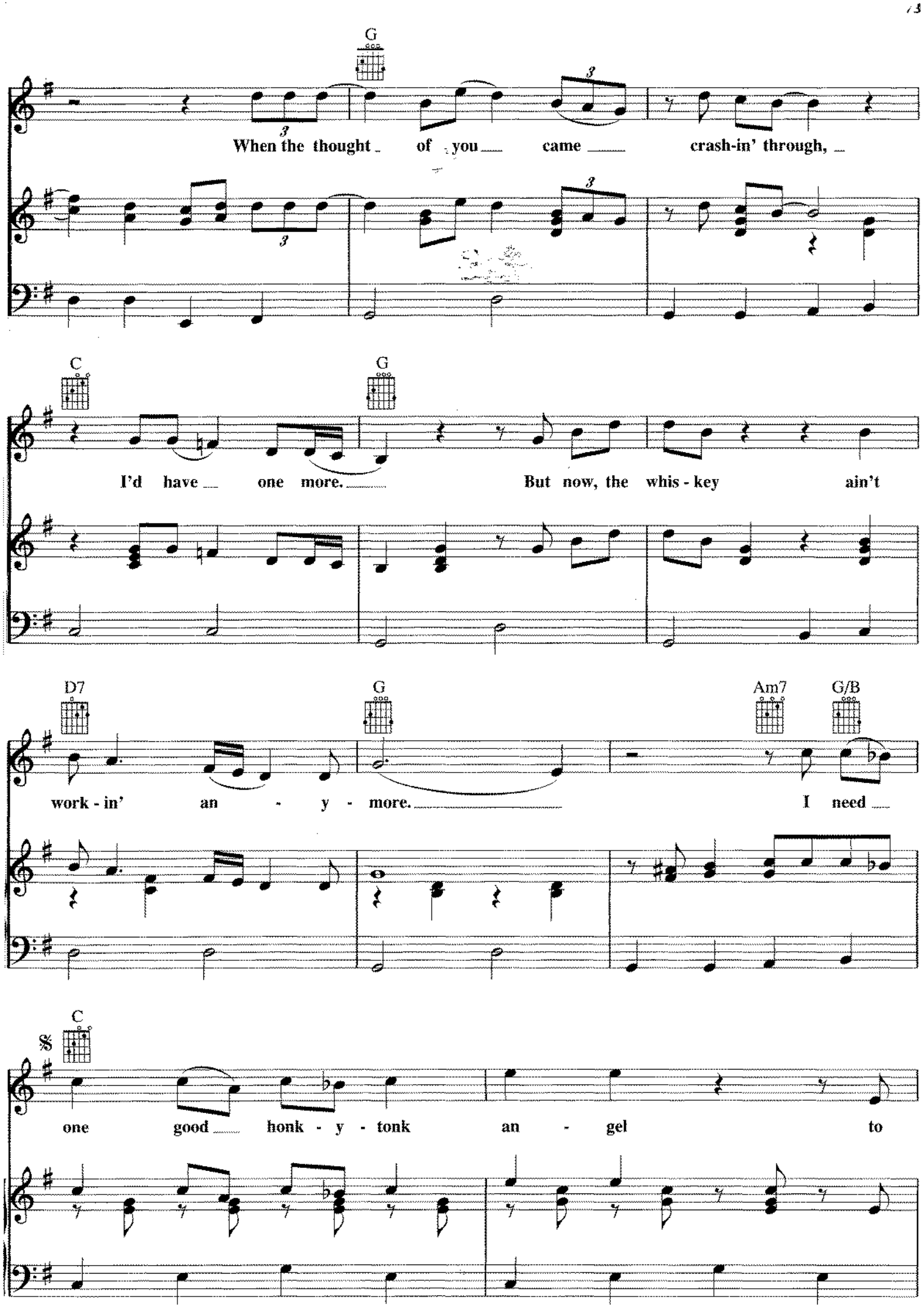
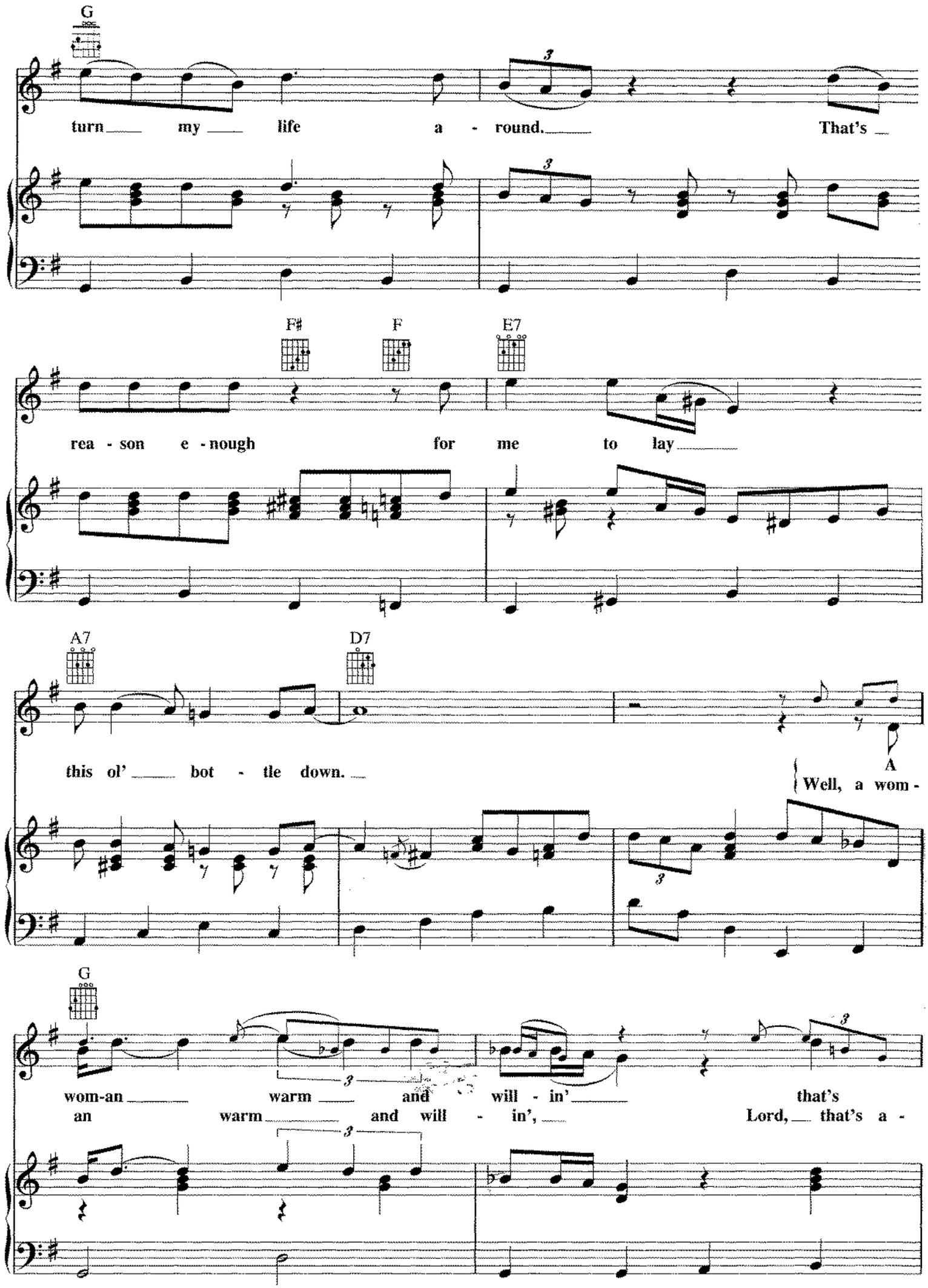
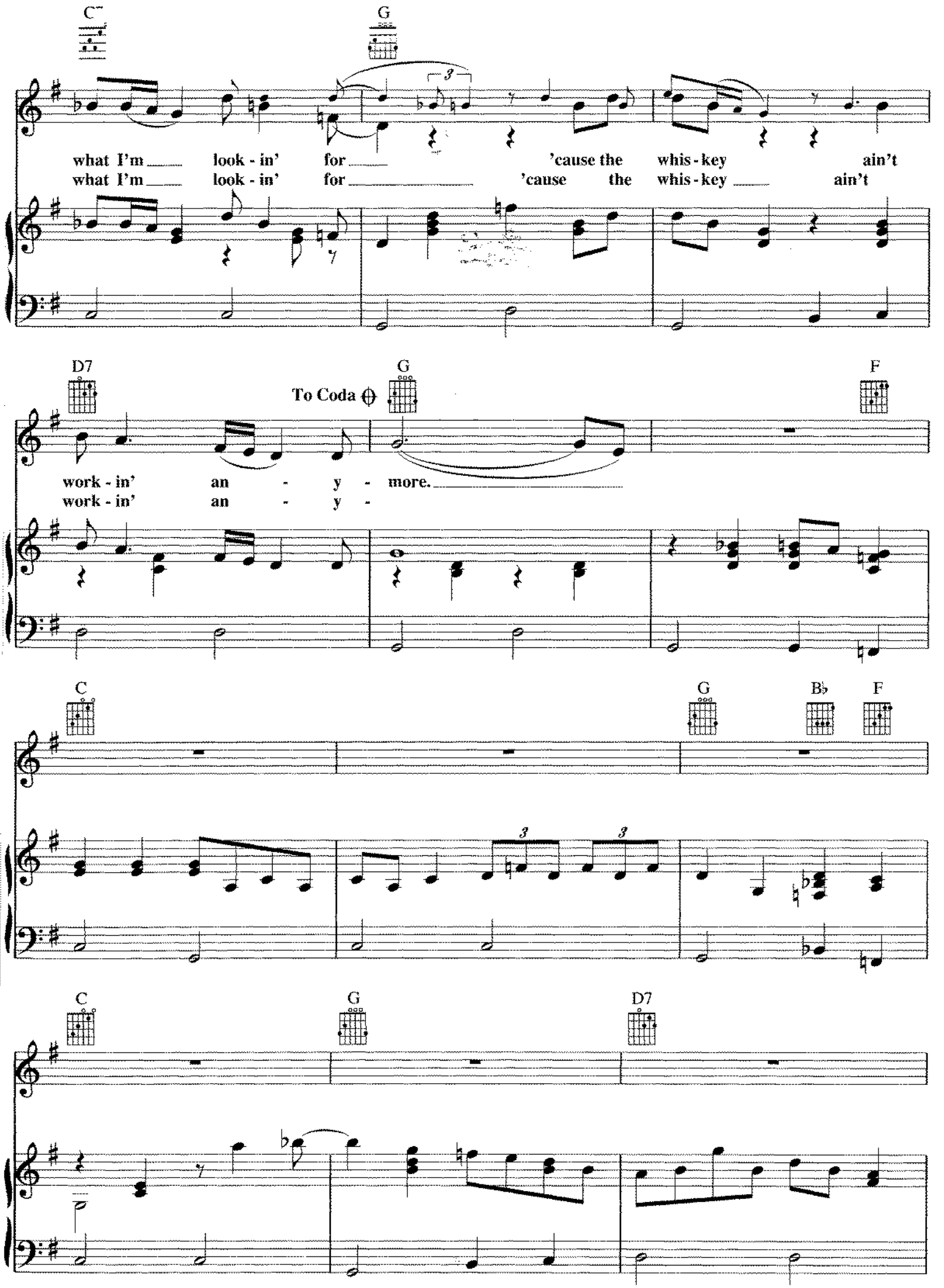
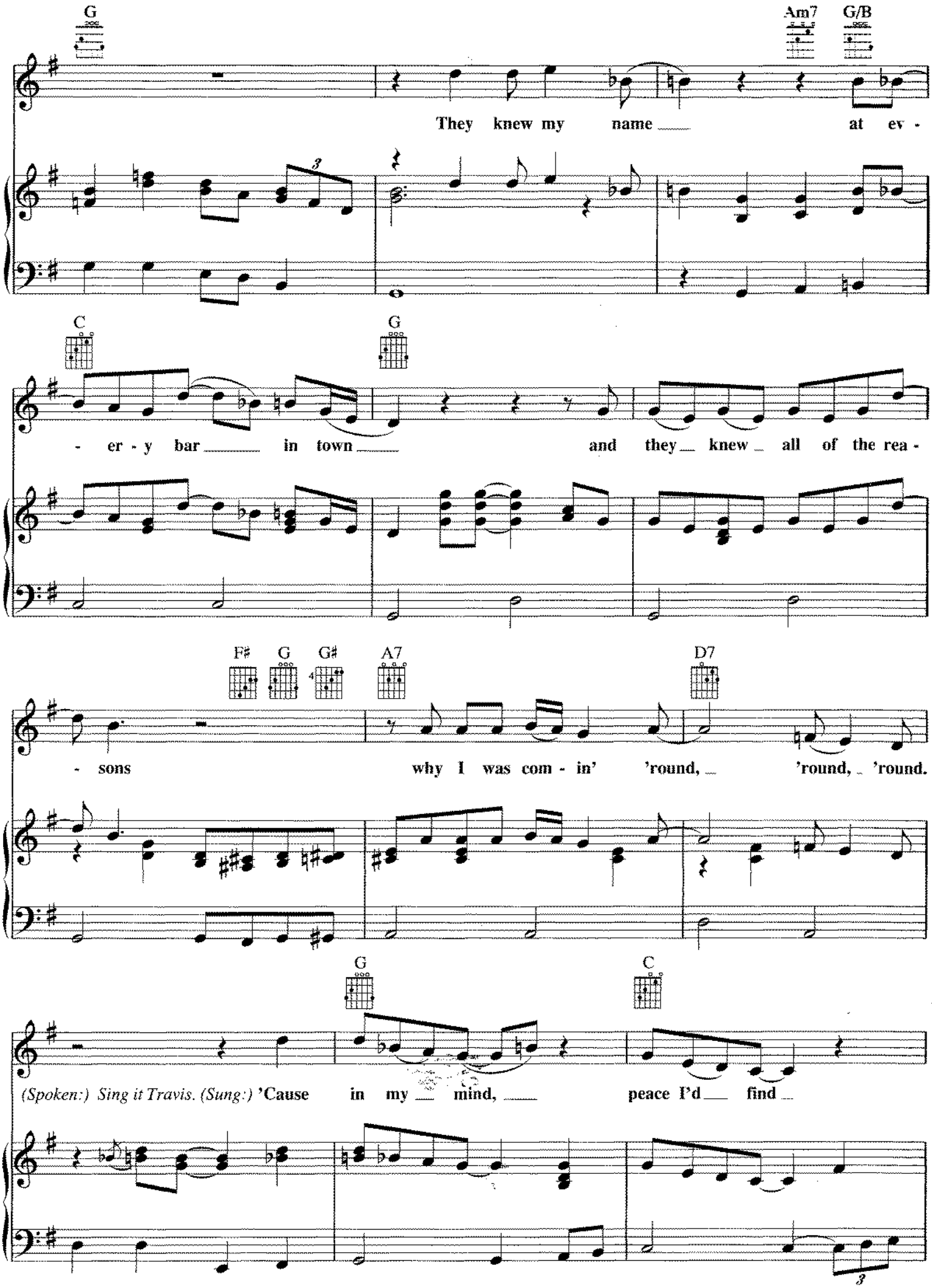
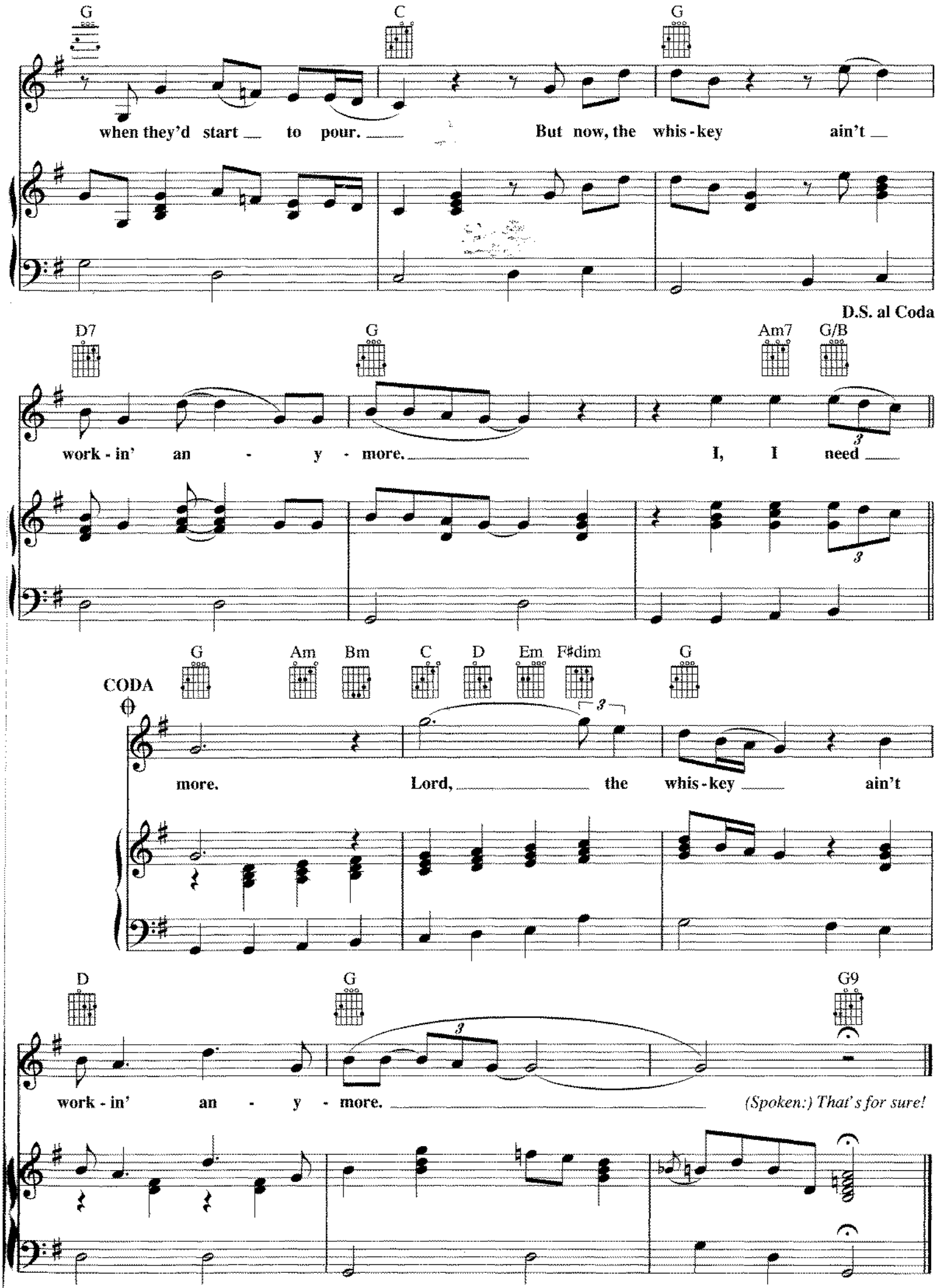

G
When the thought of you came crash-in' through,
C
G
I'd have one more. But now, the whis - key ain't
D7
G
Am7
G/B
work - in' an - y - more. I need
C
𝄋
one good honk - y - tonk an - gel to


G
turn my life a - round. That's
F# F E7
rea - son e - nough for me to lay
A7 D7
this ol' bot - tle down.
A
Well, a wom -
G
wom-an warm and will - in' that's
an warm and will - in', Lord, that's a -

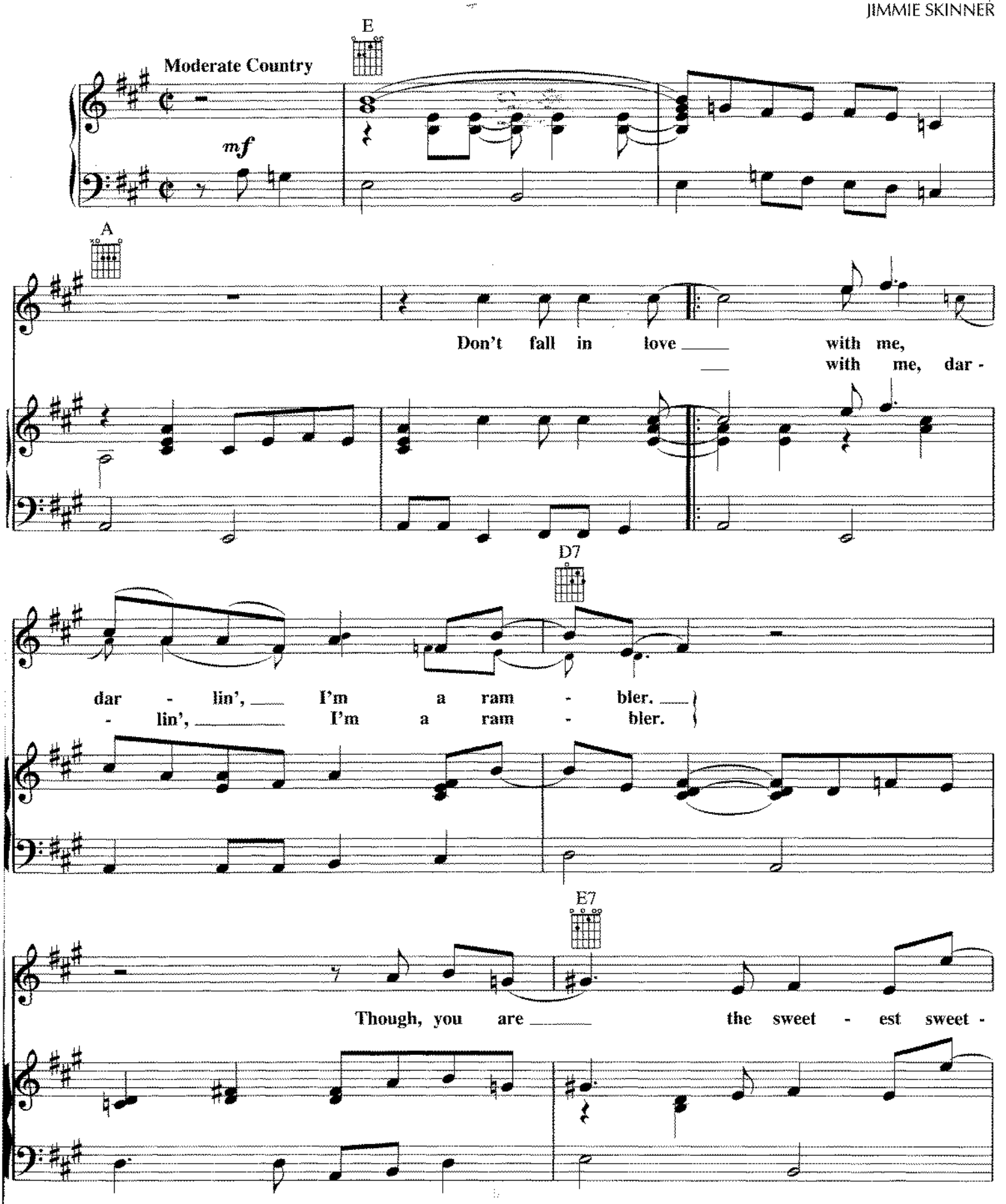

C
G
what I'm look - in' for 'cause the whis - key ain't
what I'm look - in' for 'cause the whis - key ain't
D7
To Coda
G
F
work - in' an - y - more.
work - in' an - y -
C
G
B♭
F
3
3
C
G
D7


G
Am7
G/B
They knew my name at ev -
C
G
- er - y bar in town and they knew all of the rea -
F♯
G
G♯
A7
D7
- sons why I was com - in' 'round, 'round, 'round.
G
C
(Spoken:) Sing it Travis. (Sung:) 'Cause in my mind, peace I'd find


G
C
G
when they'd start to pour.
But now, the whis - key ain't
D.S. al Coda
D7
G
Am7
G/B
work - in' an - y - more.
I, I need
CODA
G
Am
Bm
C
D
Em
F♯dim
G
more.
Lord, the whis - key ain't
D
G
G9
work - in' an - y - more.
(Spoken:) That's for sure!

DON'T GIVE YOUR HEART TO A RAMBLER

Words and Music by
JIMMIE SKINNER



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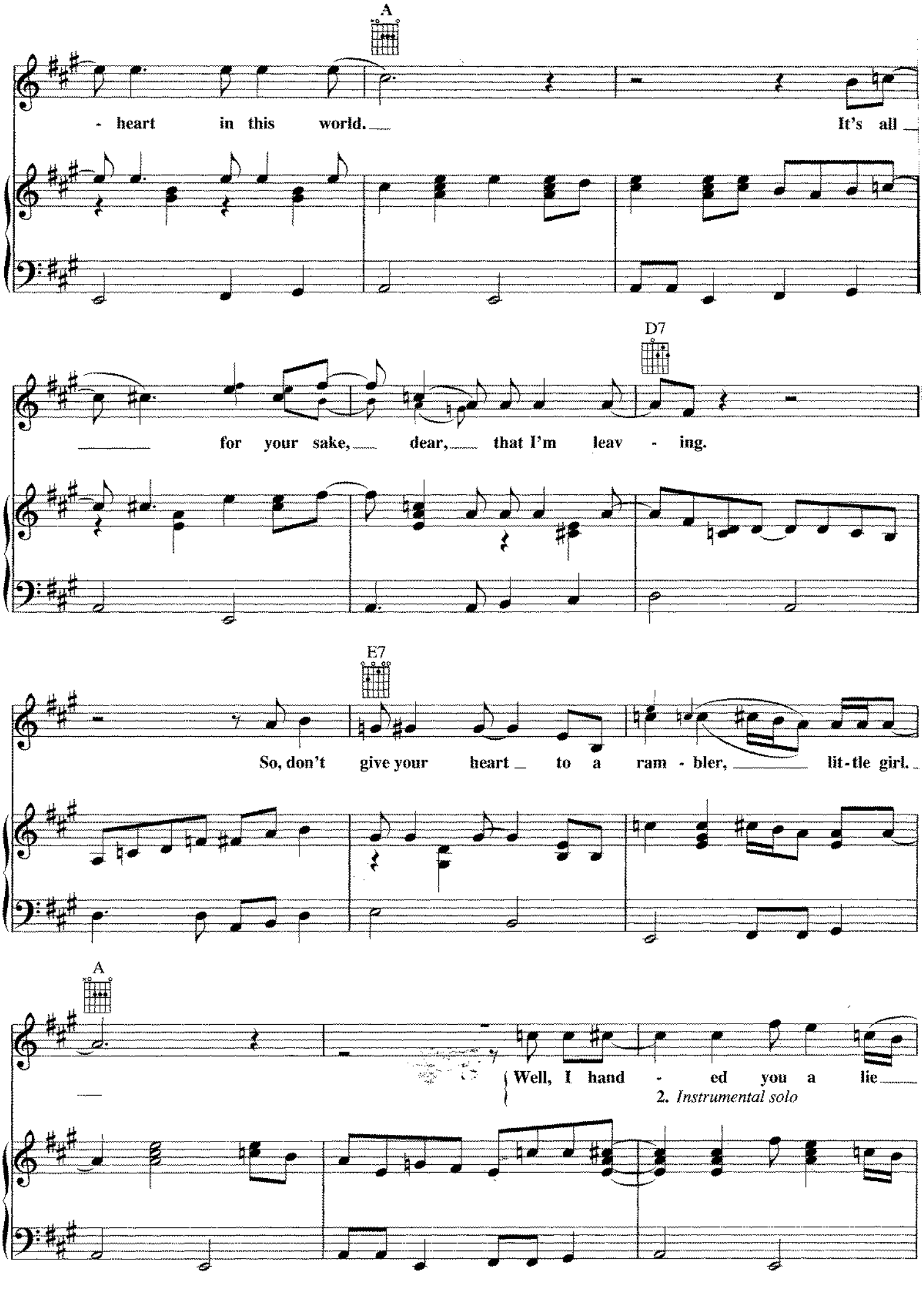
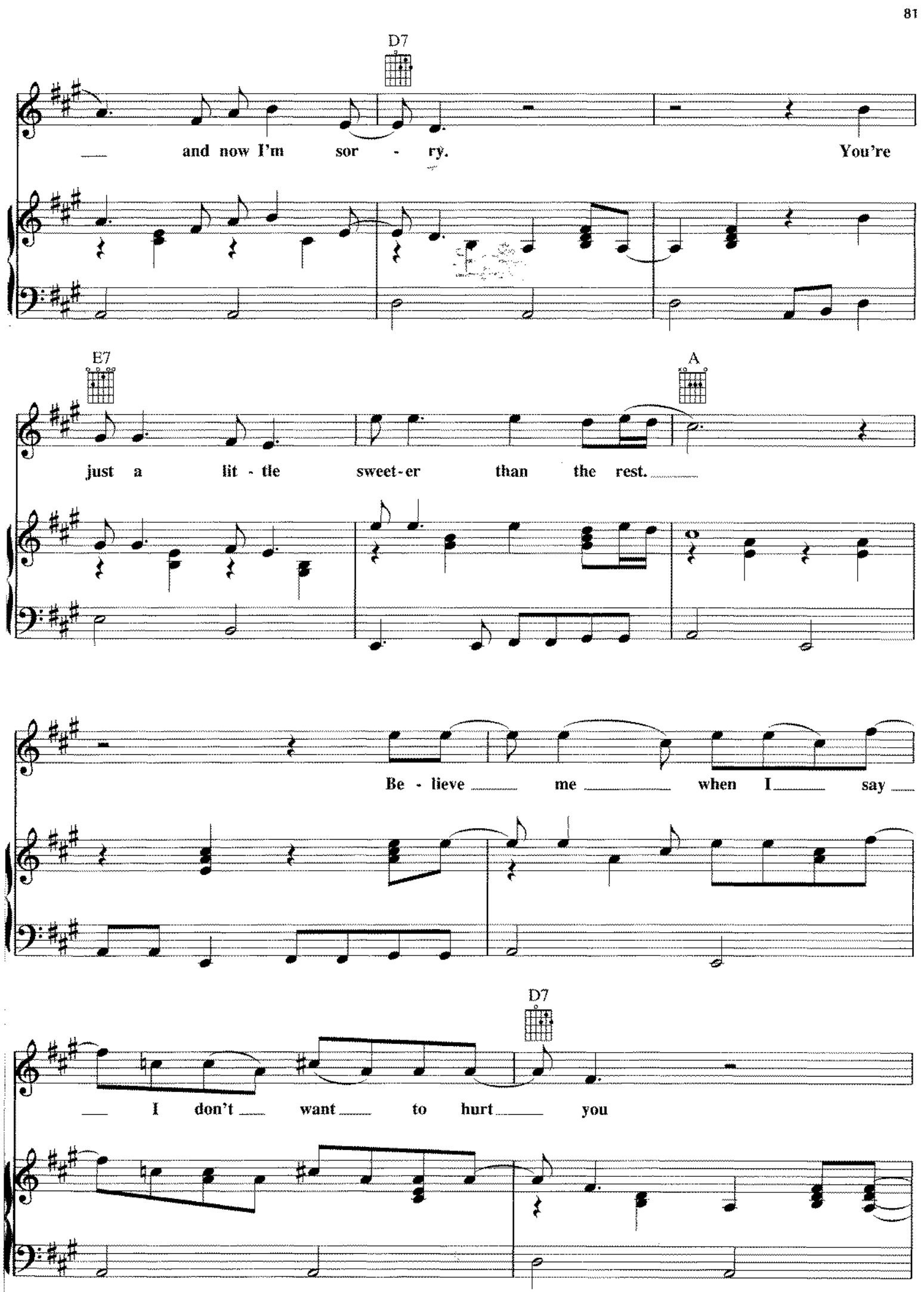
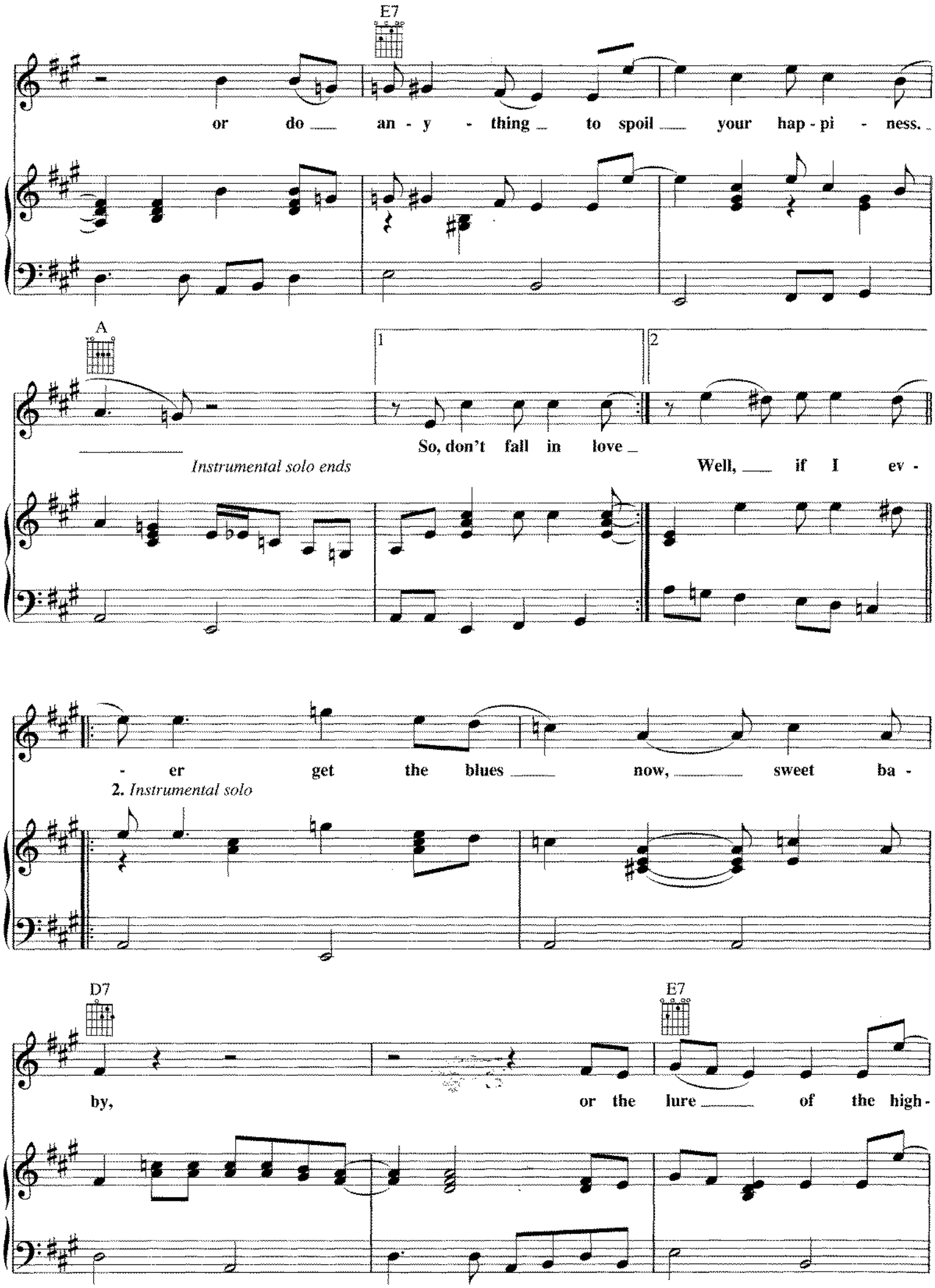
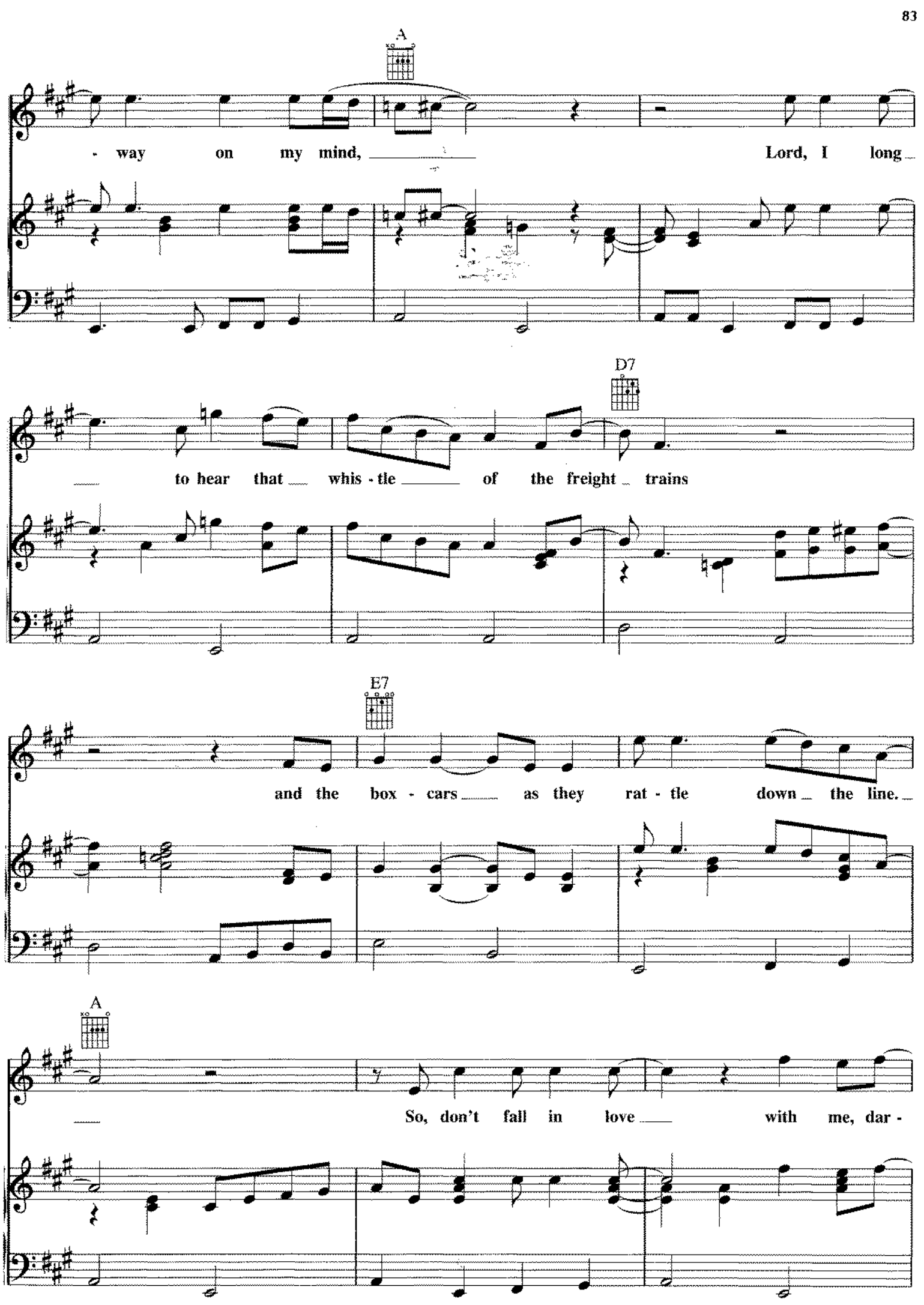
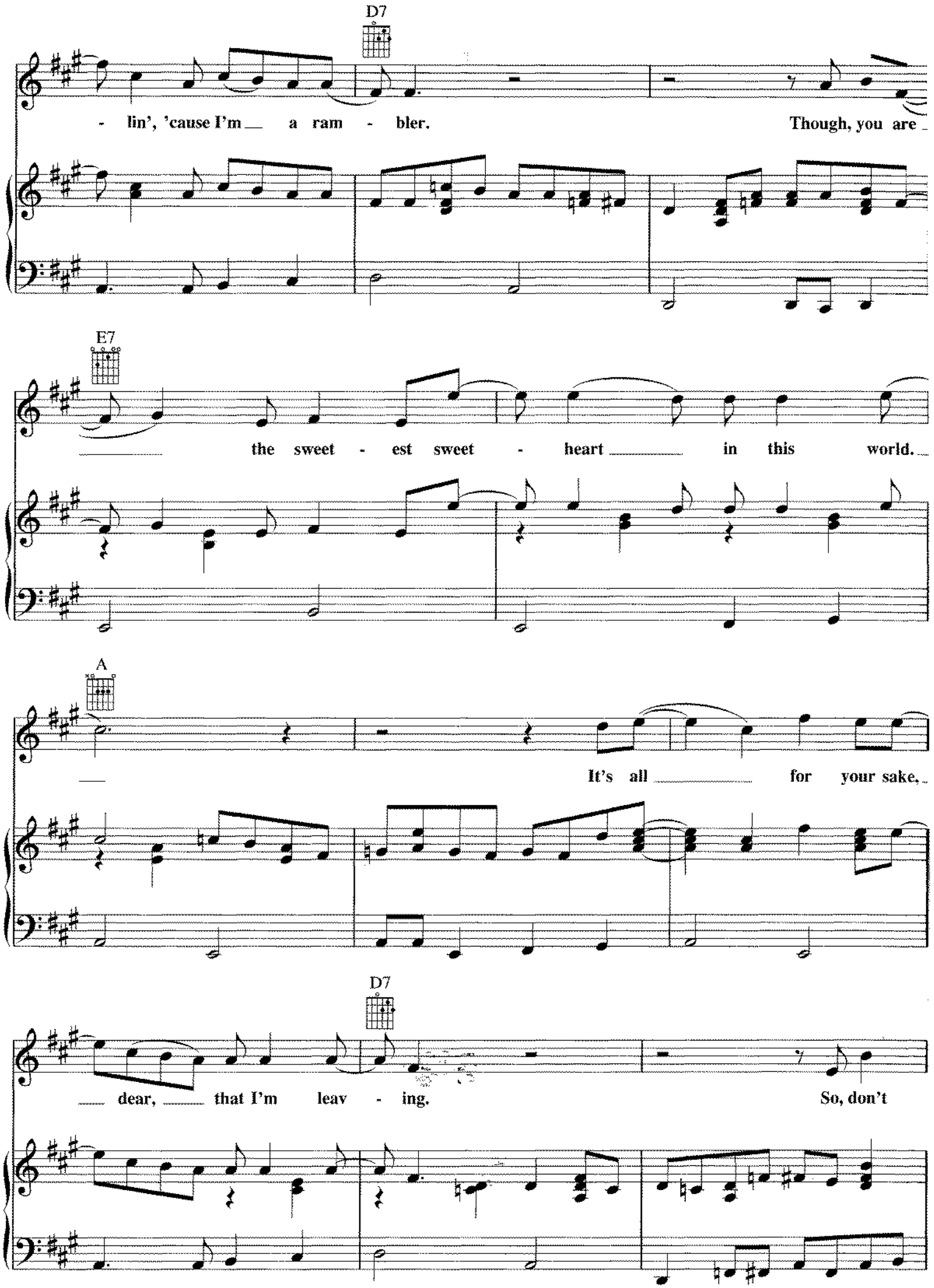
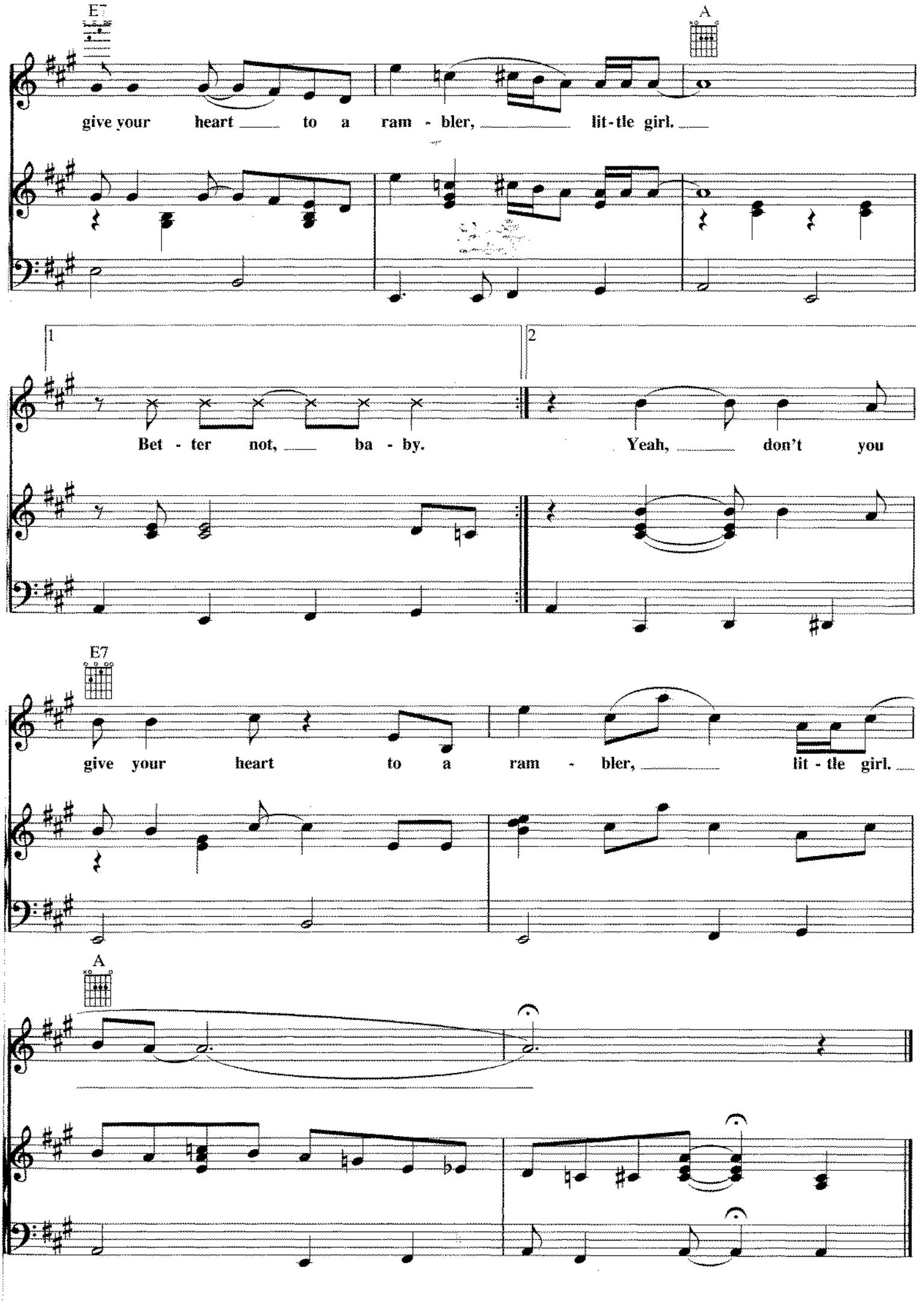

A
- heart in this world. It's all
D7
for your sake, dear, that I'm leav - ing.
E7
So, don't give your heart to a ram - bler, lit - tle girl.
A
Well, I hand - ed you a lie
2. Instrumental solo


D7
and now I'm sor - ry. You're
E7
A
just a lit - tle sweet-er than the rest.
Be - lieve me when I say
D7
I don't want to hurt you


E7
or do an - y - thing to spoil your hap - pi - ness.
A
1
2
So, don't fall in love
Instrumental solo ends
Well, if I ev -
- er get the blues now, sweet ba -
2. Instrumental solo
D7
E7
by,
or the lure of the high -

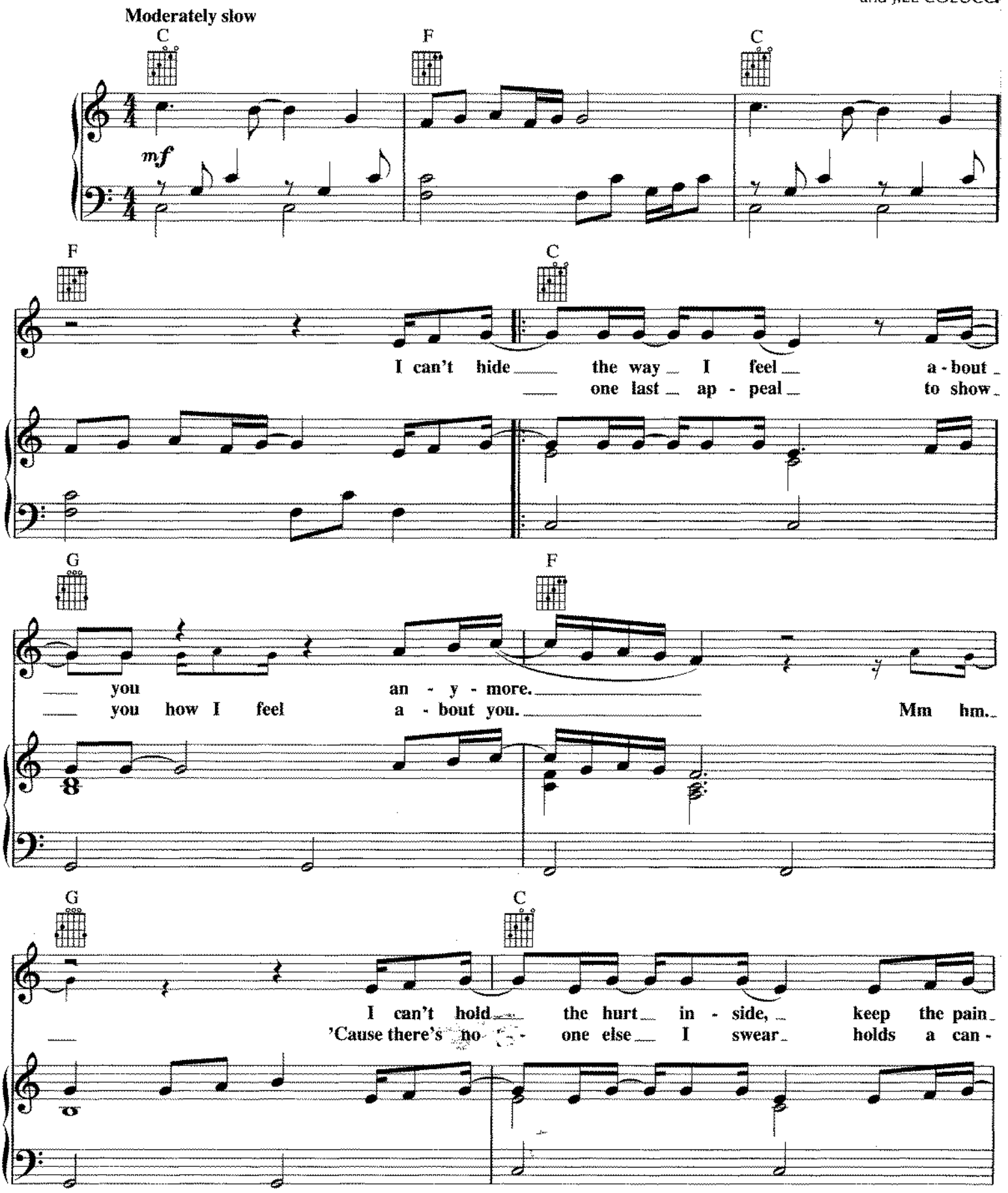

A
- way on my mind, Lord, I long
D7
to hear that whis - tle of the freight trains
E7
and the box - cars as they rat - tle down the line.
A
So, don't fall in love with me, dar -


D7
- lin', 'cause I'm a ram - bler.
Though, you are
E7
the sweet - est sweet - heart in this world.
A
It's all for your sake,
D7
dear, that I'm leav - ing.
So, don't


E7
A
give your heart to a ram - bler, lit-tle girl.
1
2
Bet - ter not, ba - by.
Yeah, don't you
E7
give your heart to a ram - bler, lit - tle girl.
A

ANYMORE

Words and Music by TRAVIS TRITT
and JILL COLUCCI



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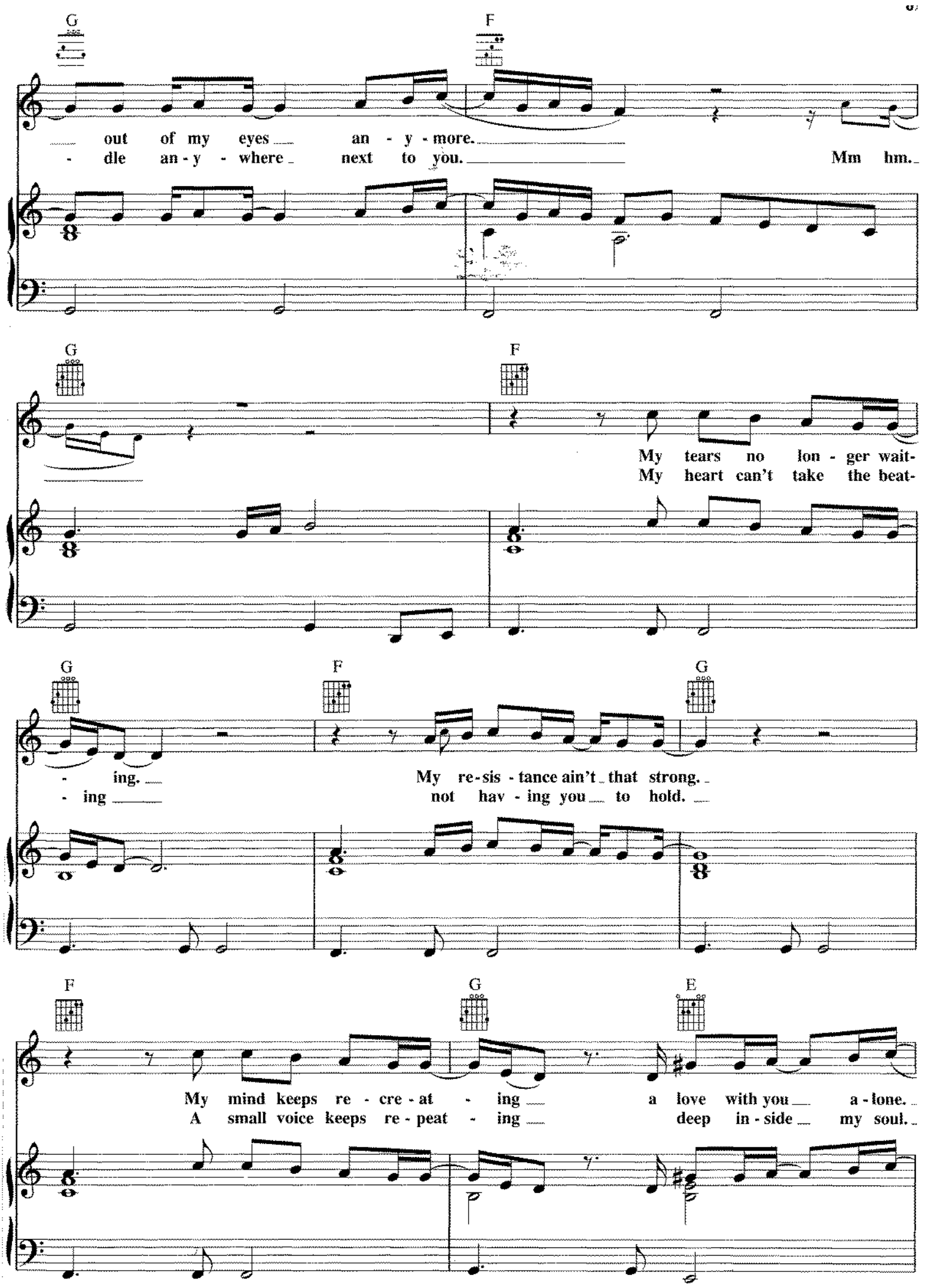
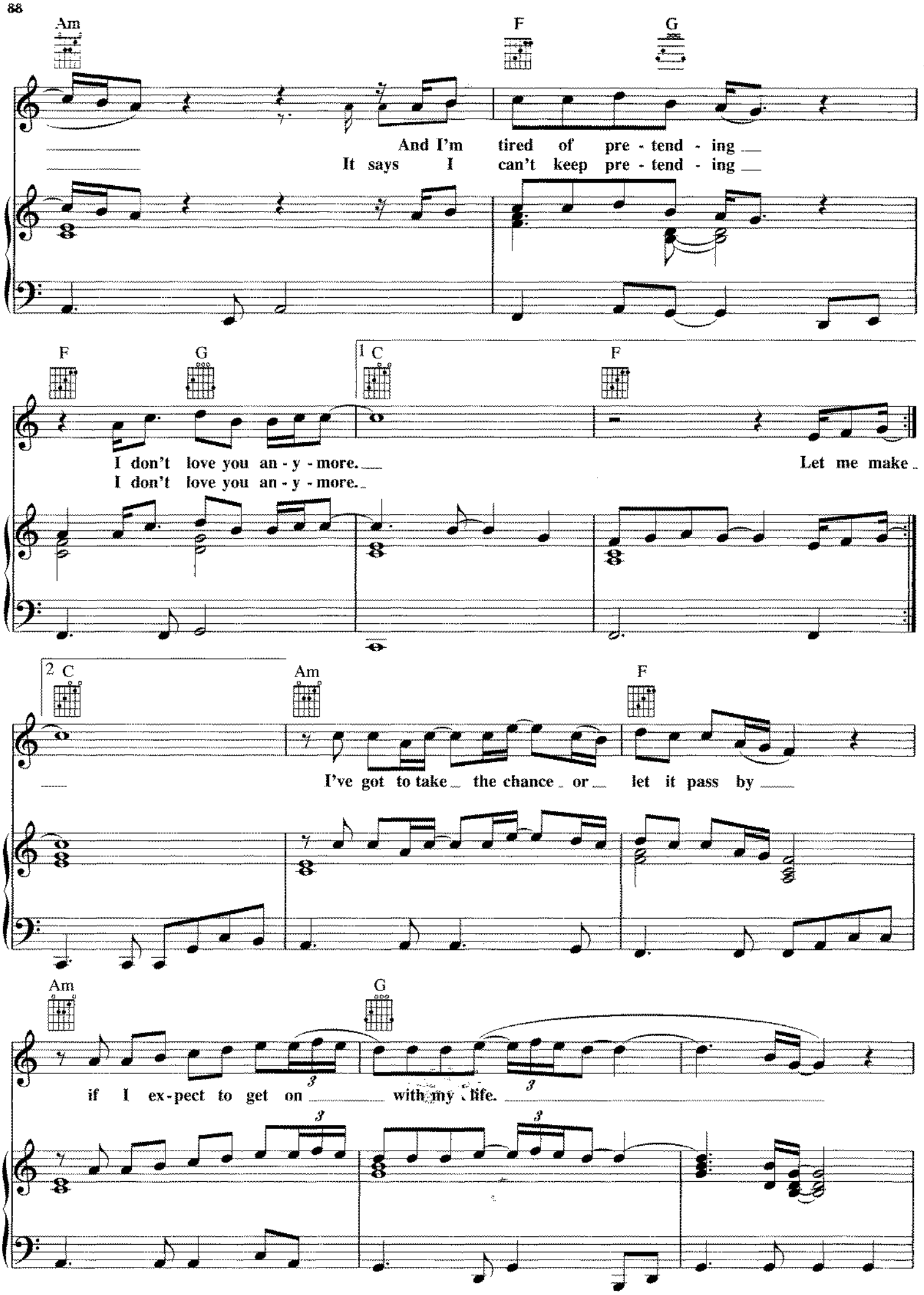
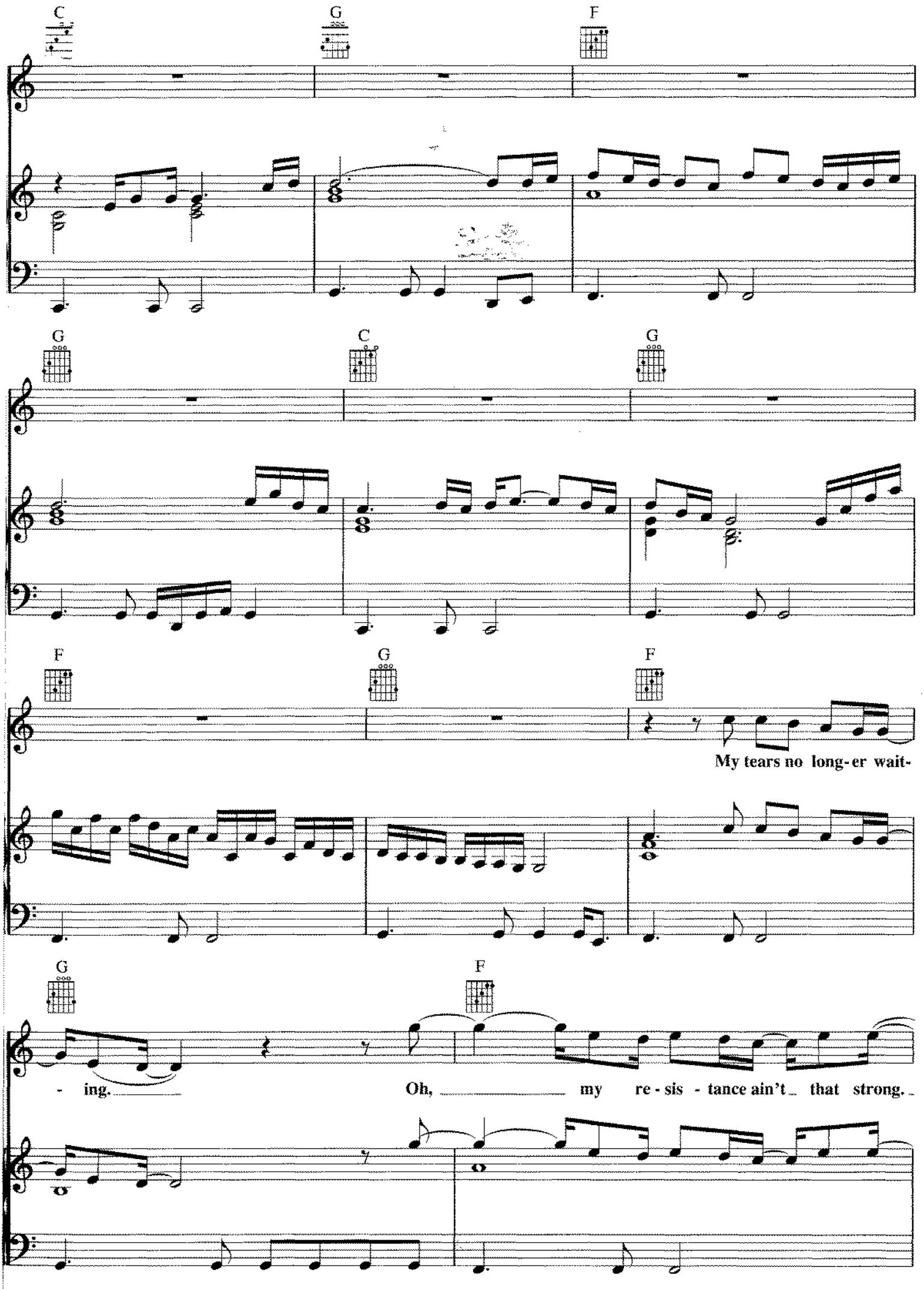
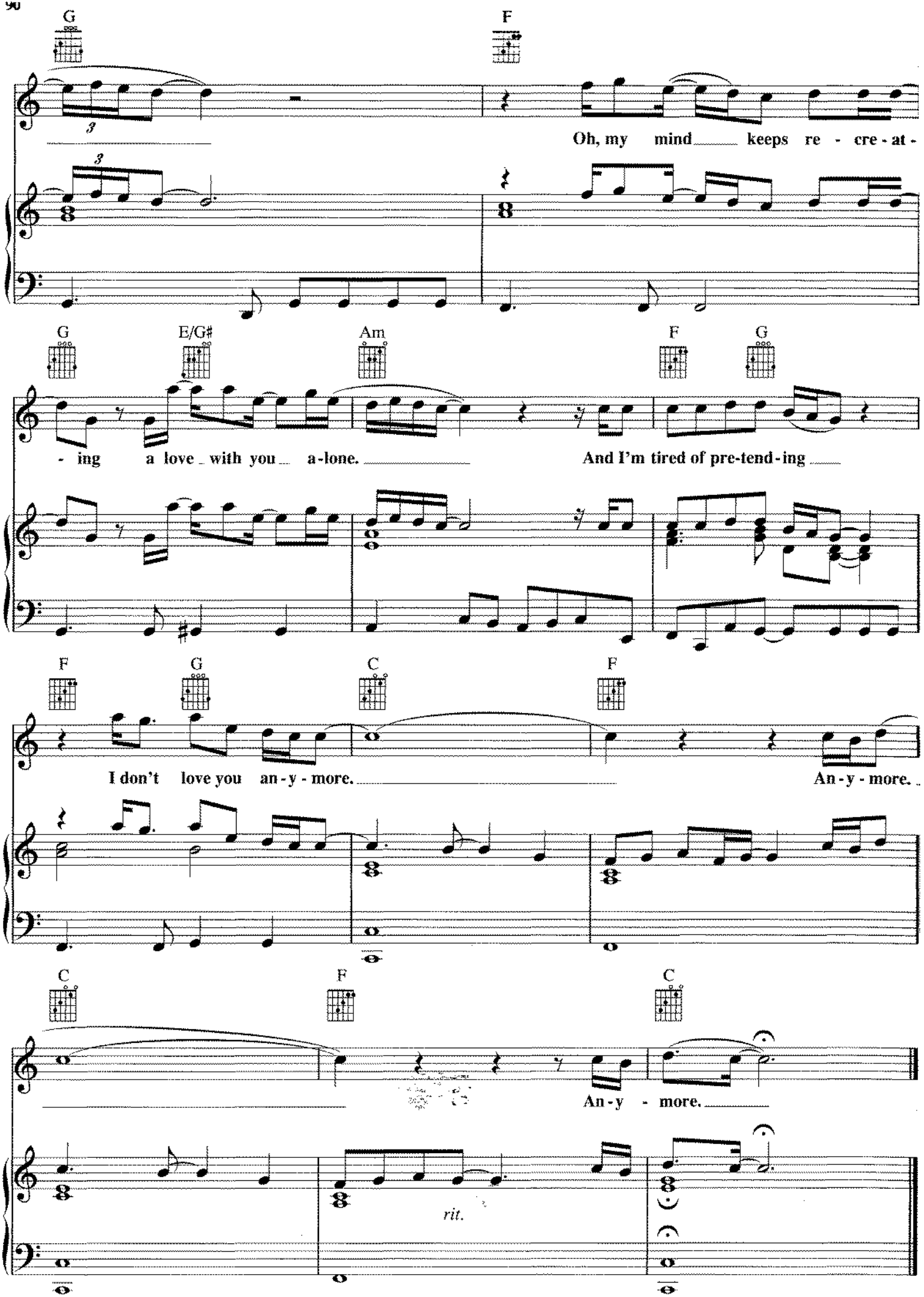

G
F
out of my eyes an - y - more.
- dle an - y - where next to you.
Mm hm.
G
F
My tears no lon - ger wait-
My heart can't take the beat-
G
F
G
- ing.
- ing
My re - sis - tance ain't that strong.
not hav - ing you to hold.
F
G
E
My mind keeps re - cre - at - ing a love with you a - lone.
A small voice keeps re - peat - ing deep in - side my soul.

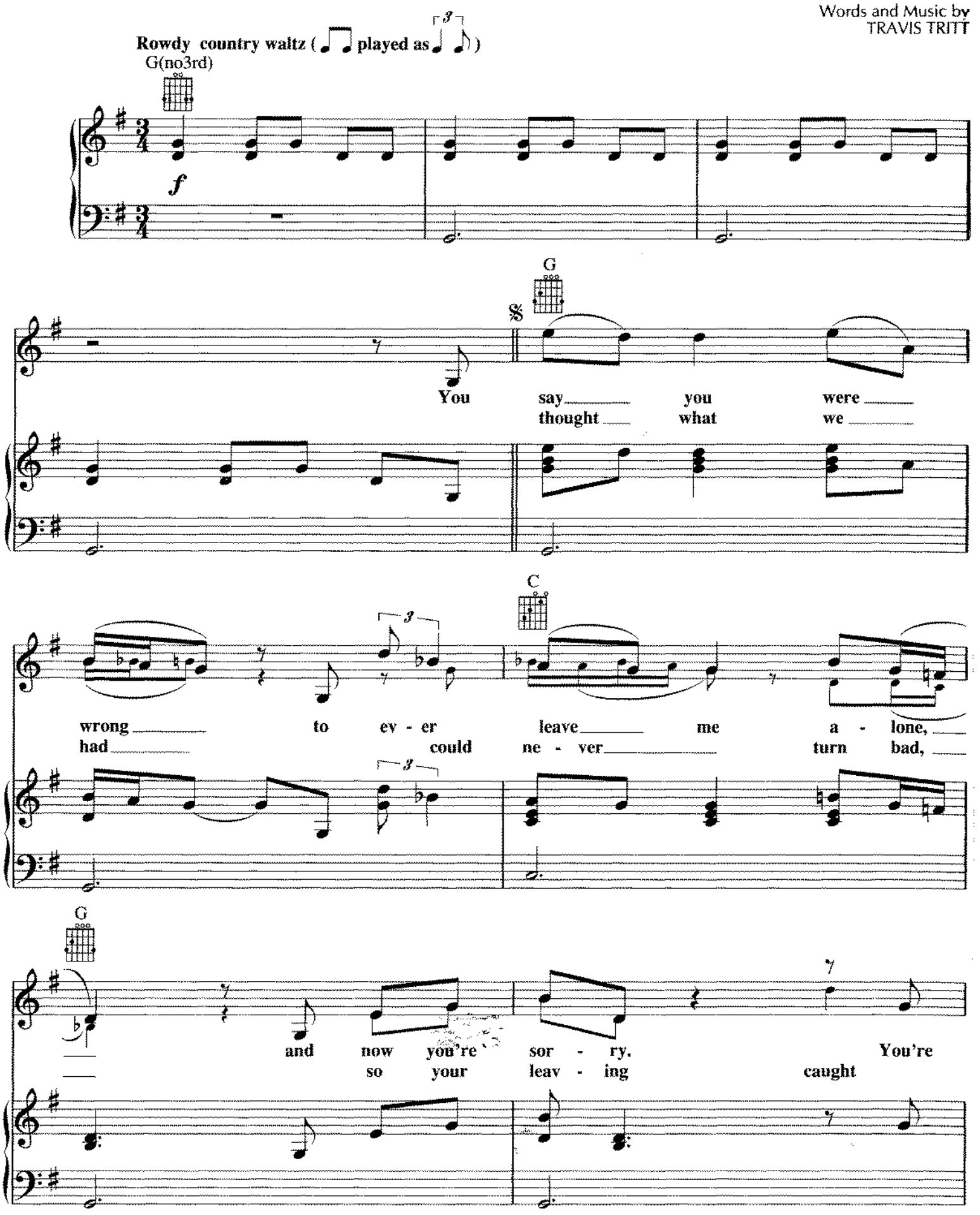

Am
F
G
And I'm tired of pre - tend - ing
It says I can't keep pre - tend - ing
F
G
1 C
F
I don't love you an - y - more.
I don't love you an - y - more.
Let me make
2 C
Am
F
I've got to take the chance or let it pass by
Am
G
if I ex-pect to get on with my life.


C
G
F
G
C
G
F
G
F
My tears no long-er wait-
G
F
- ing.
Oh, my re-sis-tance ain't that strong.


G
F
Oh, my mind keeps re - cre - at -
G
E/G#
Am
F
G
- ing a love with you a - lone.
And I'm tired of pre-tend - ing
F
G
C
F
I don't love you an - y - more.
An - y - more.
C
F
C
An - y - more.
rit.

HERE'S A QUARTER
(CALL SOMEONE WHO CARES)

Words and Music by
TRAVIS TRITT



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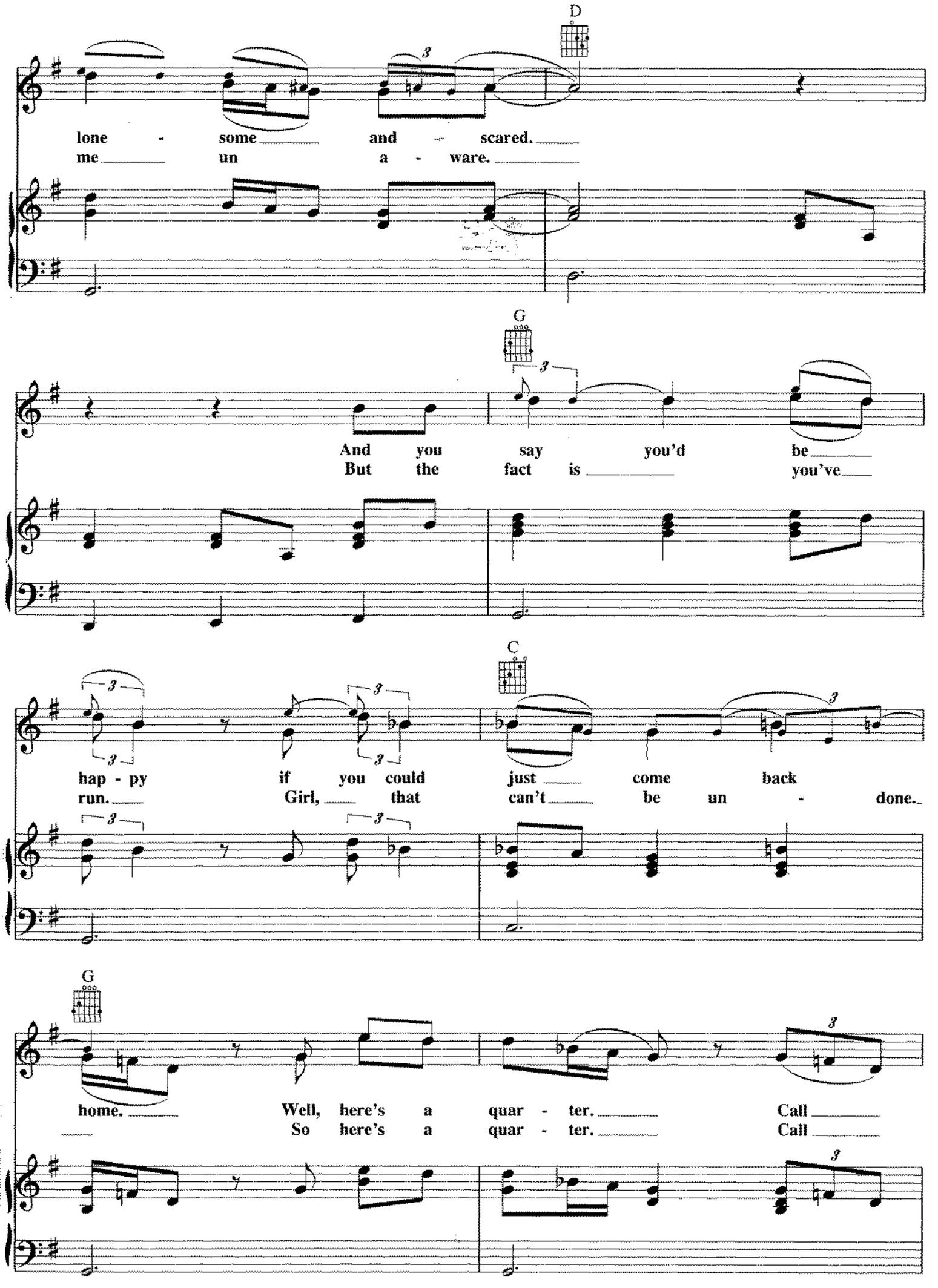
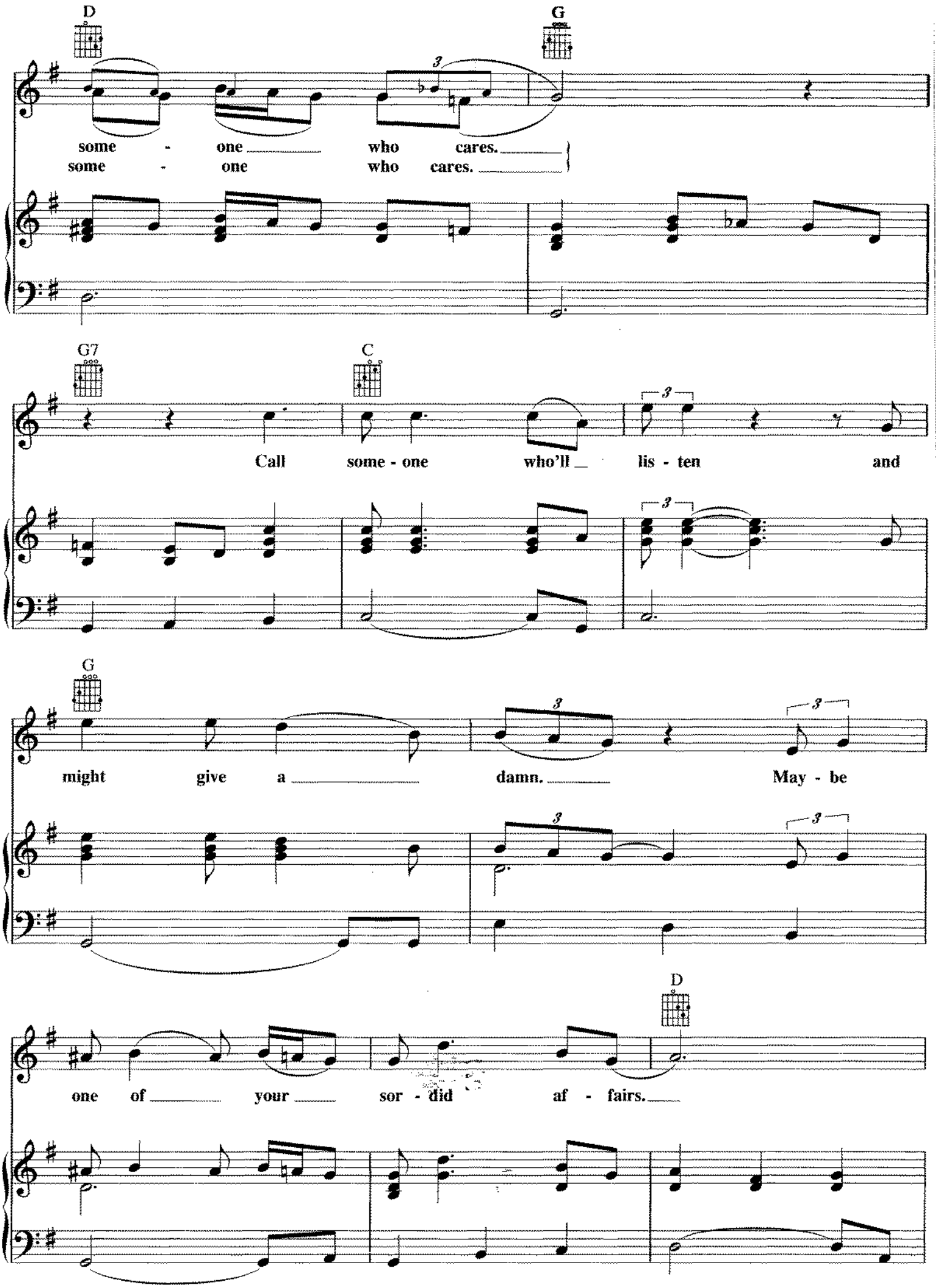
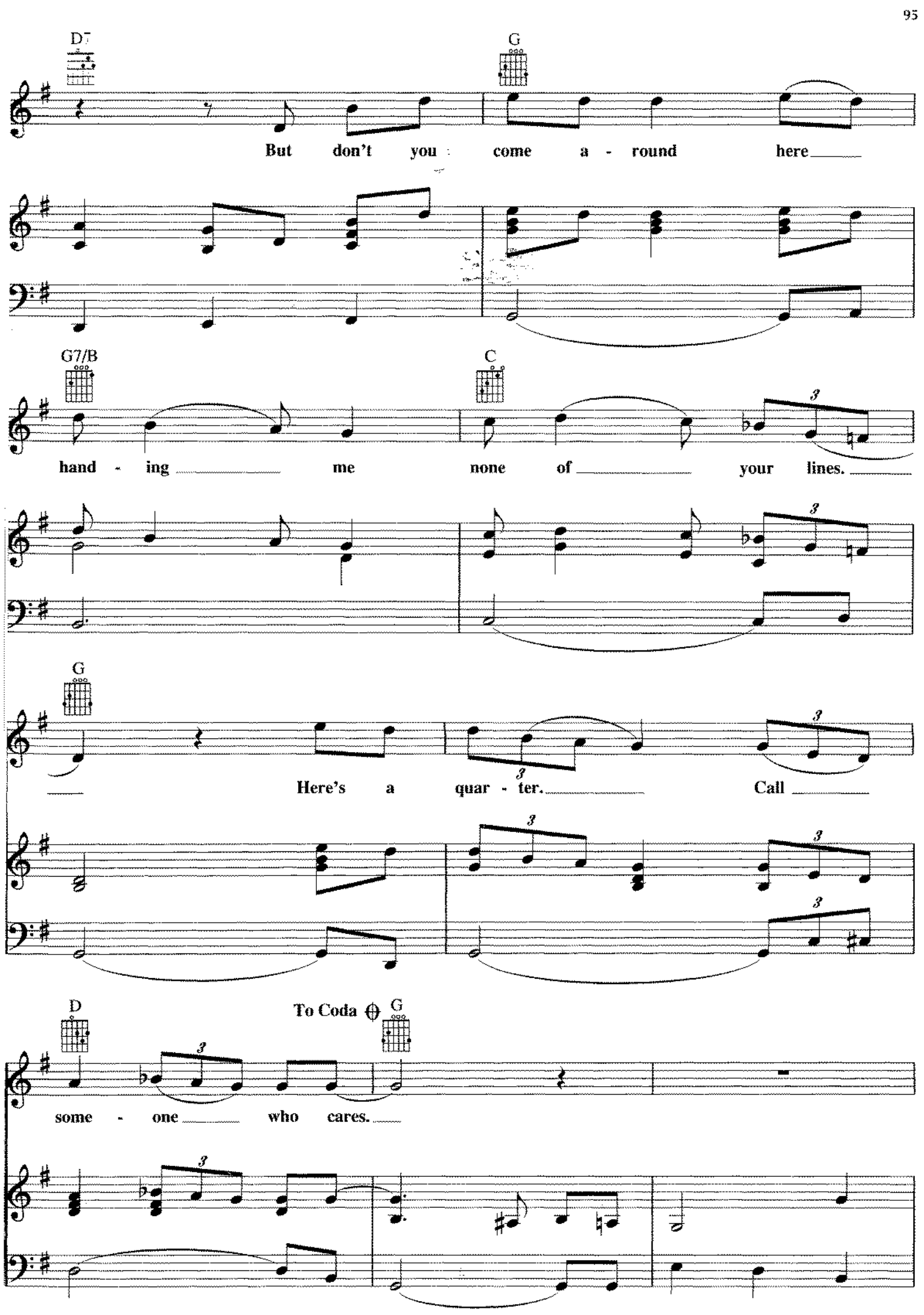
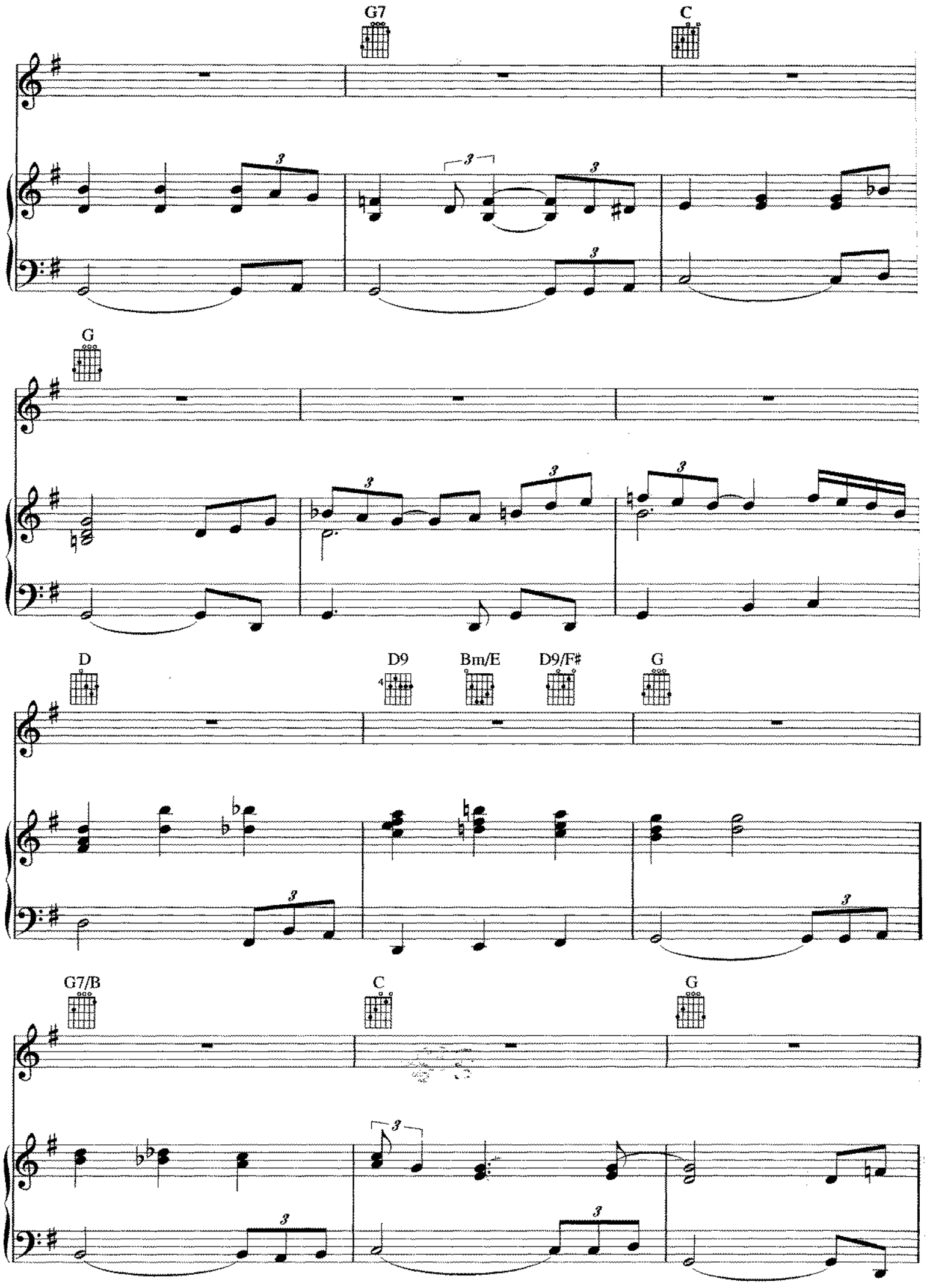
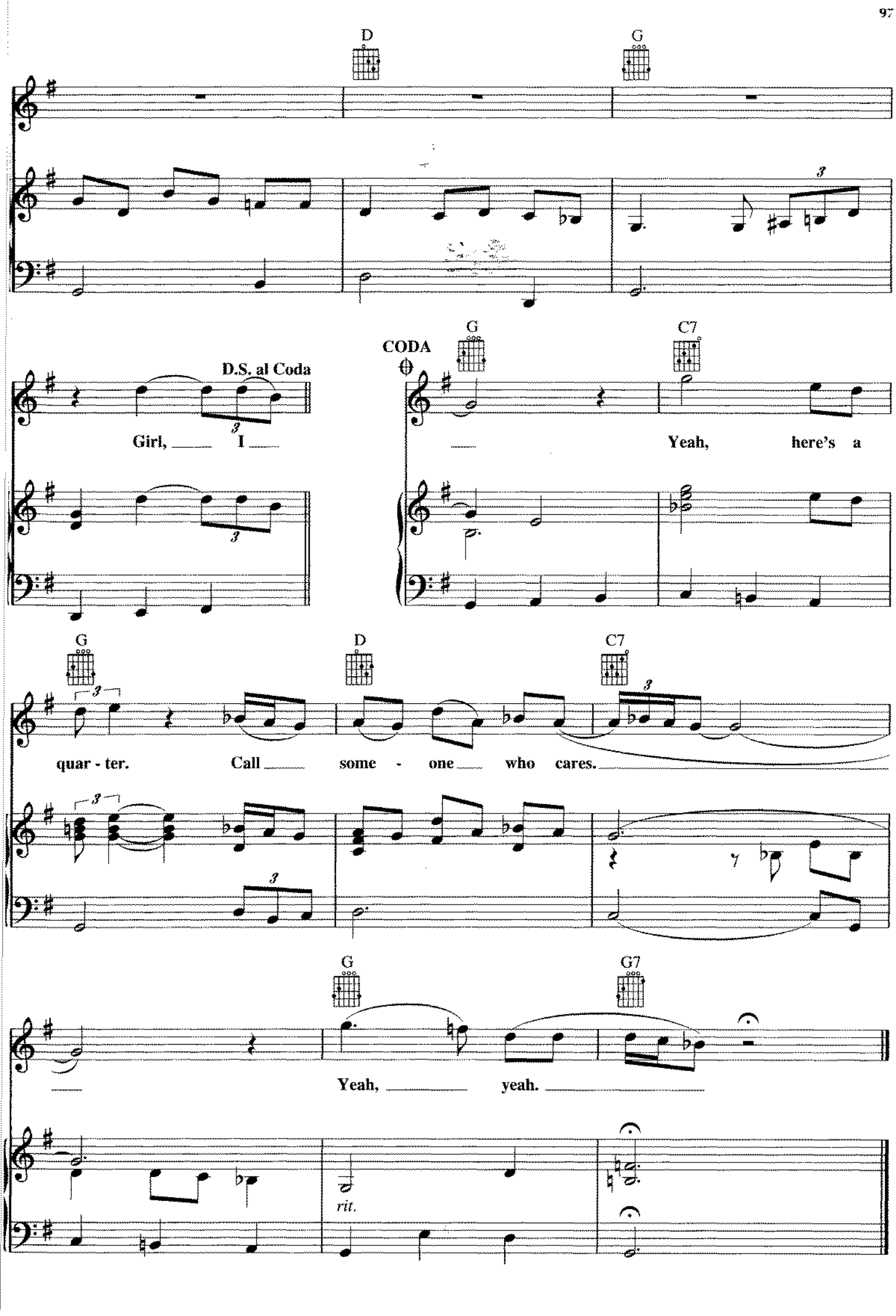

D
lone - some and - scared.
me un a - ware.
G
And you say you'd be
But the fact is you've
C
hap - py if you could just come back
run. Girl, that can't be un - done.
G
home. Well, here's a quar - ter. Call
So here's a quar - ter. Call


D
G
some - one who cares.
some - one who cares.
G7
C
Call some - one who'll lis - ten and
G
might give a damn. May - be
D
one of your sor - did af - fairs.

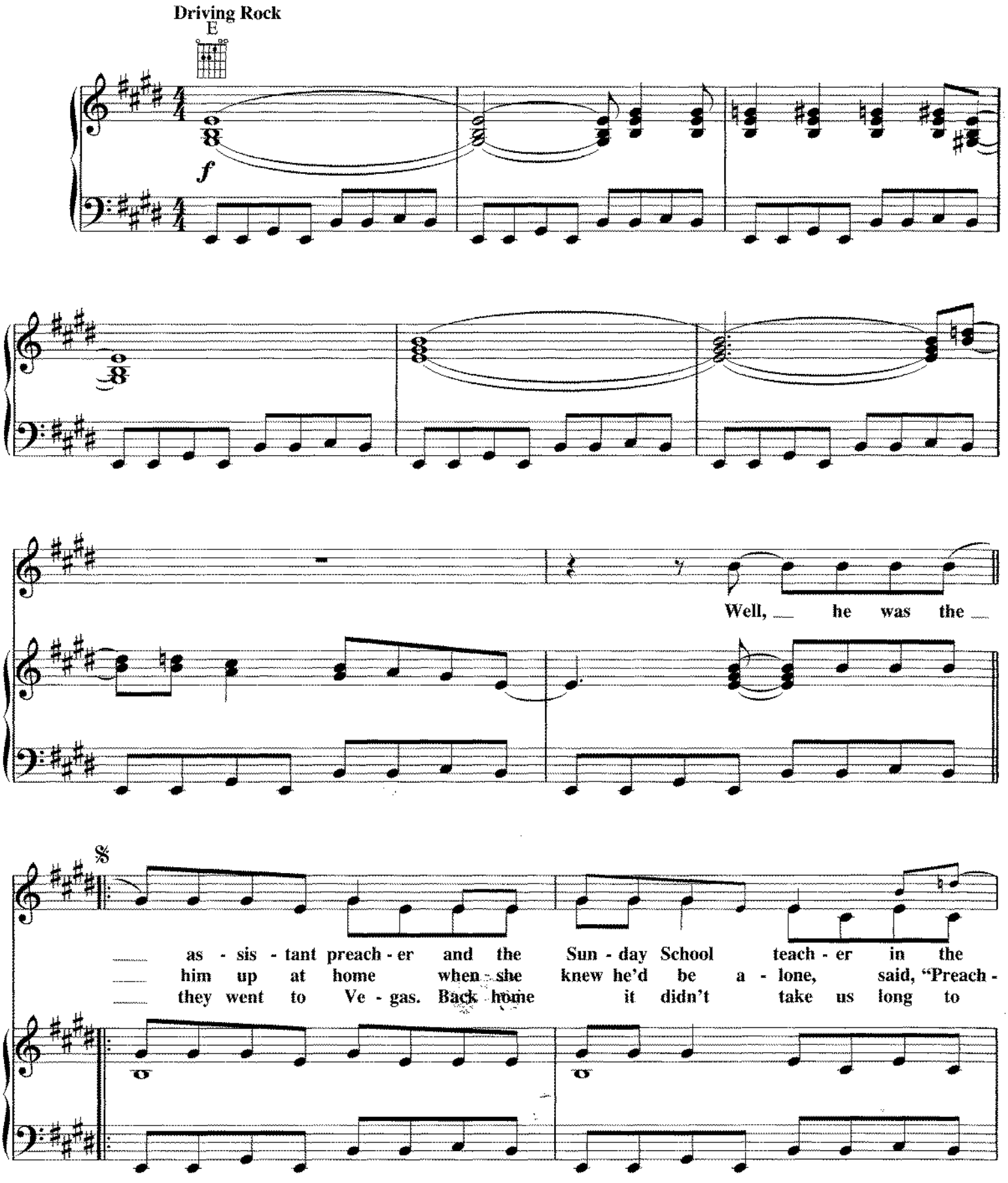

D7
G
But don't you come a - round here
G7/B
C
hand - ing me none of your lines.
G
Here's a quar - ter. Call
D
To Coda
G
some - one who cares.


G7
C
G
D
D9
Bm/E
D9/F#
G
G7/B
C
G


D
G
D.S. al Coda
Girl, I
CODA
G
C7
Yeah, here's a
G
D
C7
quar - ter. Call some - one who cares.
G
G7
Yeah, yeah.
rit.

BIBLE BELT

Words and Music by
TRAVIS TRITT



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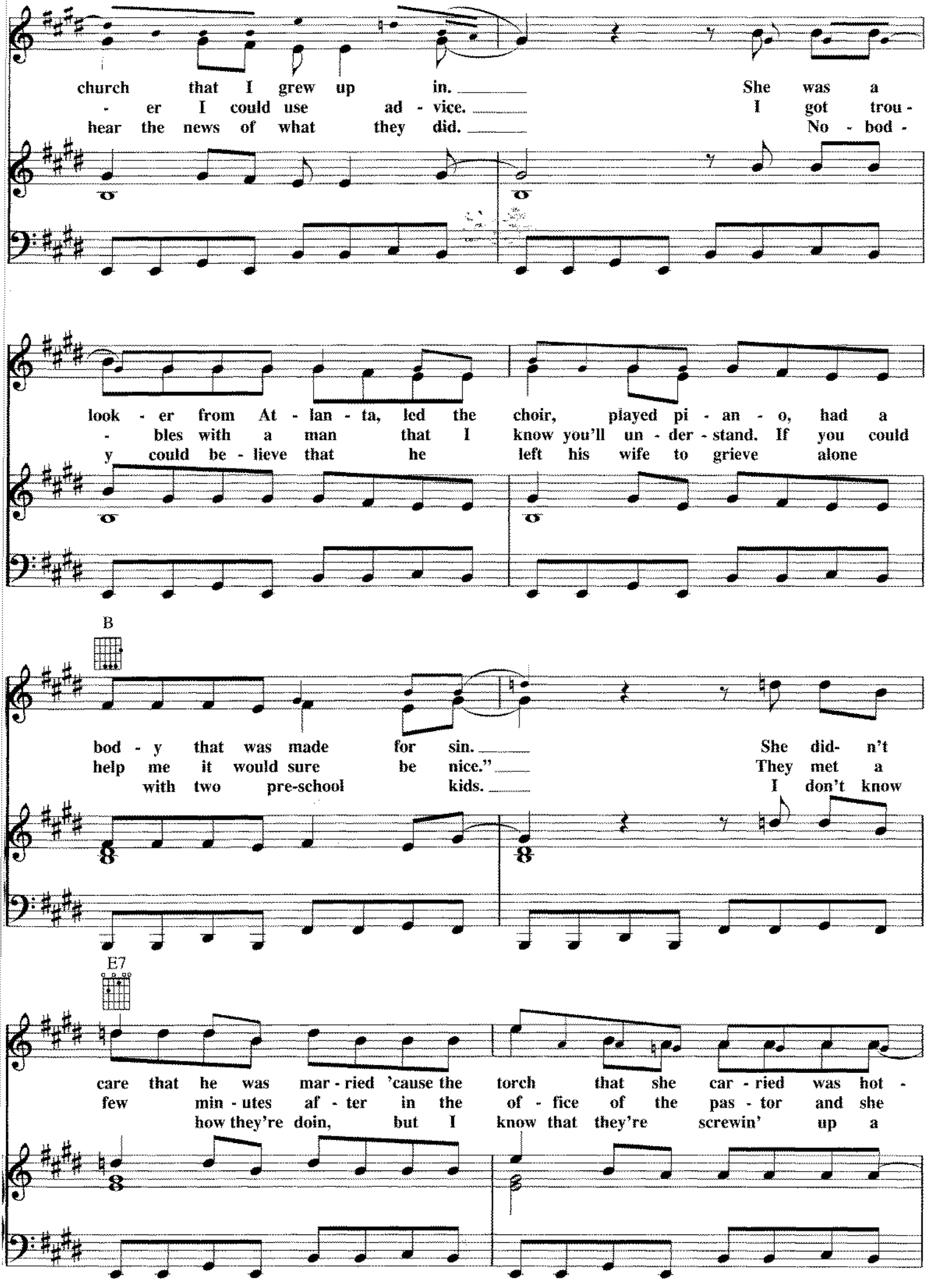
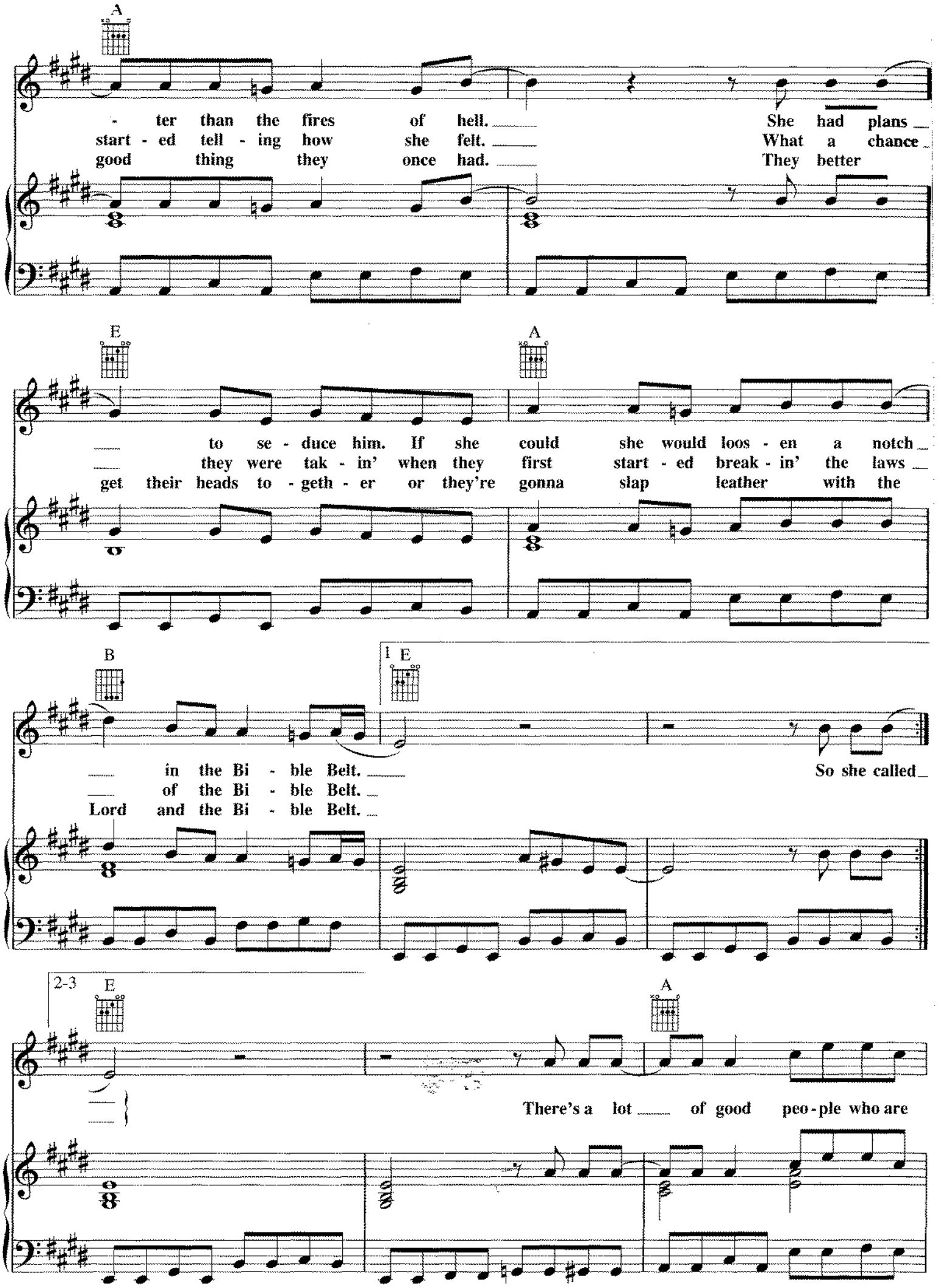
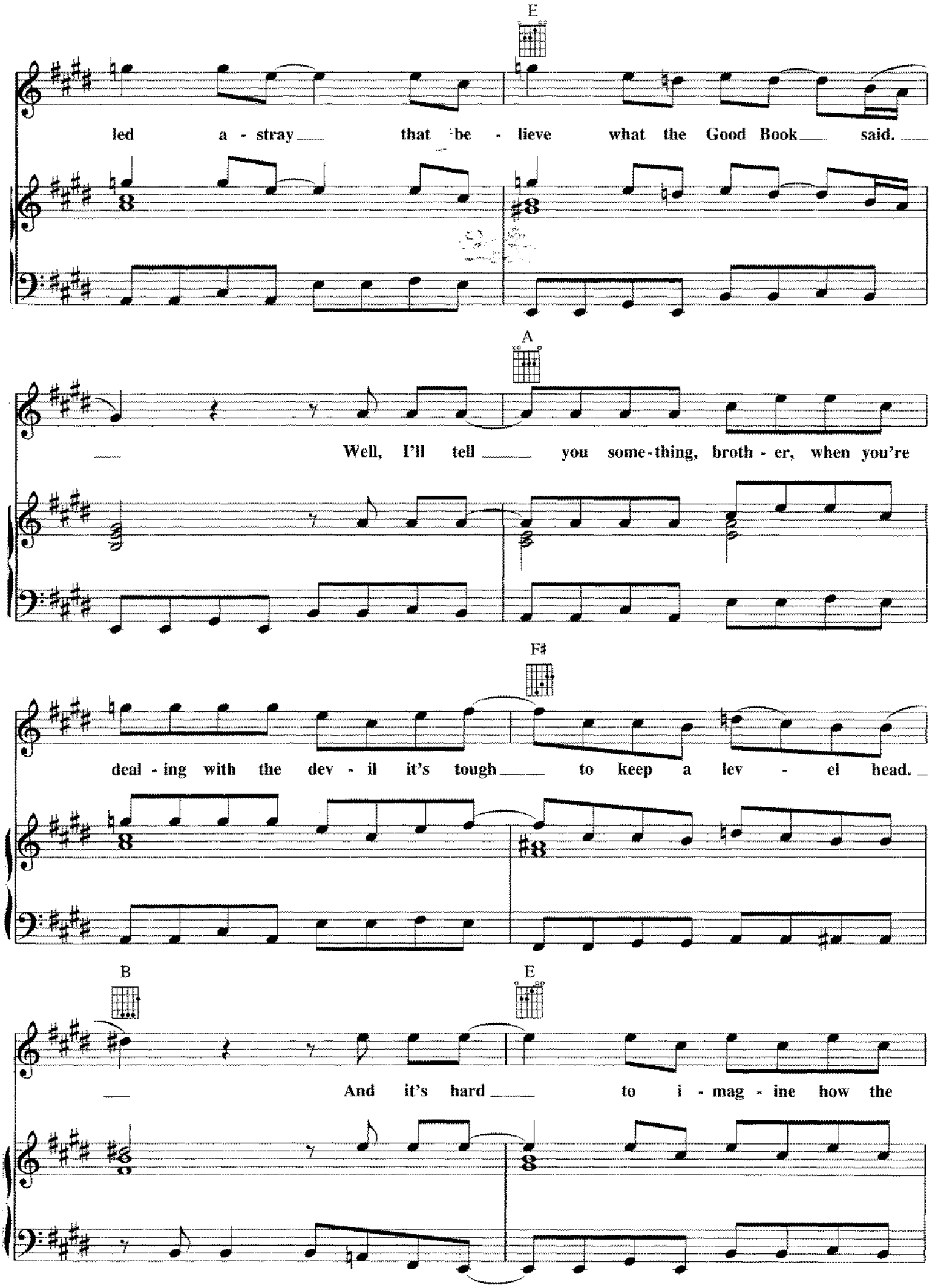
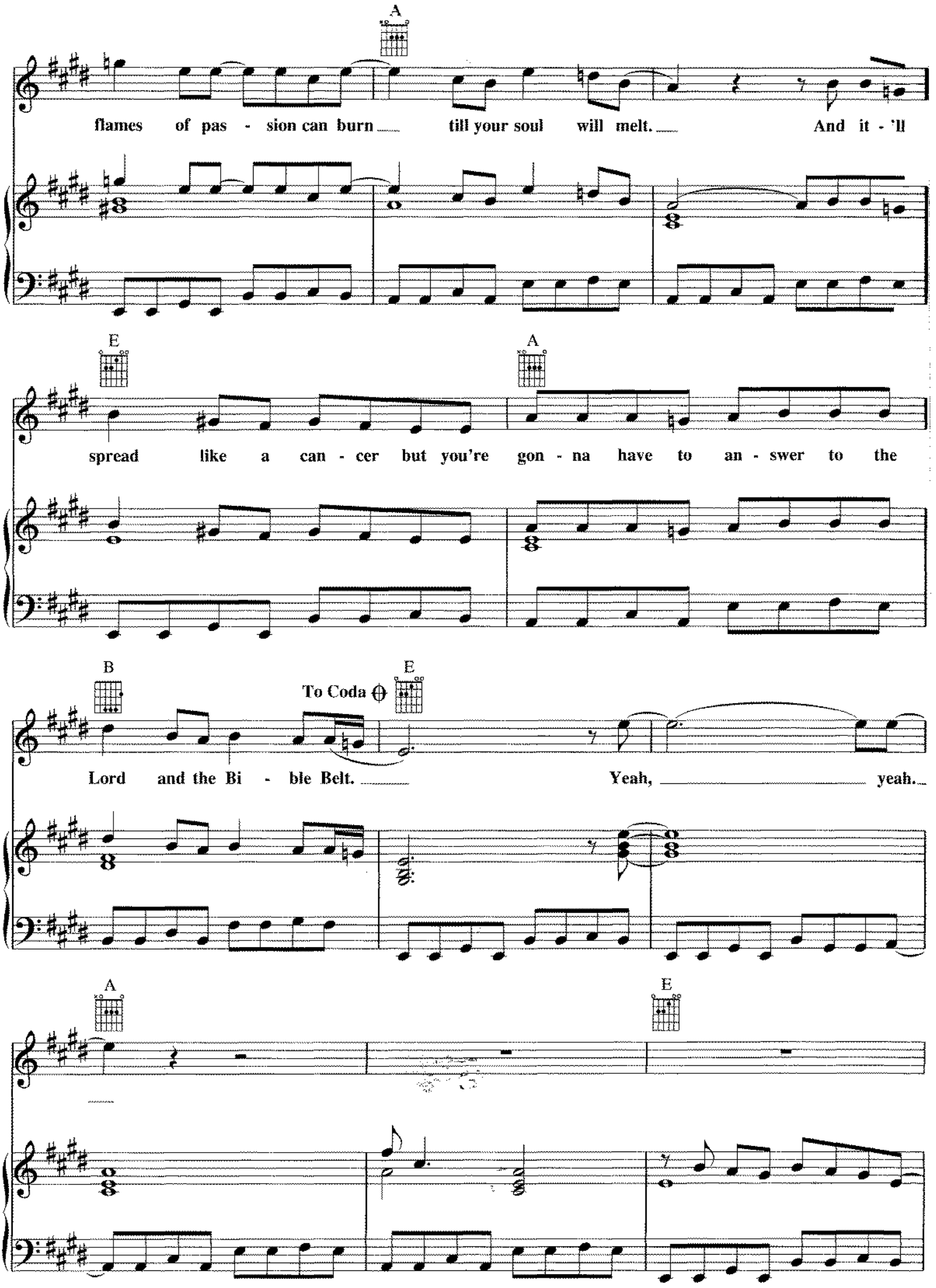
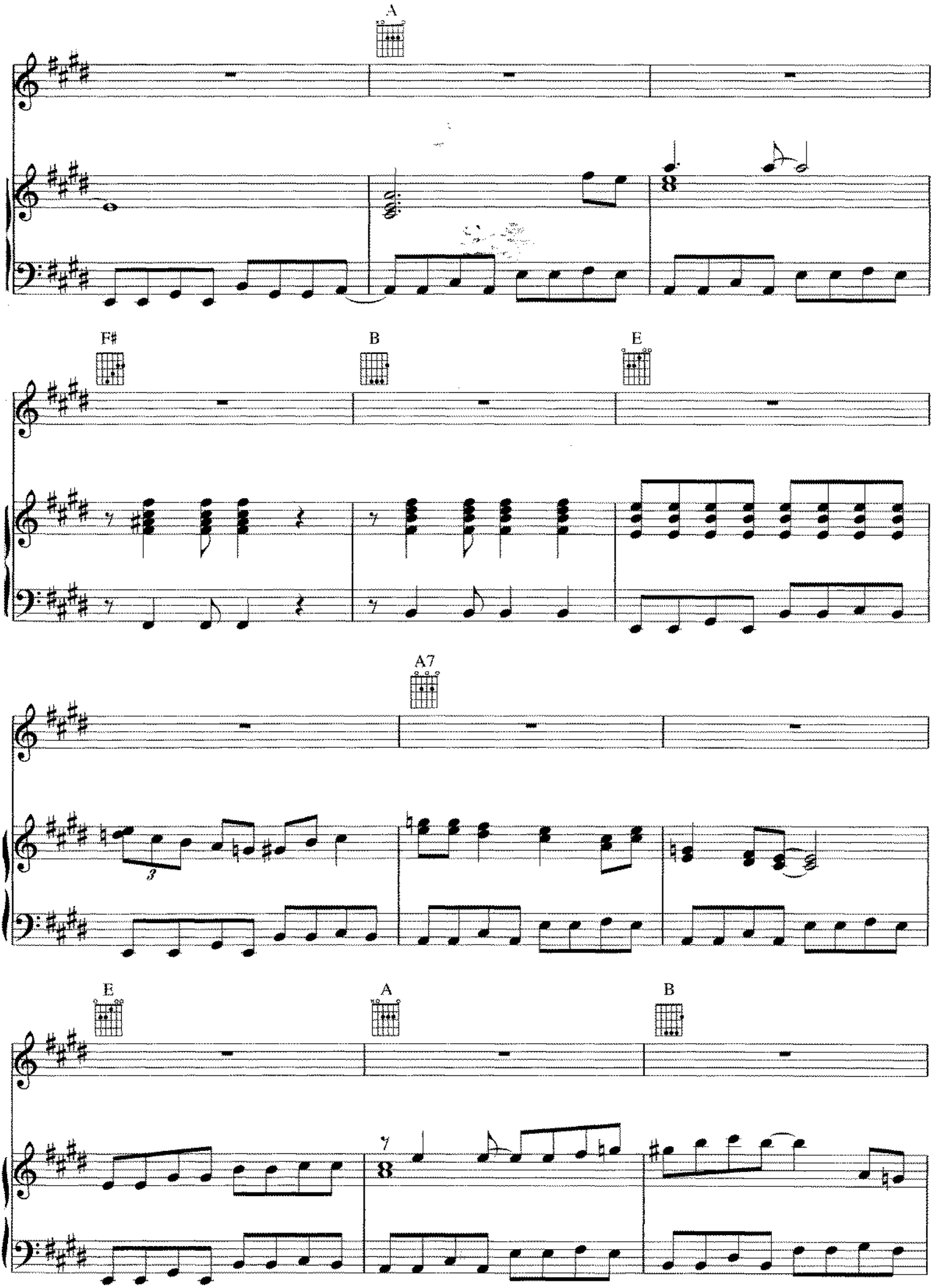
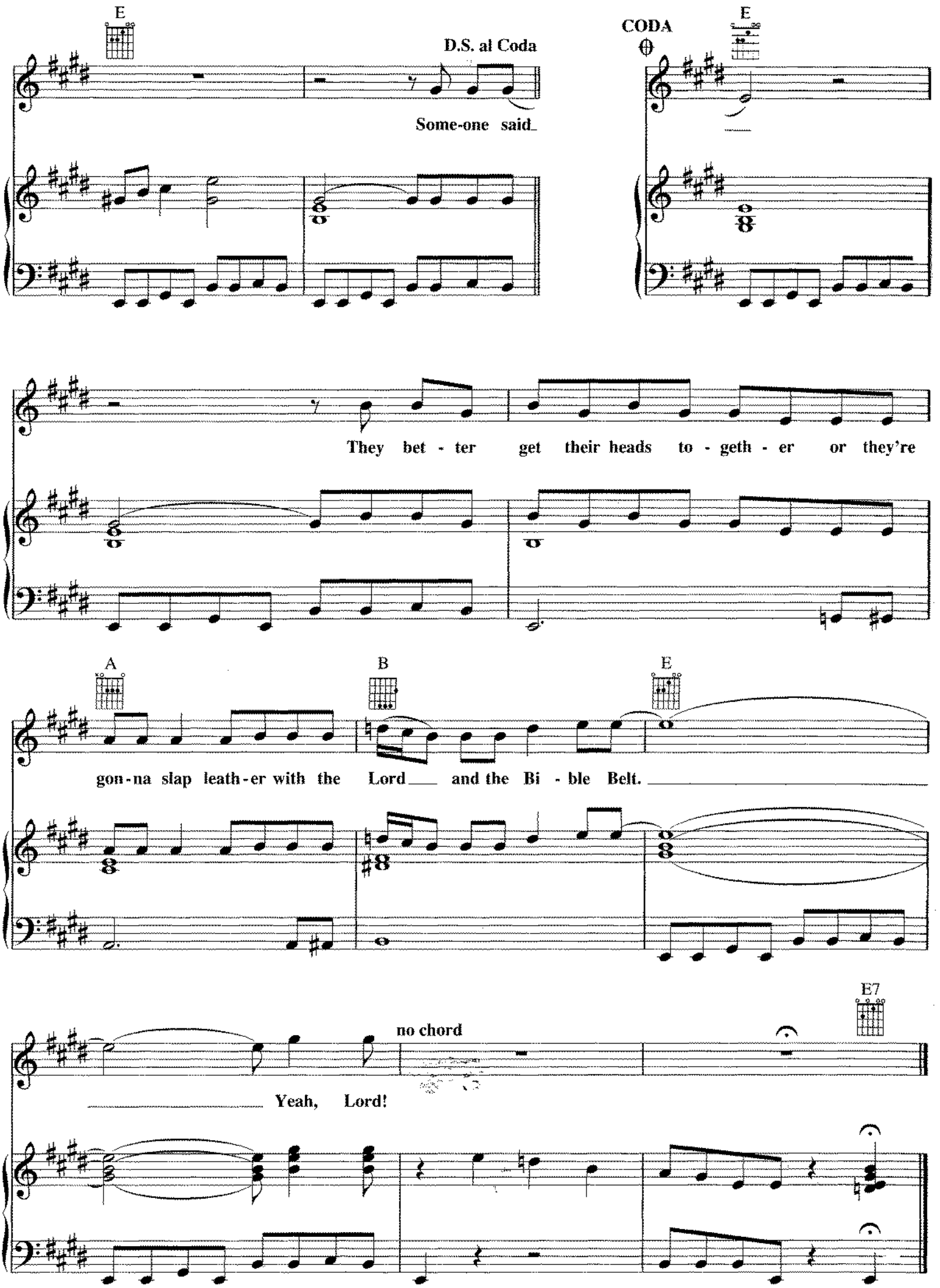

church that I grew up in. She was a
- er I could use ad - vice. I got trou -
hear the news of what they did. No - bod -
look - er from At - lan - ta, led the choir, played pi - an - o, had a
- bles with a man that I know you'll un - der - stand. If you could
y could be - lieve that he left his wife to grieve alone
B
bod - y that was made for sin. She did- n't
help me it would sure be nice." They met a
with two pre-school kids. I don't know
E7
care that he was mar - ried 'cause the torch that she car - ried was hot -
few min - utes af - ter in the of - fice of the pas - tor and she
how they're doin, but I know that they're screwin' up a


A
- ter than the fires of hell. She had plans
start - ed tell - ing how she felt. What a chance
good thing they once had. They better
E
A
to se - duce him. If she could she would loos - en a notch
they were tak - in' when they first start - ed break - in' the laws
get their heads to - geth - er or they're gonna slap leather with the
B
1 E
in the Bi - ble Belt. So she called
of the Bi - ble Belt.
Lord and the Bi - ble Belt.
2-3 E
A
There's a lot of good peo - ple who are


E
led a - stray that be - lieve what the Good Book said.
A
Well, I'll tell you some-thing, broth - er, when you're
F#
deal - ing with the dev - il it's tough to keep a lev - el head.
B
E
And it's hard to i - mag - ine how the

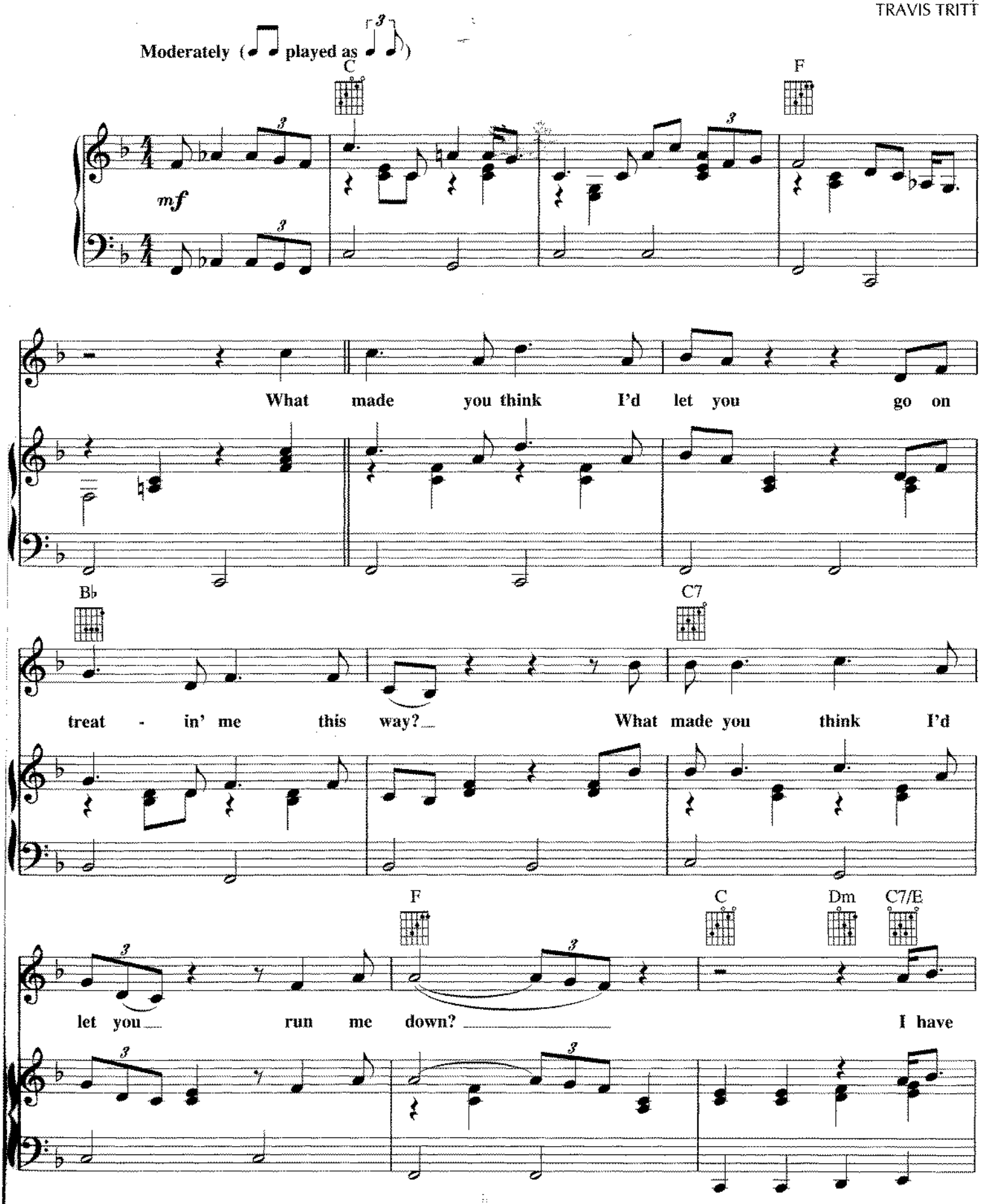

A
flames of pas - sion can burn till your soul will melt. And it - 'll
E
A
spread like a can - cer but you're gon - na have to an - swer to the
B
To Coda
E
Lord and the Bi - ble Belt. Yeah, yeah.
A
E


A
F♯
B
E
A7
E
A
B


E
D.S. al Coda
Some-one said
CODA
E
They bet - ter get their heads to - geth - er or they're
A
B
E
gon - na slap leath - er with the Lord and the Bi - ble Belt.
no chord
E7
Yeah, Lord!

IT'S ALL ABOUT TO CHANGE

Words and Music by
TRAVIS TRITT



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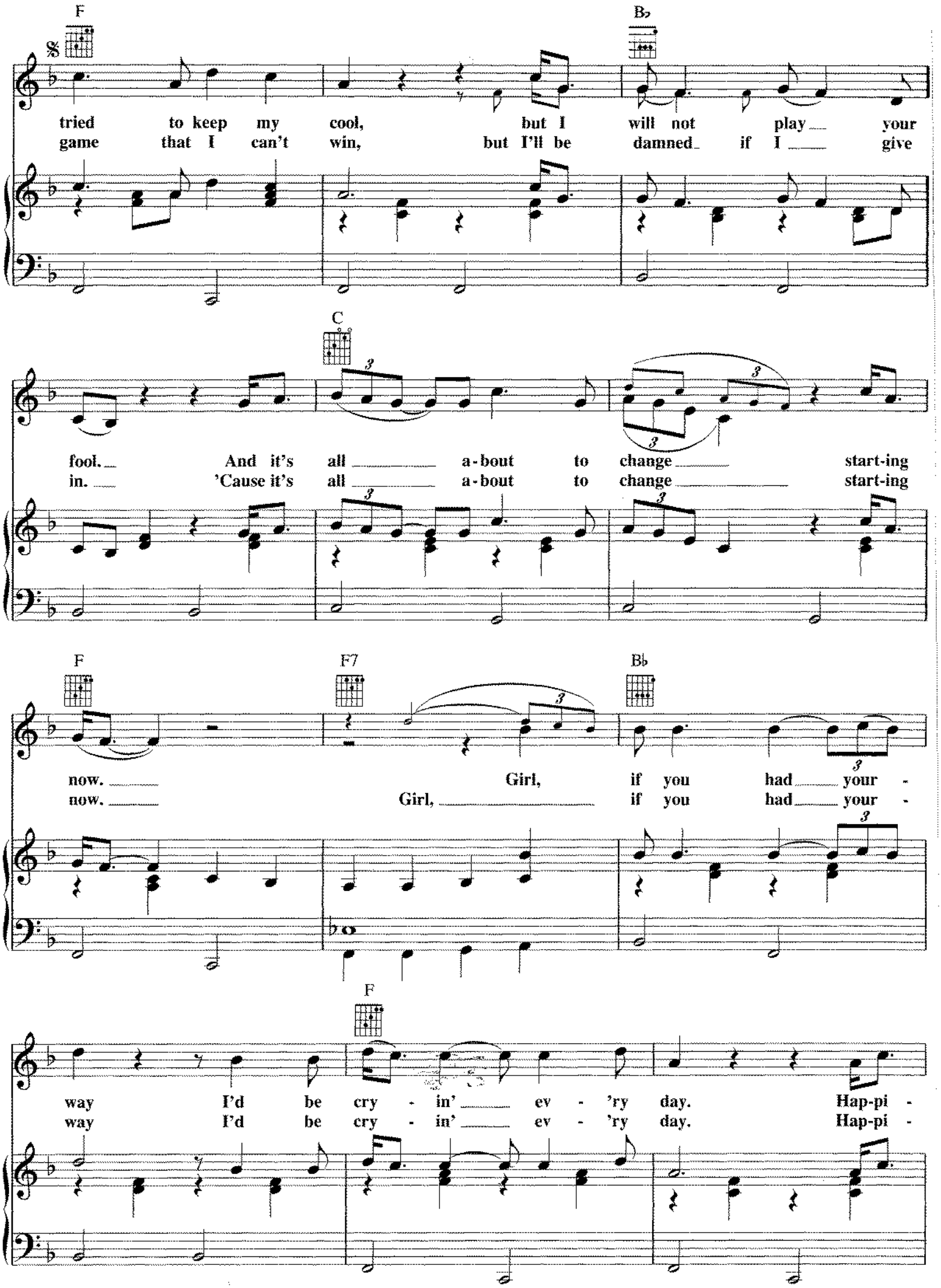
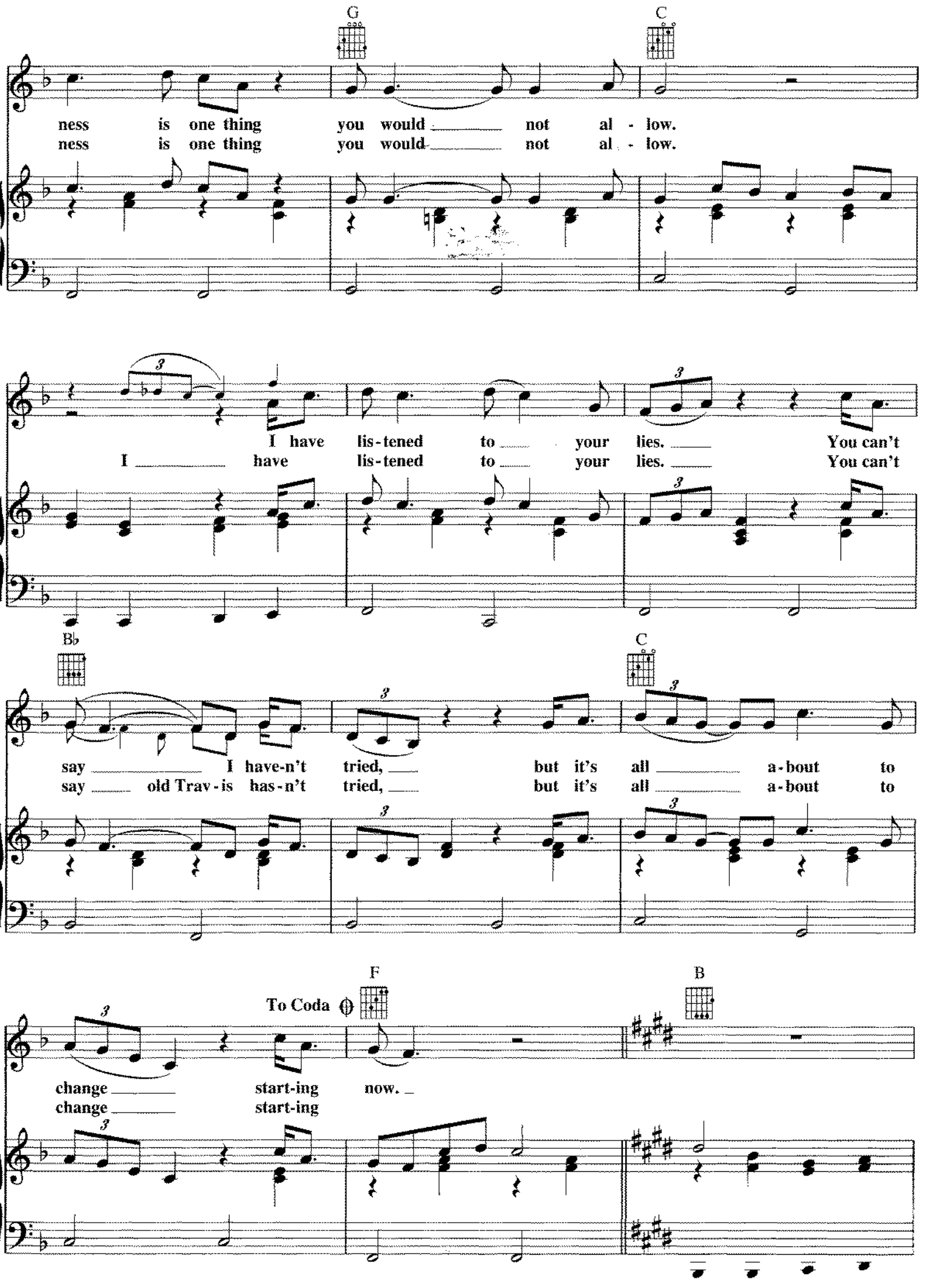
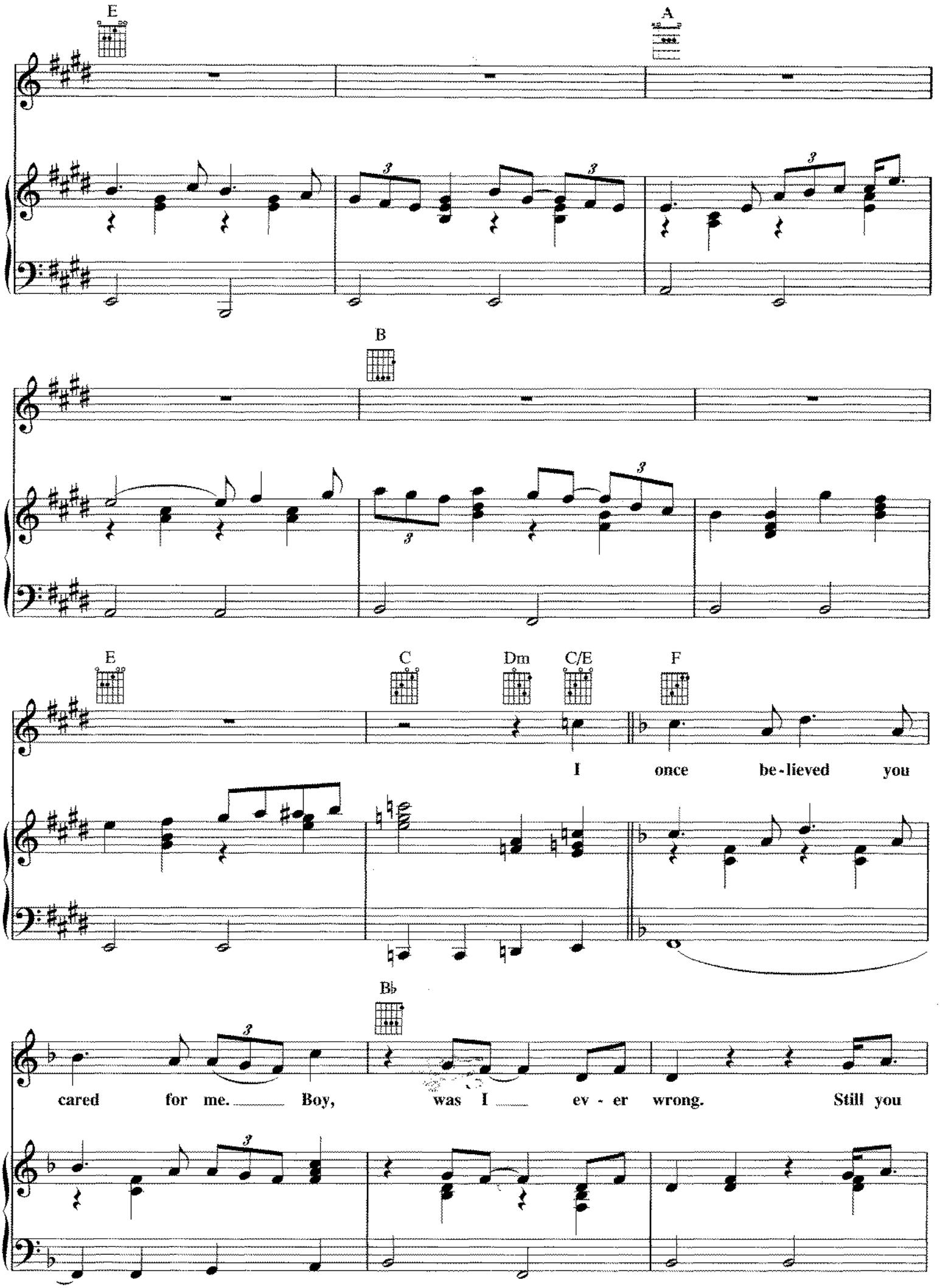
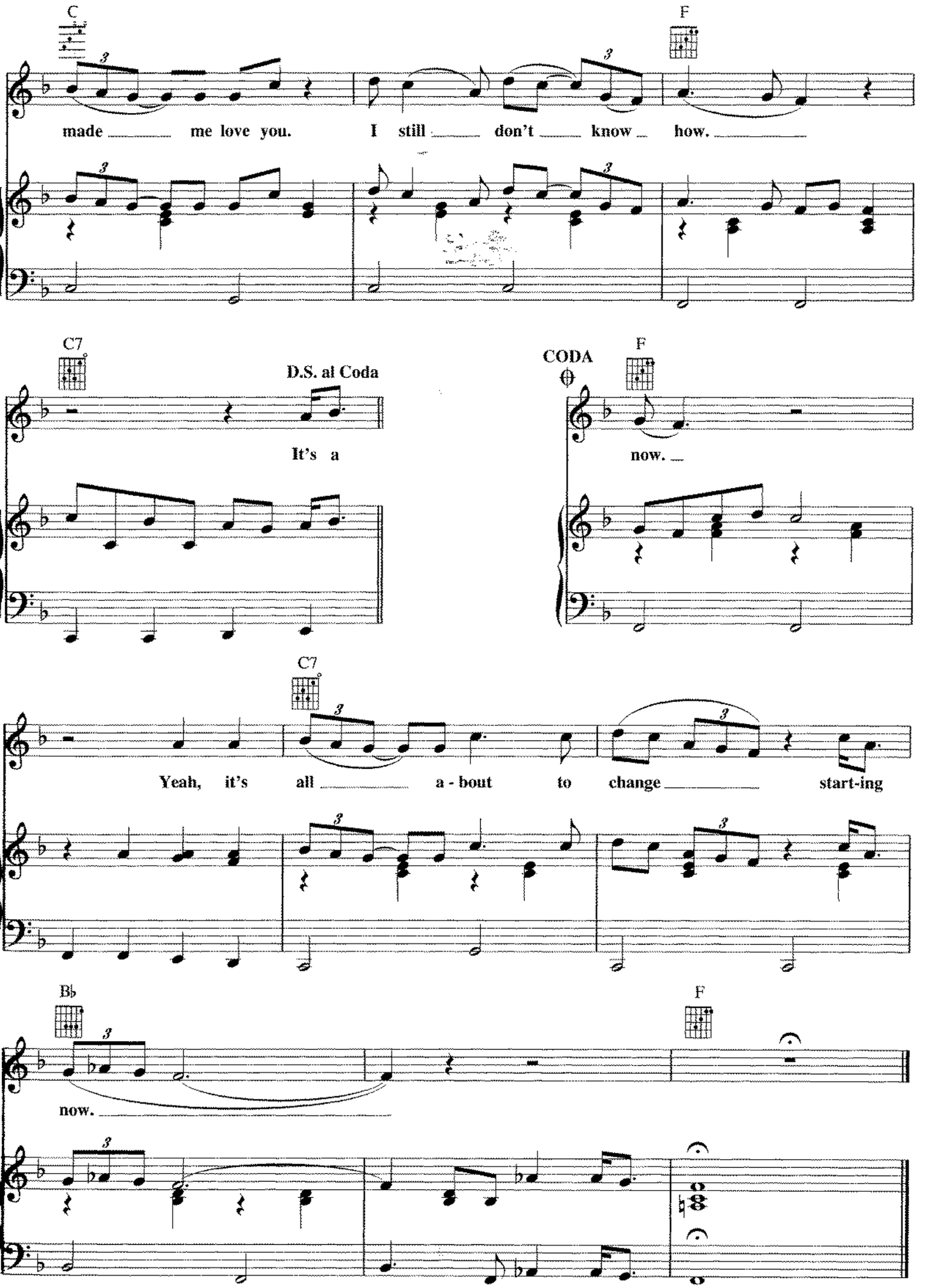

F
B♭
tried to keep my cool, but I will not play your
game that I can't win, but I'll be damned if I give
C
fool. And it's all a-bout to change start-ing
in. 'Cause it's all a-bout to change start-ing
F
F7
B♭
now. Girl, if you had your -
now. Girl, if you had your -
F
way I'd be cry - in' ev - 'ry day. Hap-pi -
way I'd be cry - in' ev - 'ry day. Hap-pi -

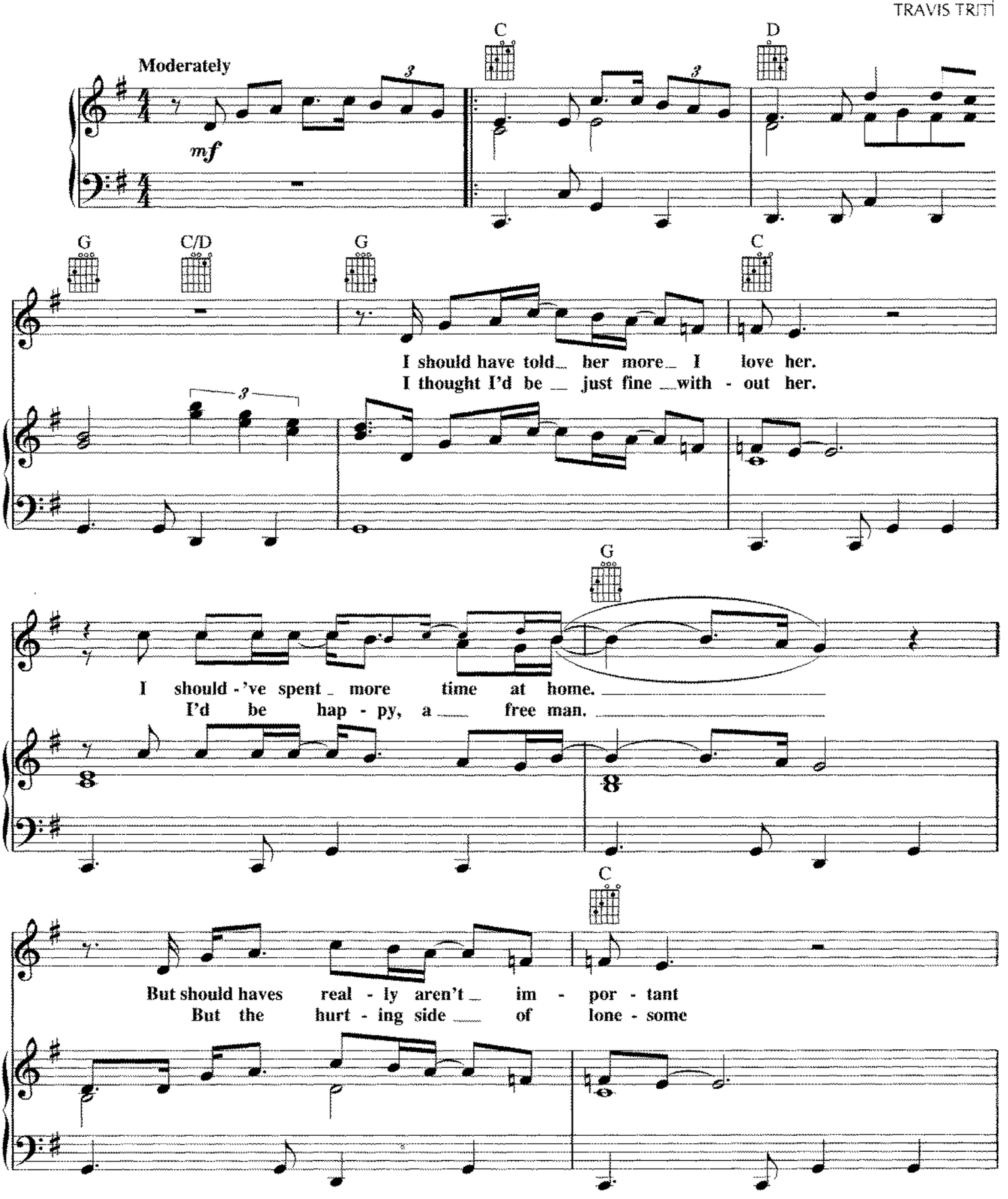

G
C
ness is one thing you would not al - low.
ness is one thing you would not al - low.
I have lis-tened to your lies. You can't
I have lis-tened to your lies. You can't
B♭
C
say I have-n't tried, but it's all a-bout to
say old Trav-is has-n't tried, but it's all a-bout to
F
To Coda
B
change start-ing now.
change start-ing


E
A
B
E
C
Dm
C/E
F
I once be-lieved you
Bb
cared for me. Boy, was I ev - er wrong. Still you


C
F
made me love you. I still don't know how.
C7
D.S. al Coda
It's a
CODA
F
now.
C7
Yeah, it's all a - bout to change start-ing
B♭
F
now.

NOTHING SHORT OF DYING

Words and Music by
TRAVIS TRITT



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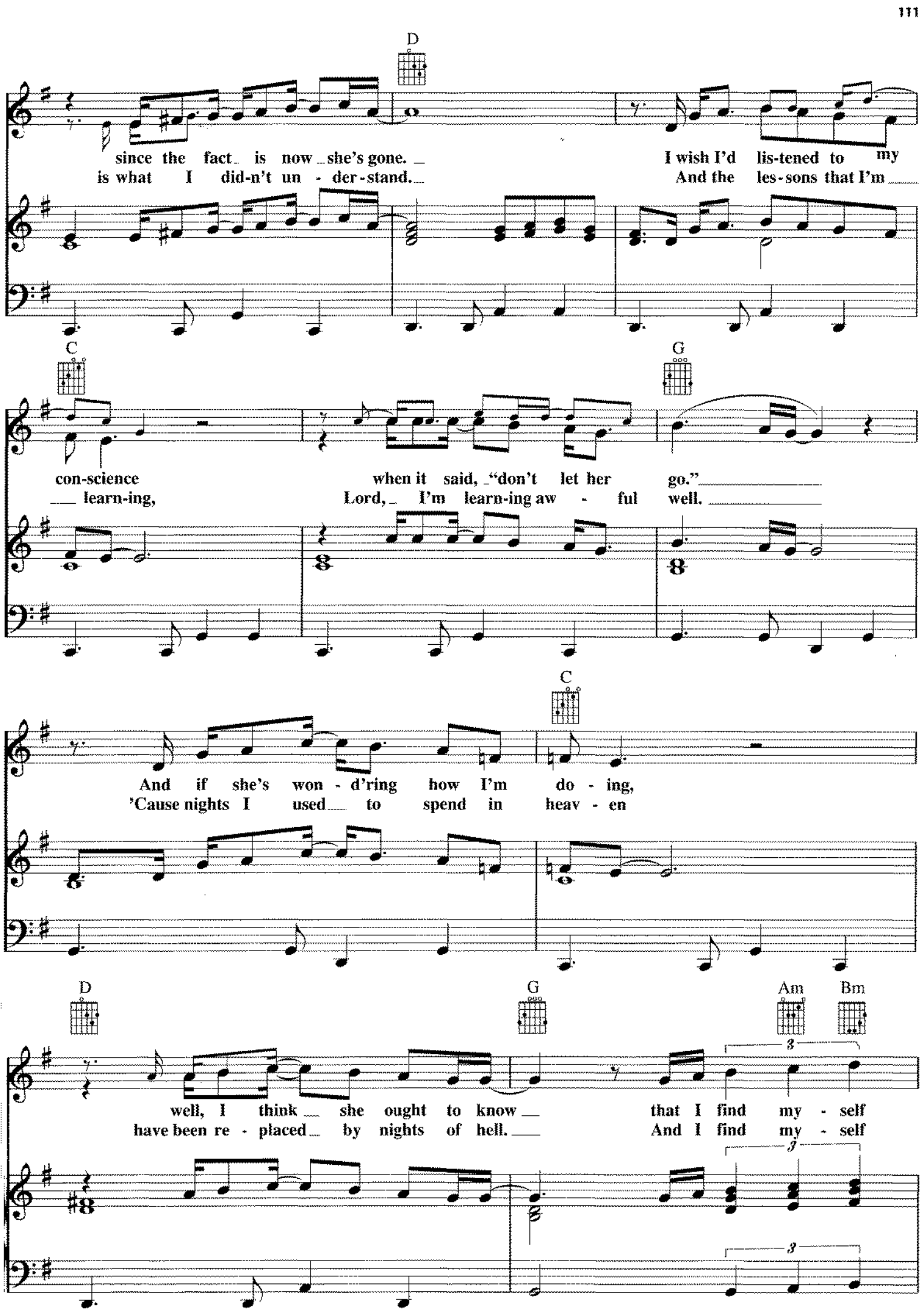
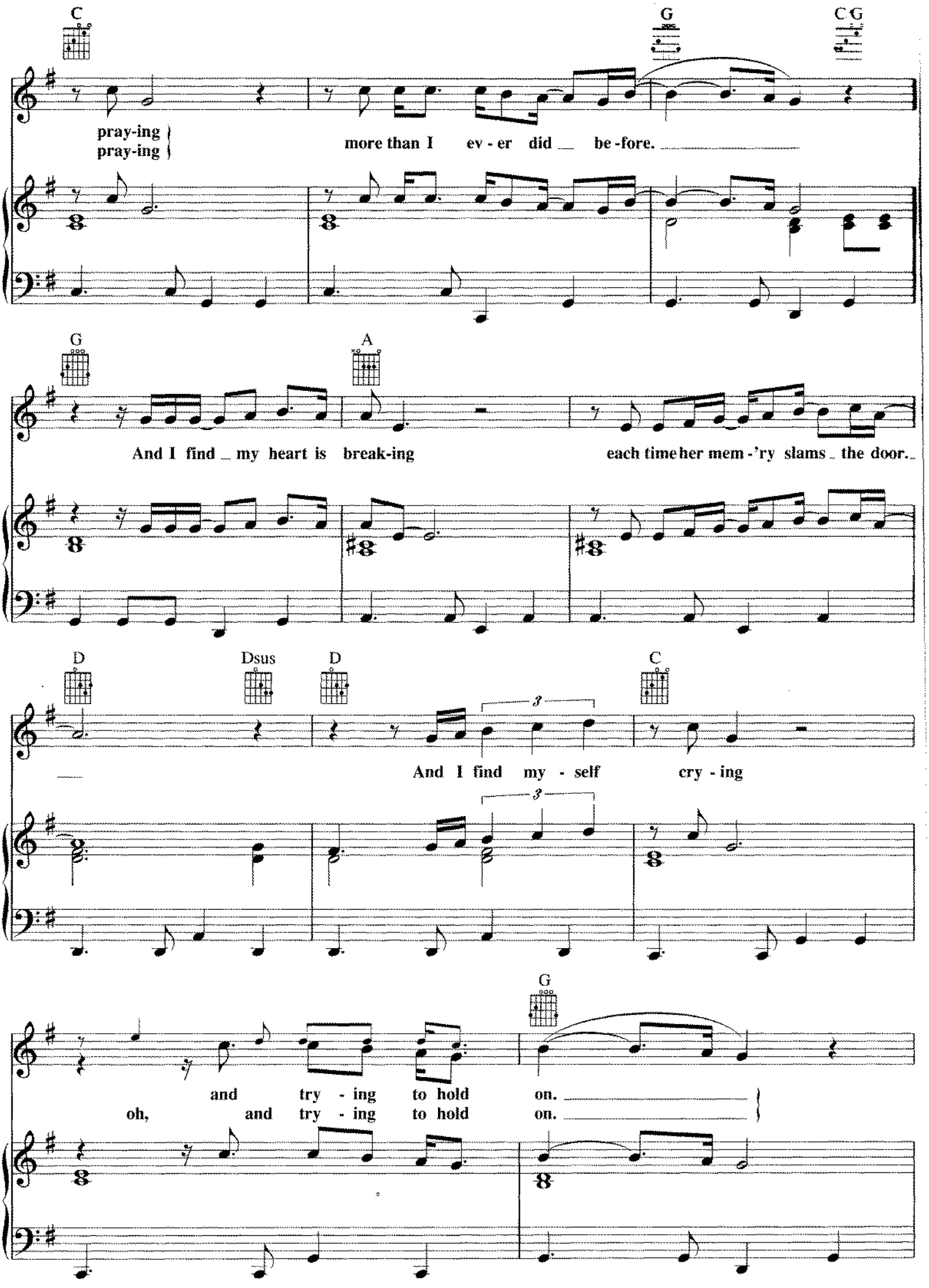
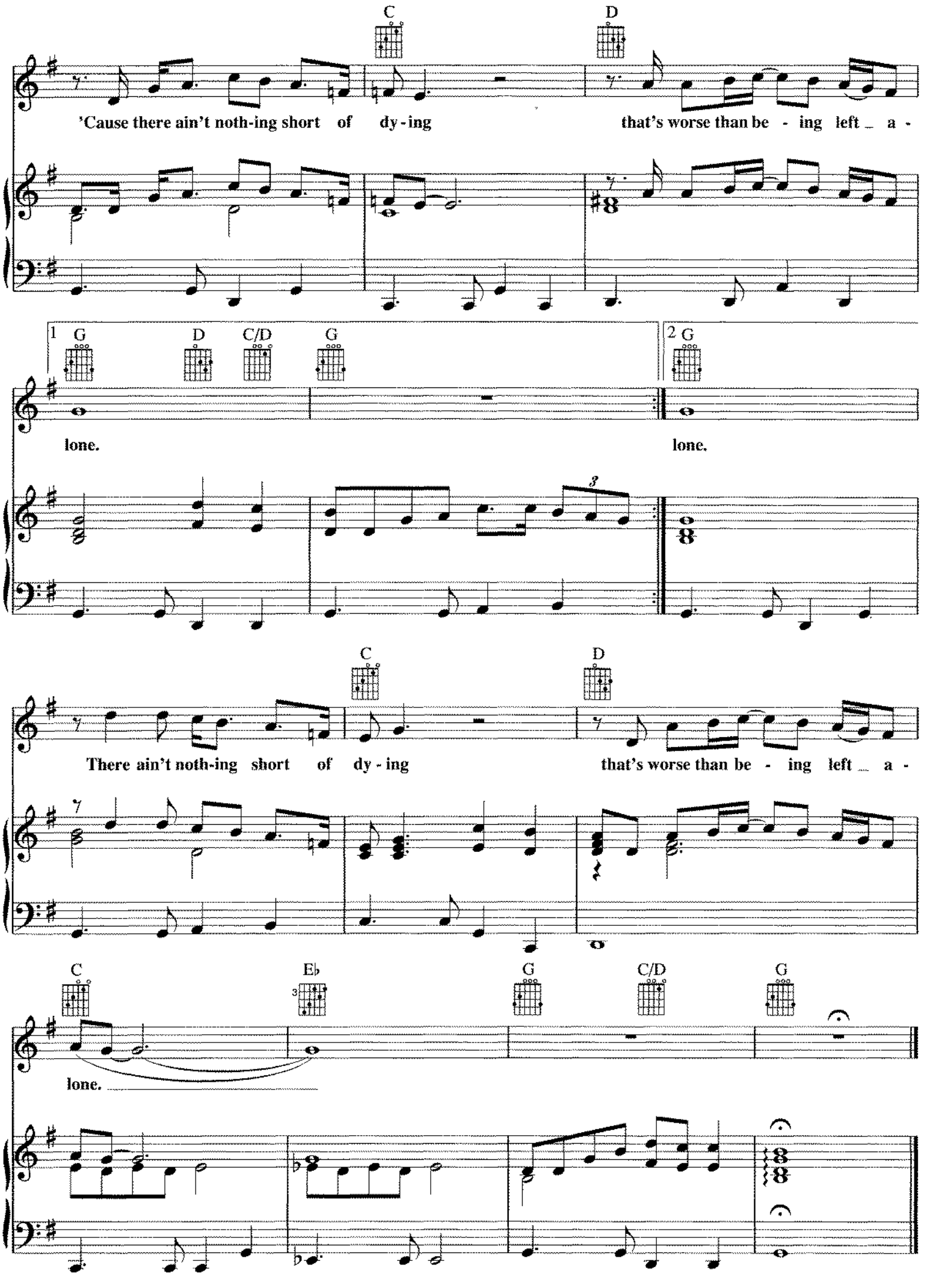
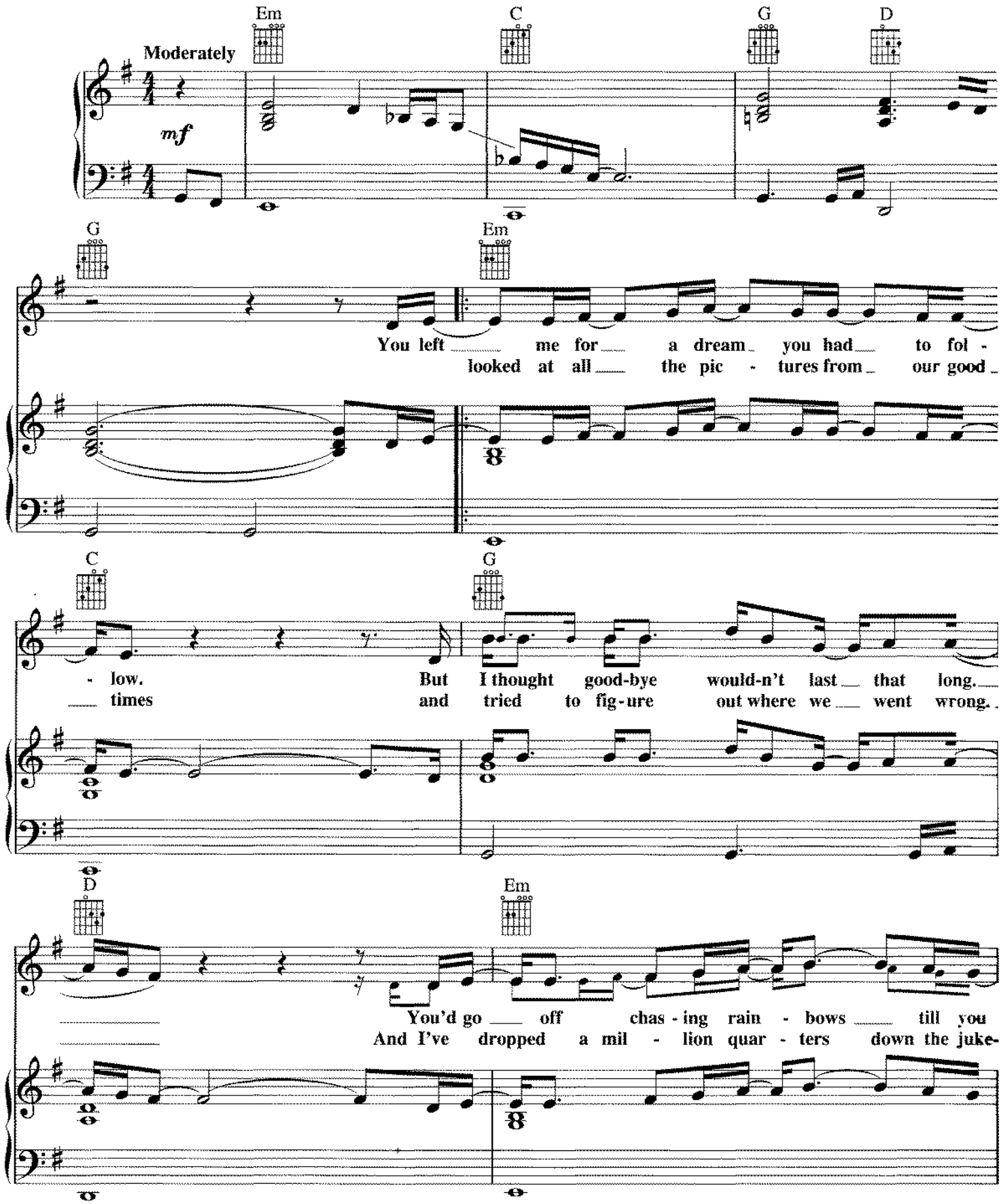

D
since the fact is now she's gone.
I wish I'd lis-tened to my
is what I did-n't un - der-stand.
And the les-sons that I'm
C
G
con-science
when it said, "don't let her go."
learn-ing,
Lord, I'm learn-ing aw - ful well.
C
And if she's won - d'ring how I'm do - ing,
'Cause nights I used to spend in heav - en
D
G
Am
Bm
well, I think she ought to know
that I find my - self
have been re - placed by nights of hell.
And I find my - self


C
G
C G
pray-ing
pray-ing
more than I ev - er did be - fore.
G
A
And I find my heart is break-ing
each time her mem - 'ry slams the door.
D
Dsus
D
C
3
And I find my - self cry - ing
3
G
and try - ing to hold on.
oh, and try - ing to hold on.


C
D
'Cause there ain't noth-ing short of dy - ing
that's worse than be - ing left _ a -
1 G
D
C/D
G
2 G
lone.
lone.
C
D
There ain't noth-ing short of dy - ing
that's worse than be - ing left _ a -
C
Eb
G
C/D
G
lone.

IF HELL HAD A JUKEBOX

(Title Suggested by LEE ROGERS)
Words and Music by TRAVIS TRIT



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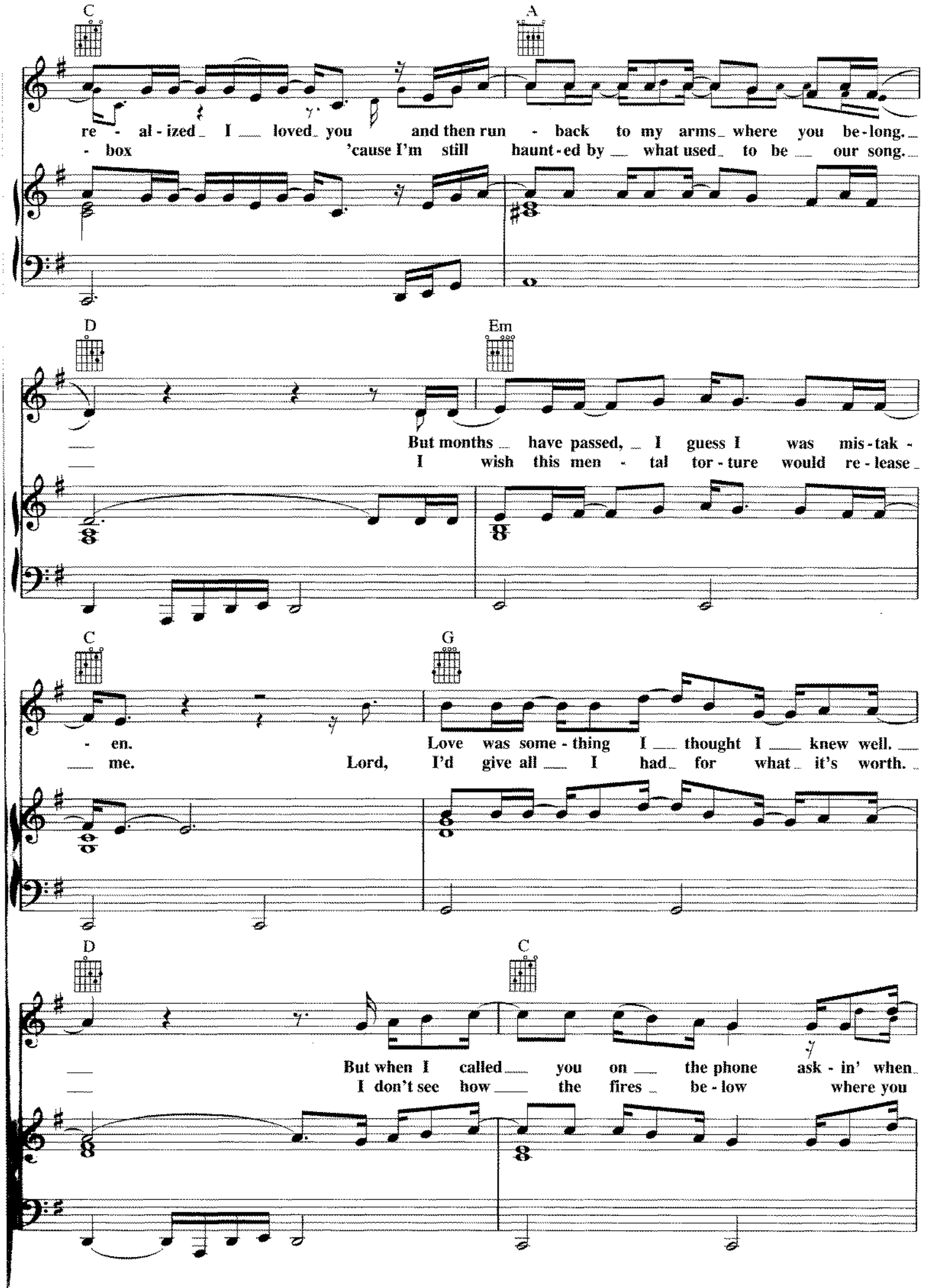
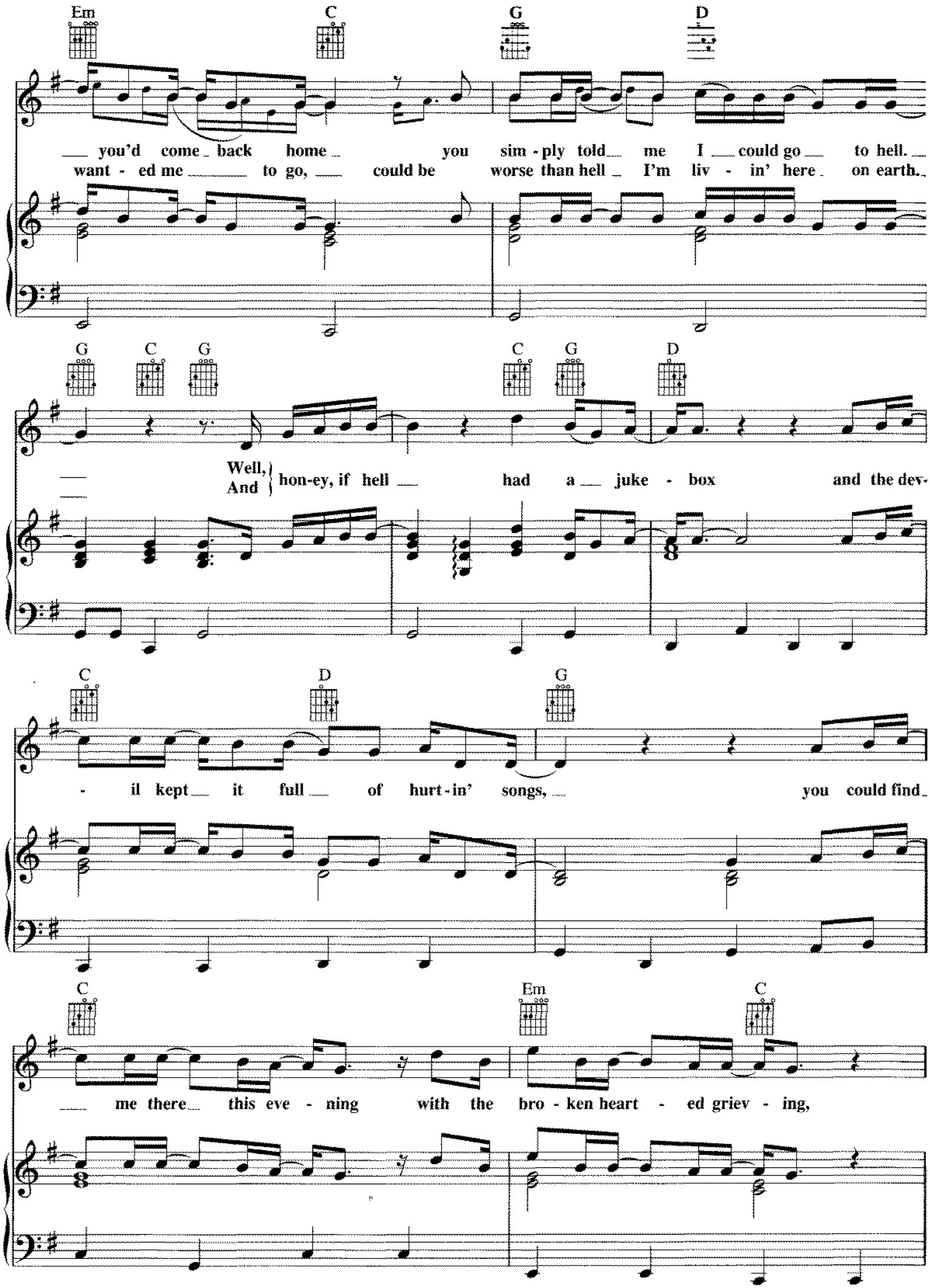
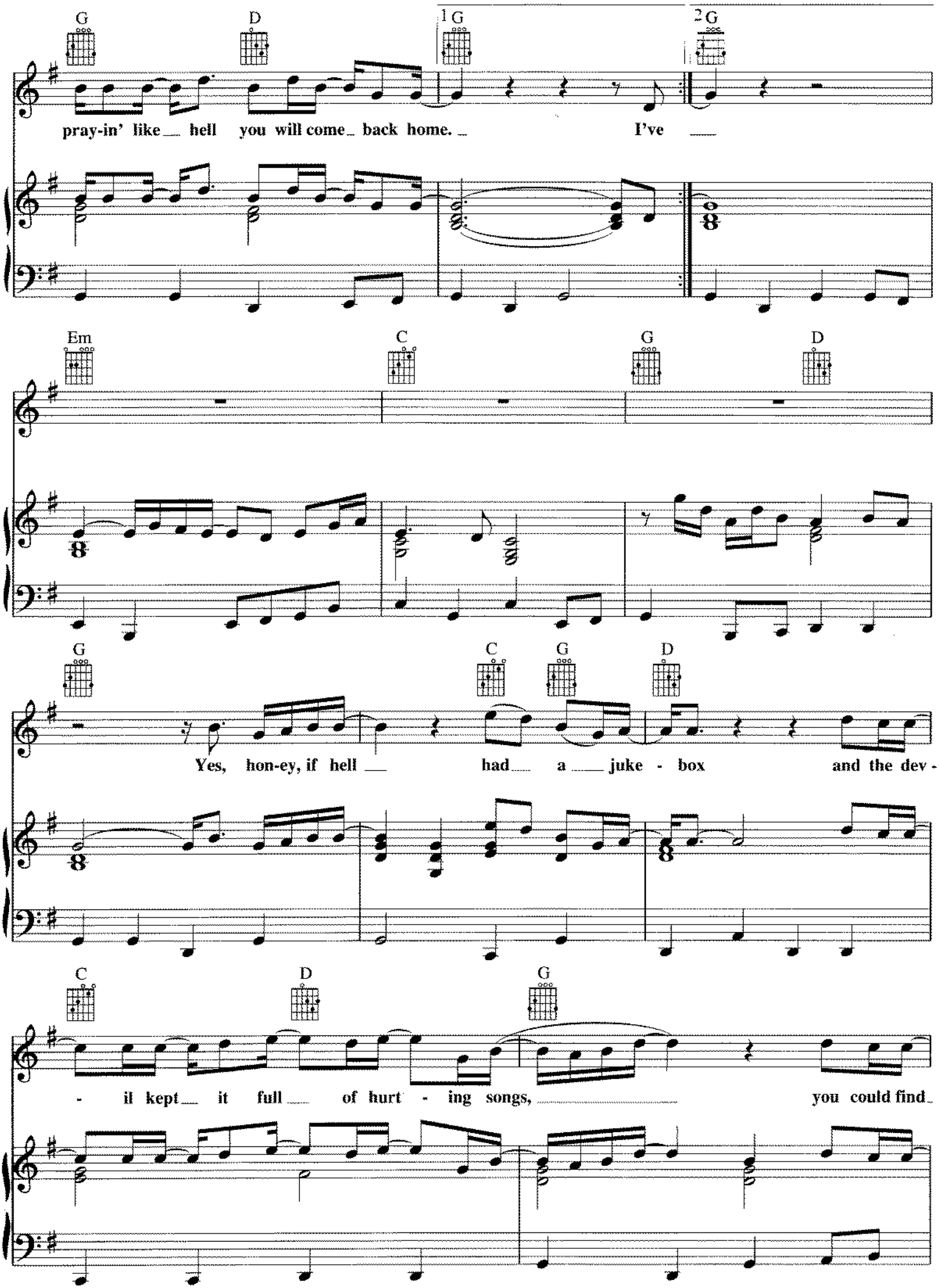
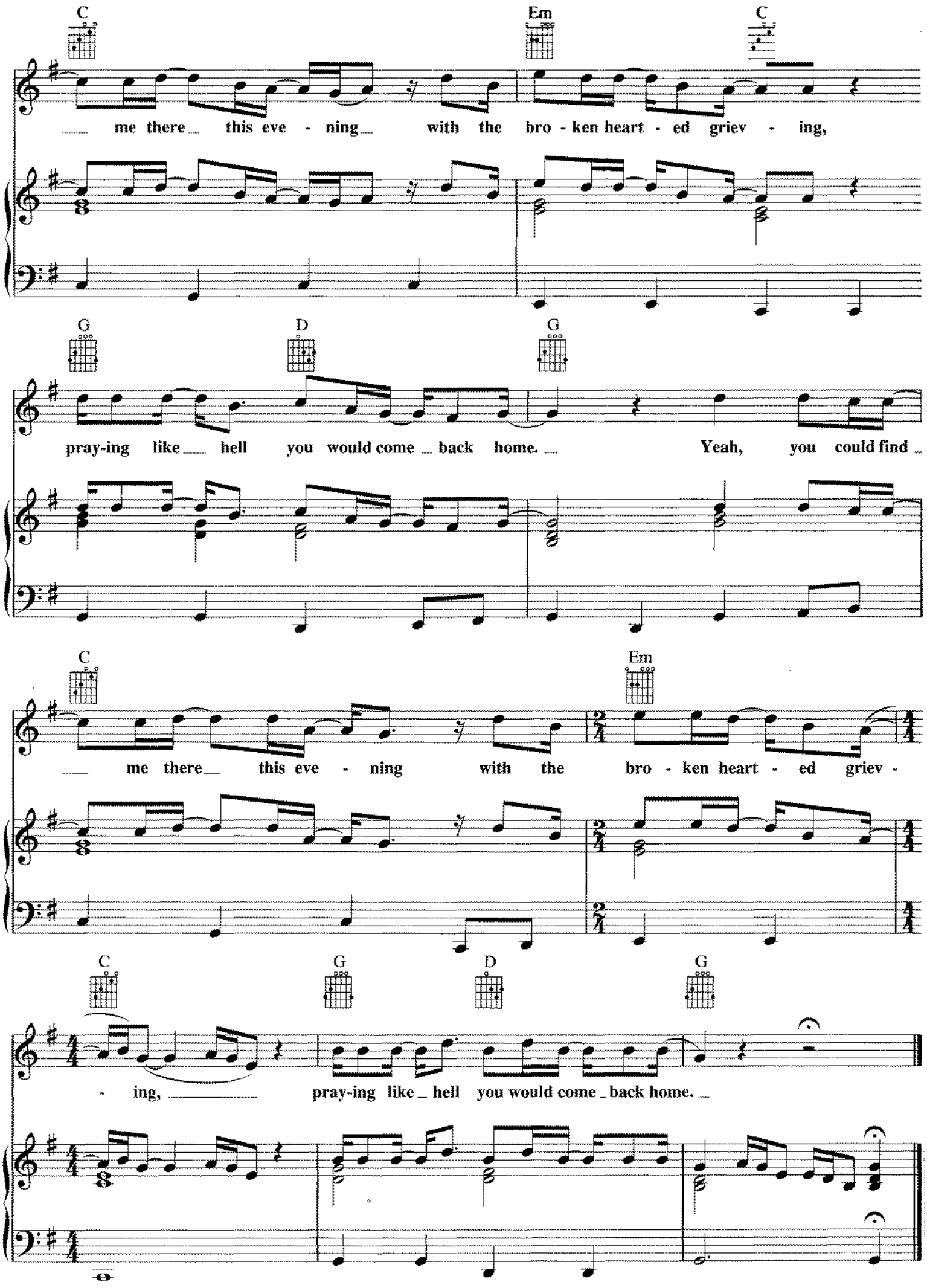

C
A
re - al - ized I loved you and then run - back to my arms where you be - long.
- box 'cause I'm still haunt - ed by what used to be our song.
D
Em
But months have passed, I guess I was mis - tak -
I wish this men - tal tor - ture would re - lease
C
G
- en. Love was some - thing I thought I knew well.
me. Lord, I'd give all I had for what it's worth.
D
C
But when I called you on the phone ask - in' when
I don't see how the fires be - low where you

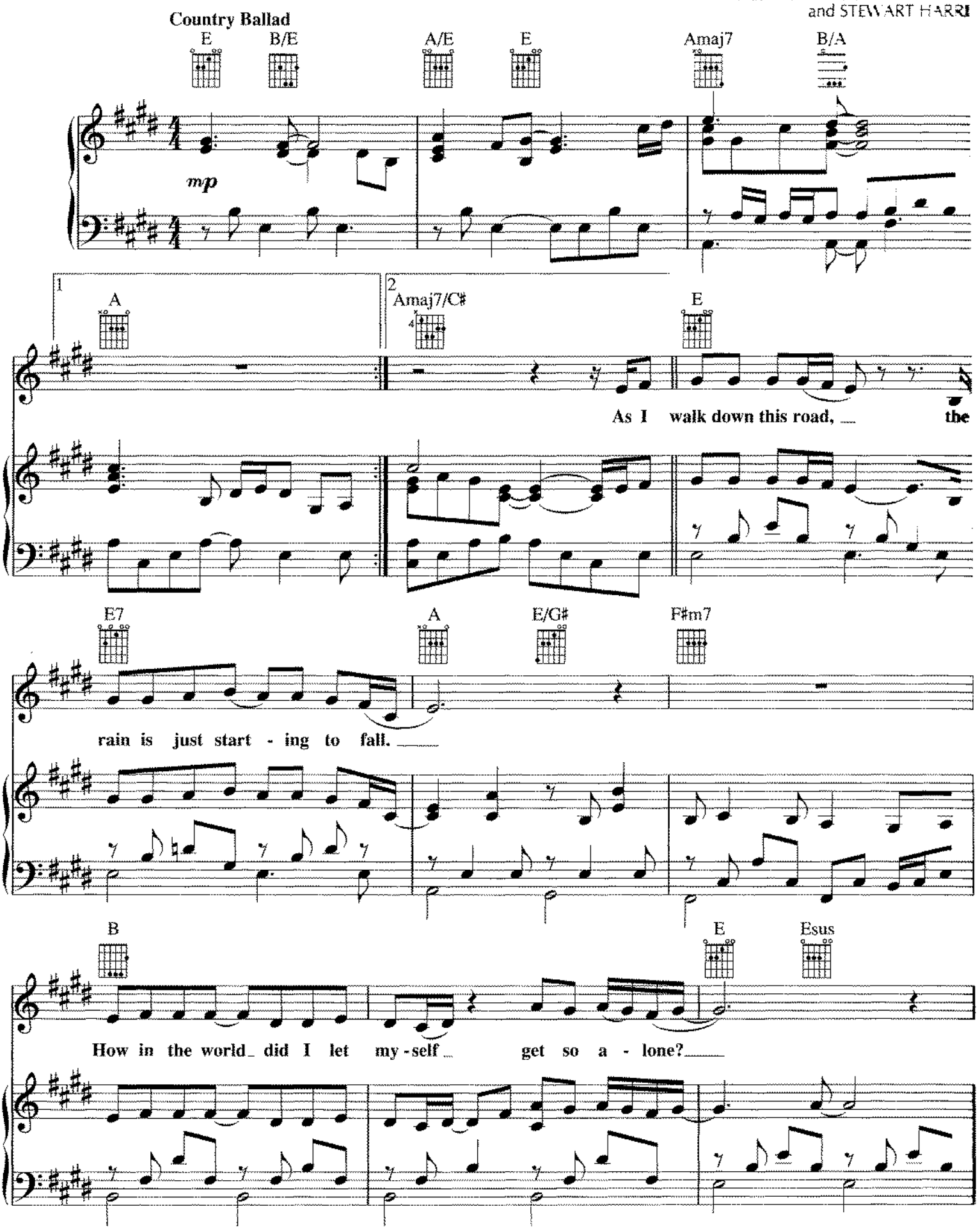

Em C G D
you'd come back home you sim - ply told me I could go to hell.
want - ed me to go, could be worse than hell I'm liv - in' here on earth.
G C G C G D
Well,
And hon-ey, if hell had a juke - box and the dev-
C D G
- il kept it full of hurt - in' songs, you could find
C Em C
me there this eve - ning with the bro - ken heart - ed griev - ing,


G
D
1 G
2 G
pray-in' like hell you will come back home. I've
Em
C
G
D
G
C
G
D
Yes, hon-ey, if hell had a juke - box and the dev -
C
D
G
- il kept it full of hurt - ing songs, you could find


C
Em
C
me there this eve - ning with the bro - ken heart - ed griev - ing,
G
D
G
pray-ing like hell you would come back home. Yeah, you could find
C
Em
me there this eve - ning with the bro - ken heart - ed griev -
C
G
D
G
- ing, pray-ing like hell you would come back home.

SOMEONE FOR ME

Words and Music by TRAVIS TRIT
and STEWART HARRI



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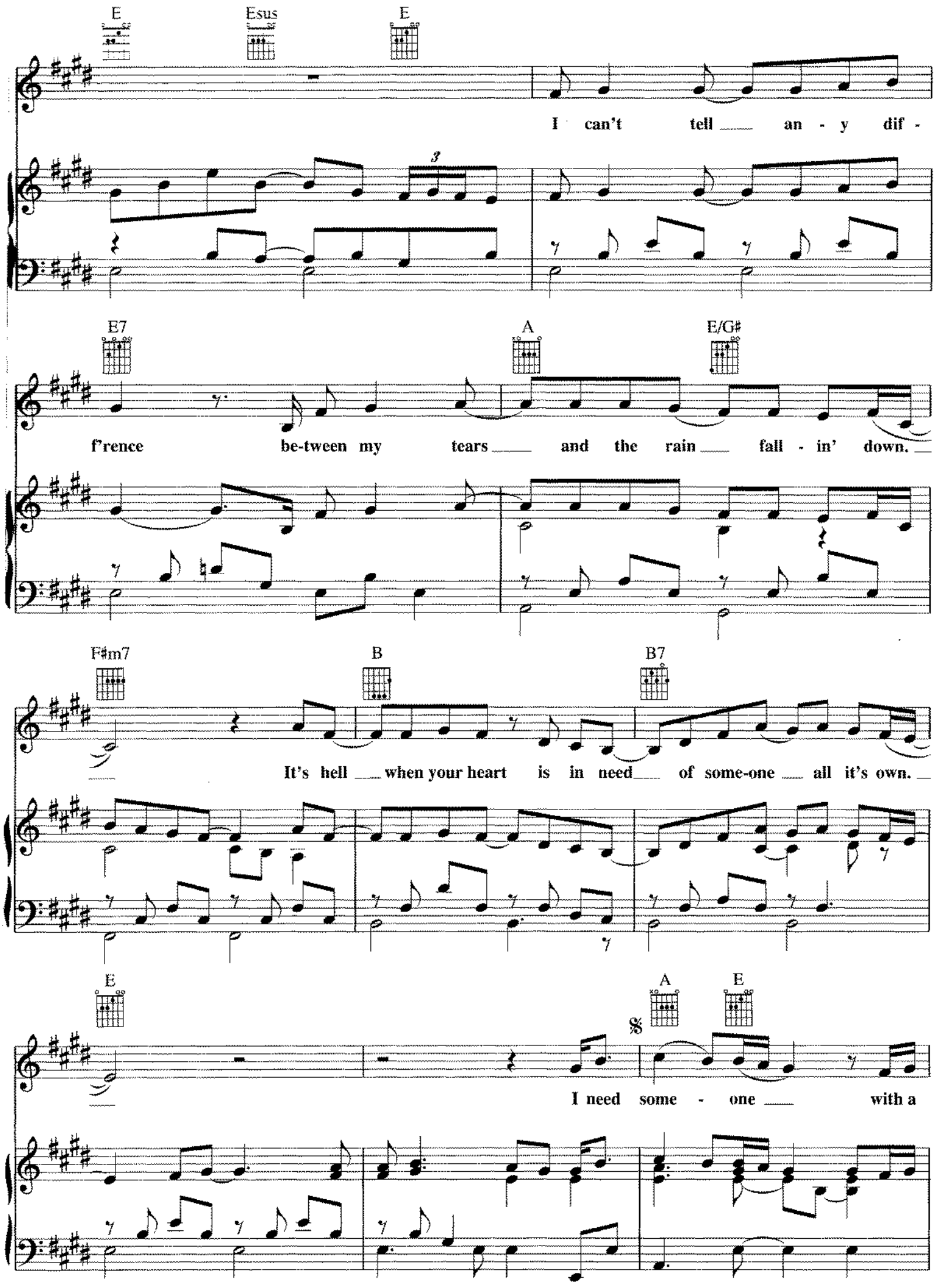
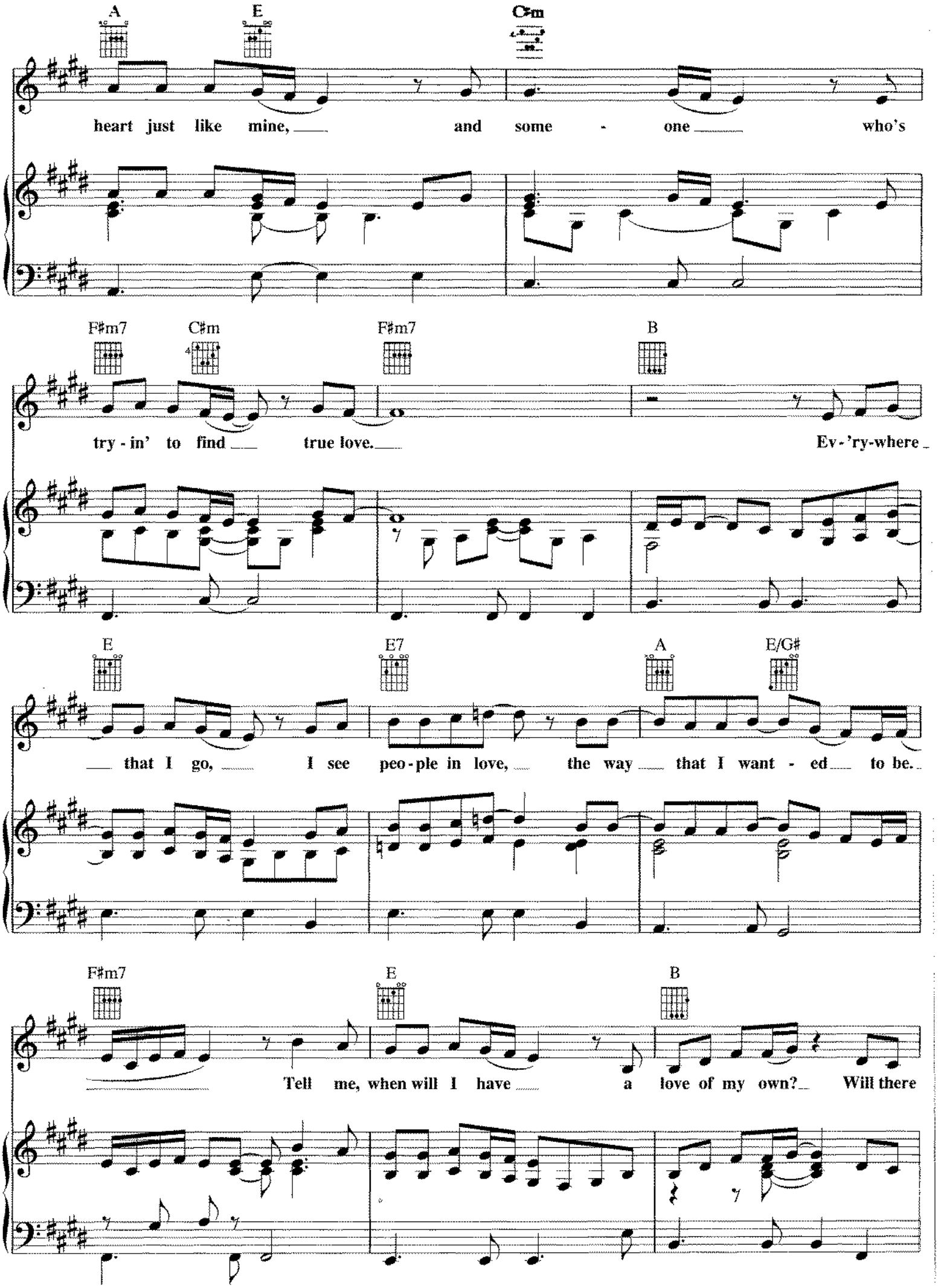
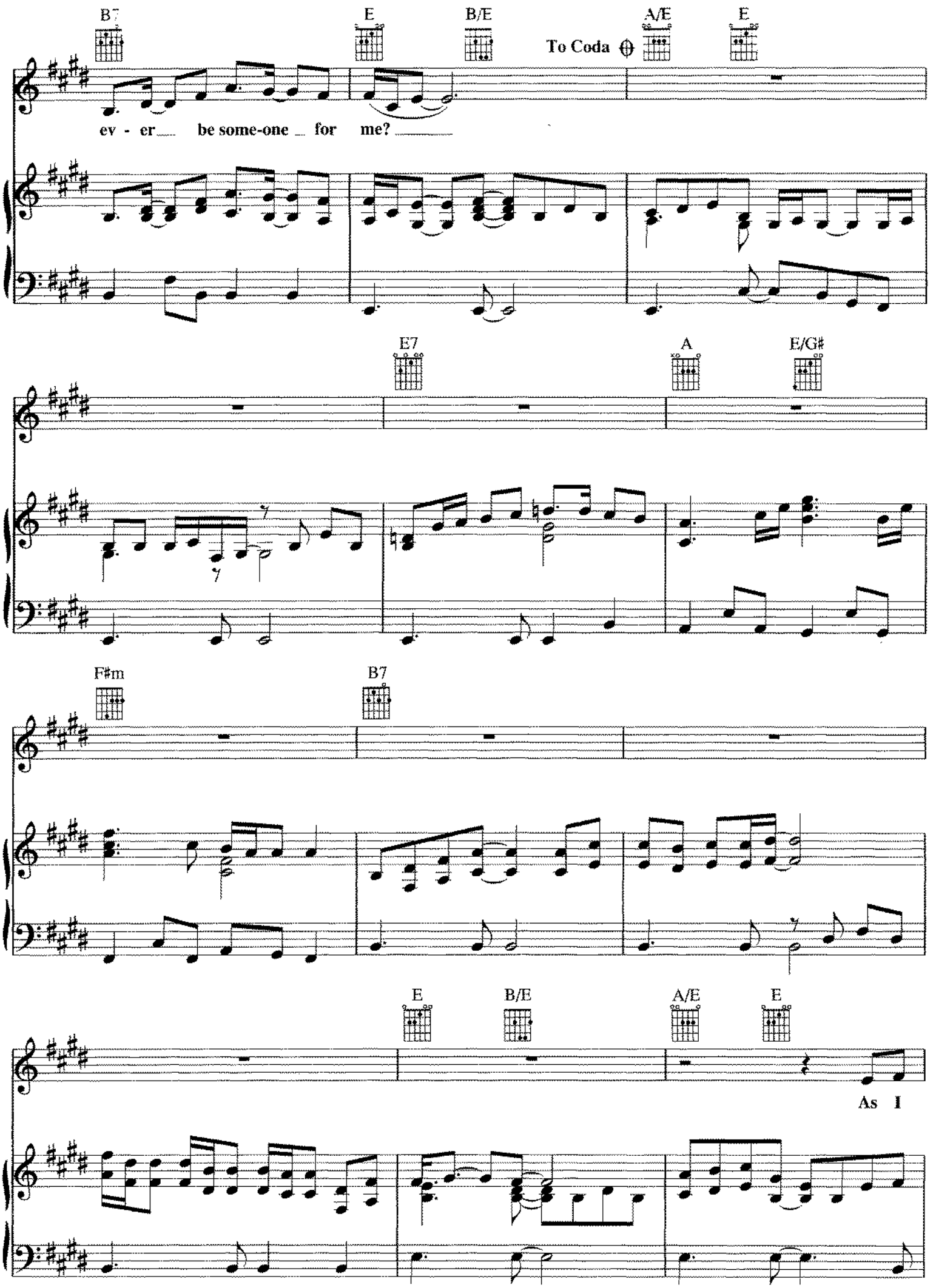
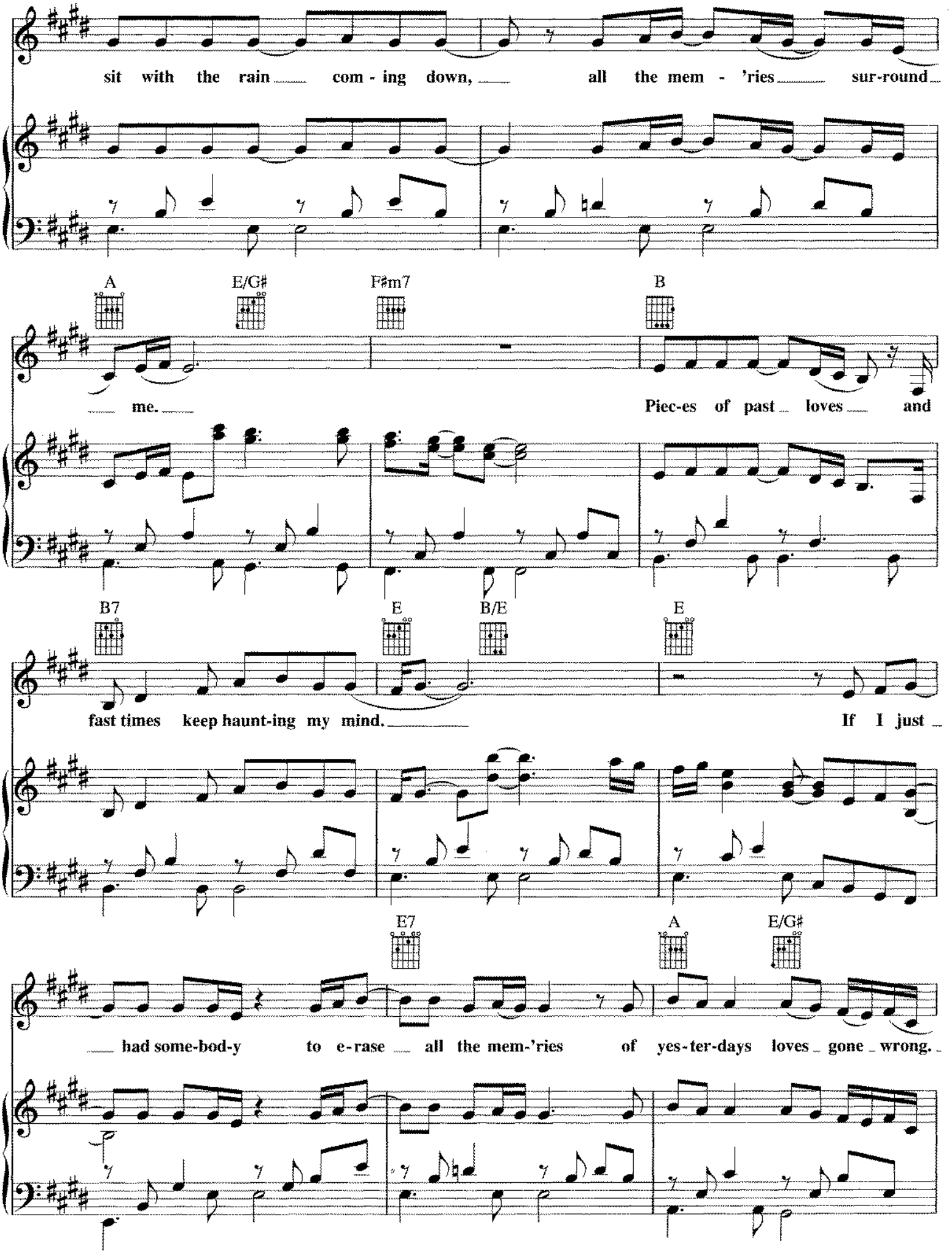
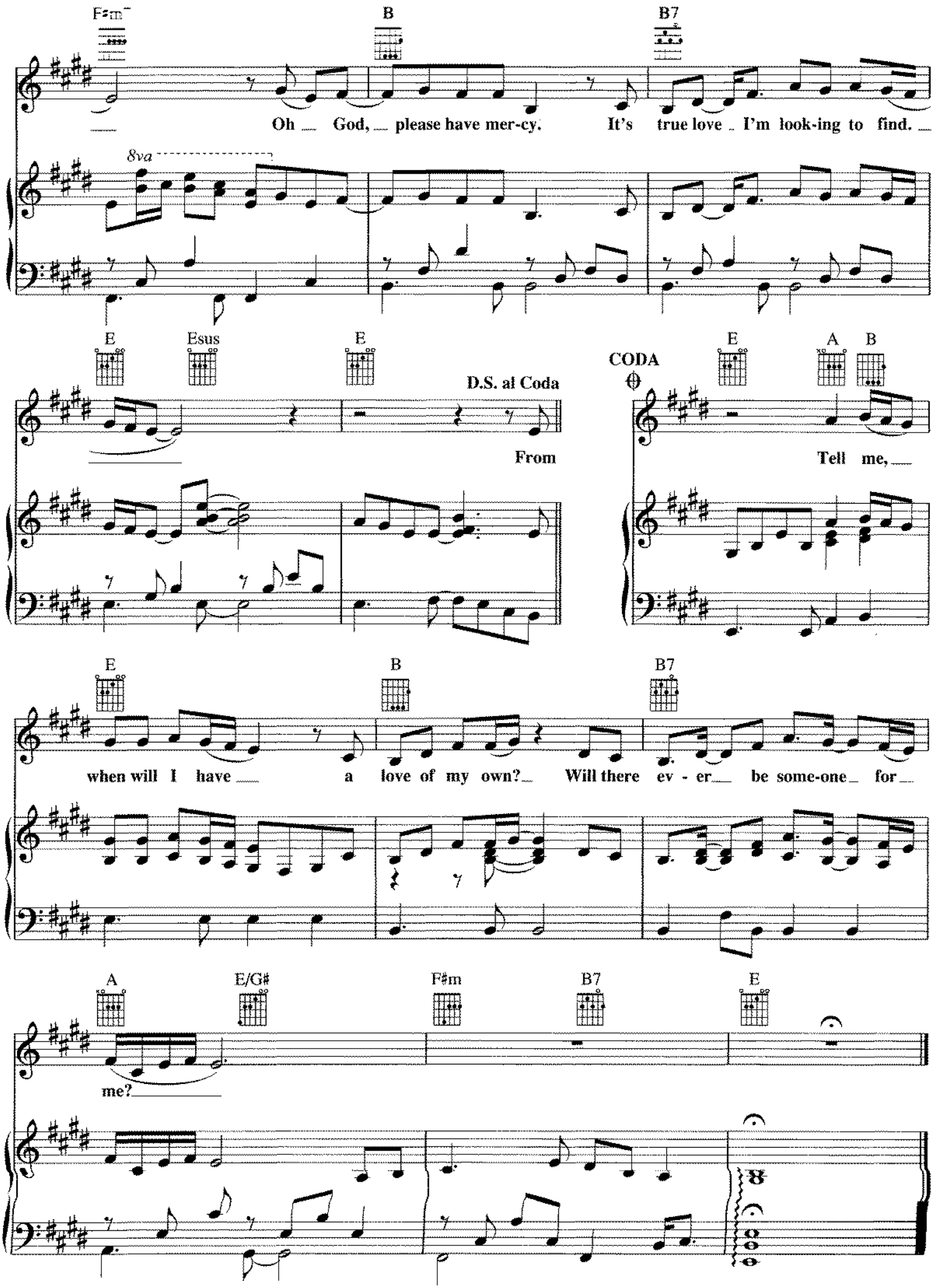

E
Esus
E
I can't tell an - y dif -
3
E7
A
E/G#
f'rence be-tween my tears and the rain fall - in' down.
F♯m7
B
B7
It's hell when your heart is in need of some-one all it's own.
E
A
E
𝄋
I need some - one with a


A
E
C♯m
heart just like mine, and some - one who's
F♯m7
C♯m
F♯m7
B
try - in' to find true love. Ev-'ry-where
E
E7
A
E/G♯
that I go, I see peo-ple in love, the way that I want - ed to be.
F♯m7
E
B
Tell me, when will I have a love of my own? Will there

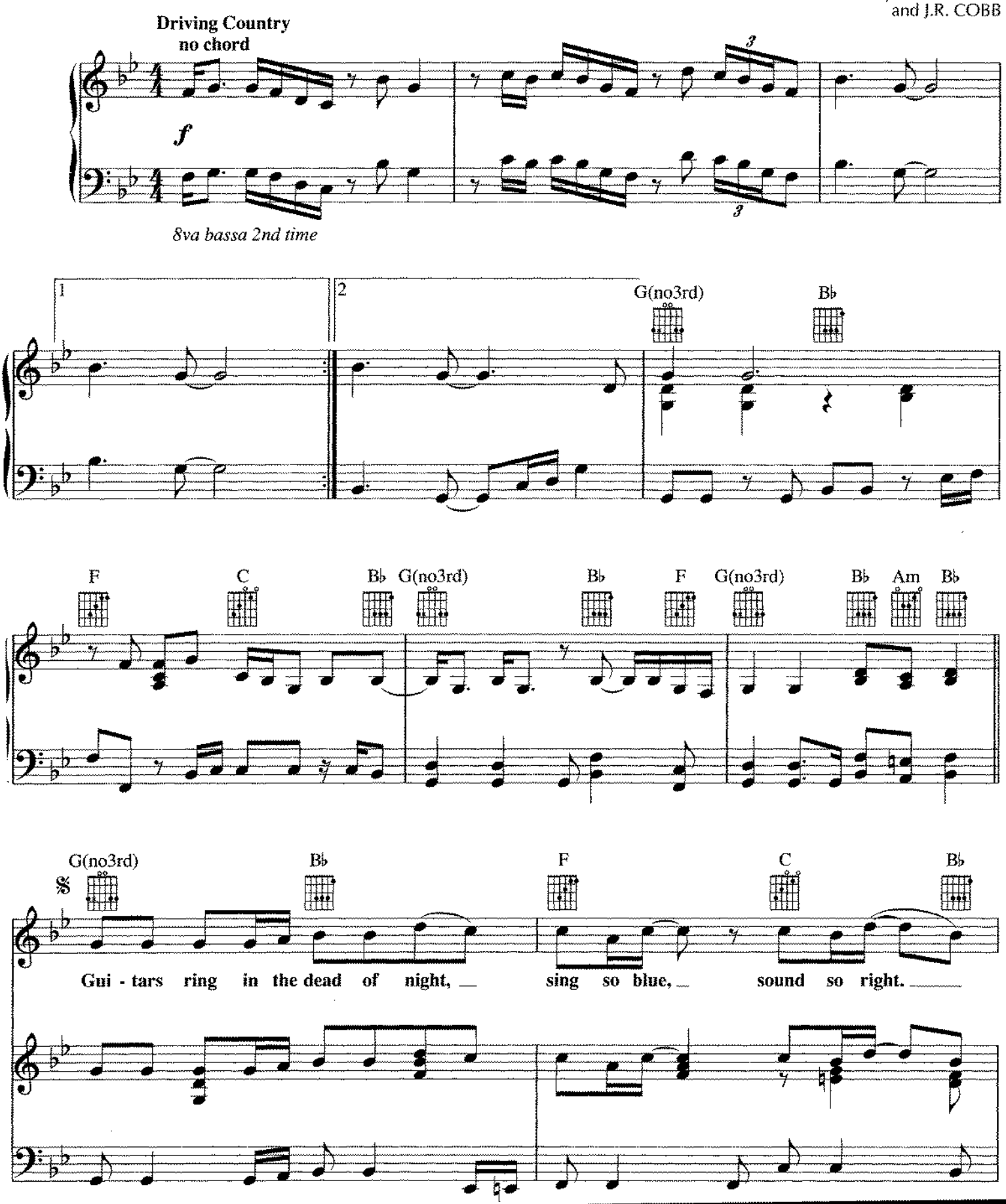

B7
E
B/E
To Coda
A/E
E
ev - er be some-one for me?
E7
A
E/G♯
F♯m
B7
E
B/E
A/E
E
As I

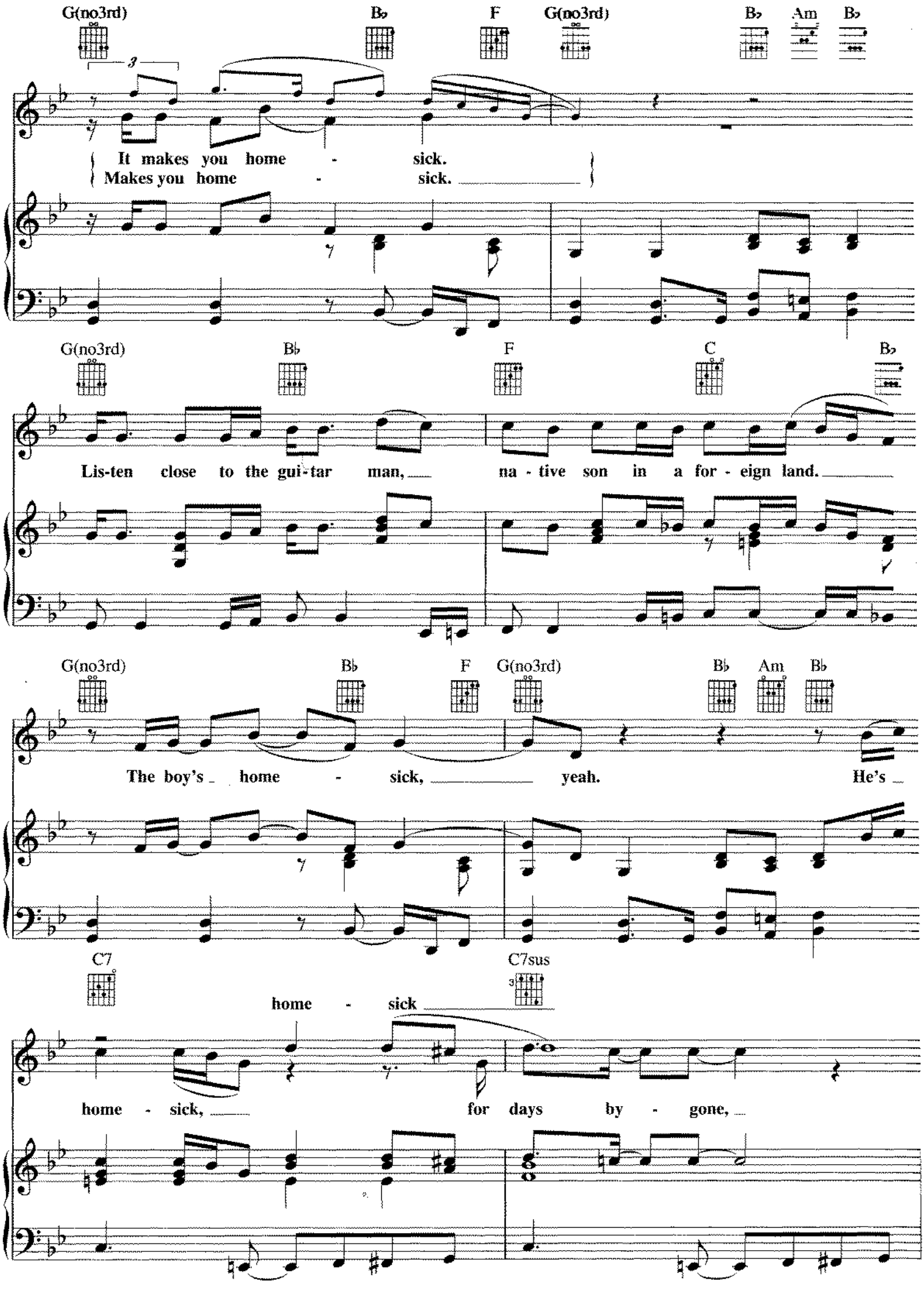

sit with the rain com - ing down, all the mem - 'ries sur-round
A
E/G♯
F♯m7
B
me.
Piec-es of past loves and
B7
E
B/E
E
fast times keep haunt-ing my mind.
If I just
E7
A
E/G♯
had some-bod-y to e-rase all the mem-'ries of yes-ter-days loves gone wrong.

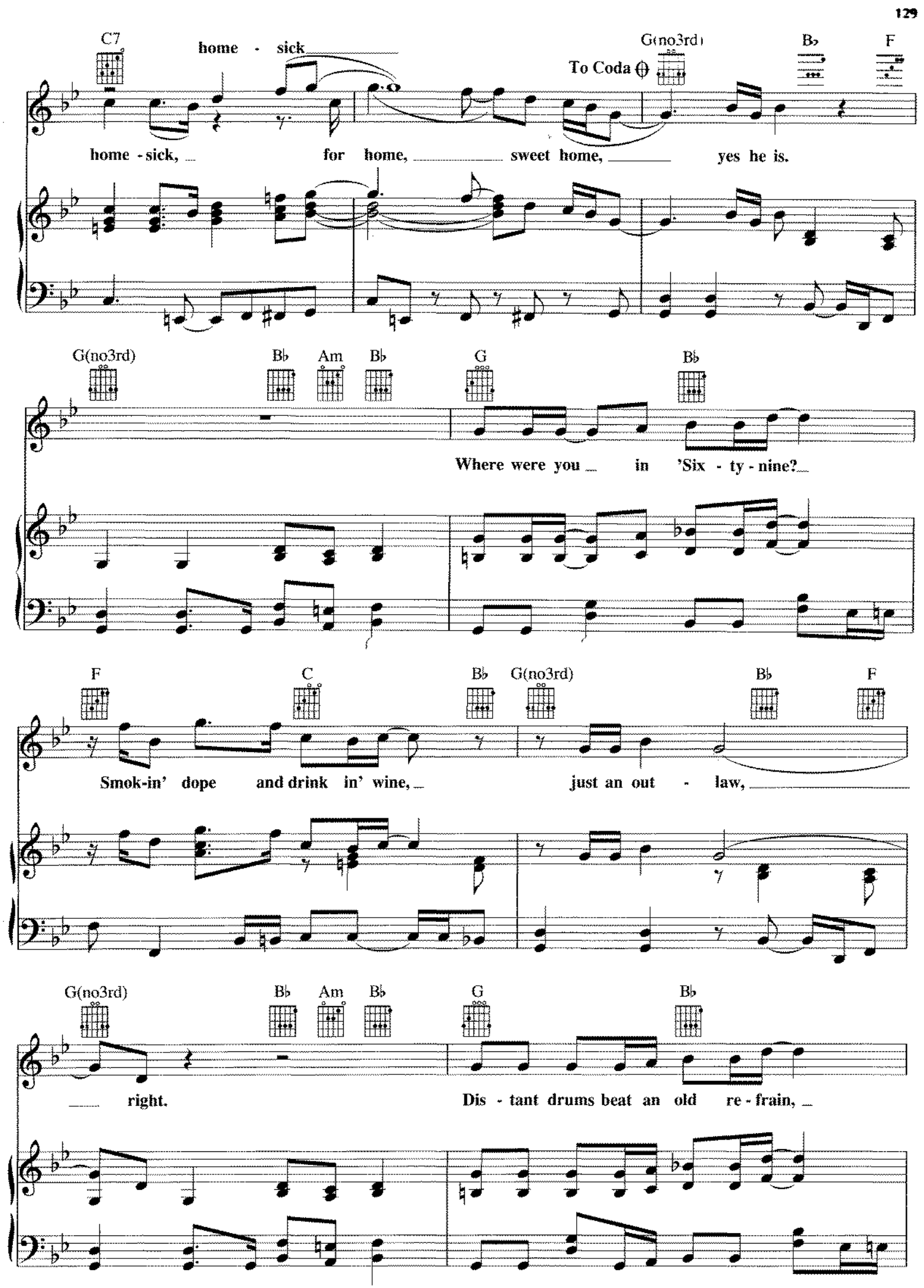

F♯m
B
B7
Oh God, please have mer-cy. It's true love I'm look-ing to find.
8va
E
Esus
E
D.S. al Coda
From
CODA
E
A
B
Tell me,
E
B
B7
when will I have a love of my own? Will there ev - er be some-one for
A
E/G♯
F♯m
B7
E
me?

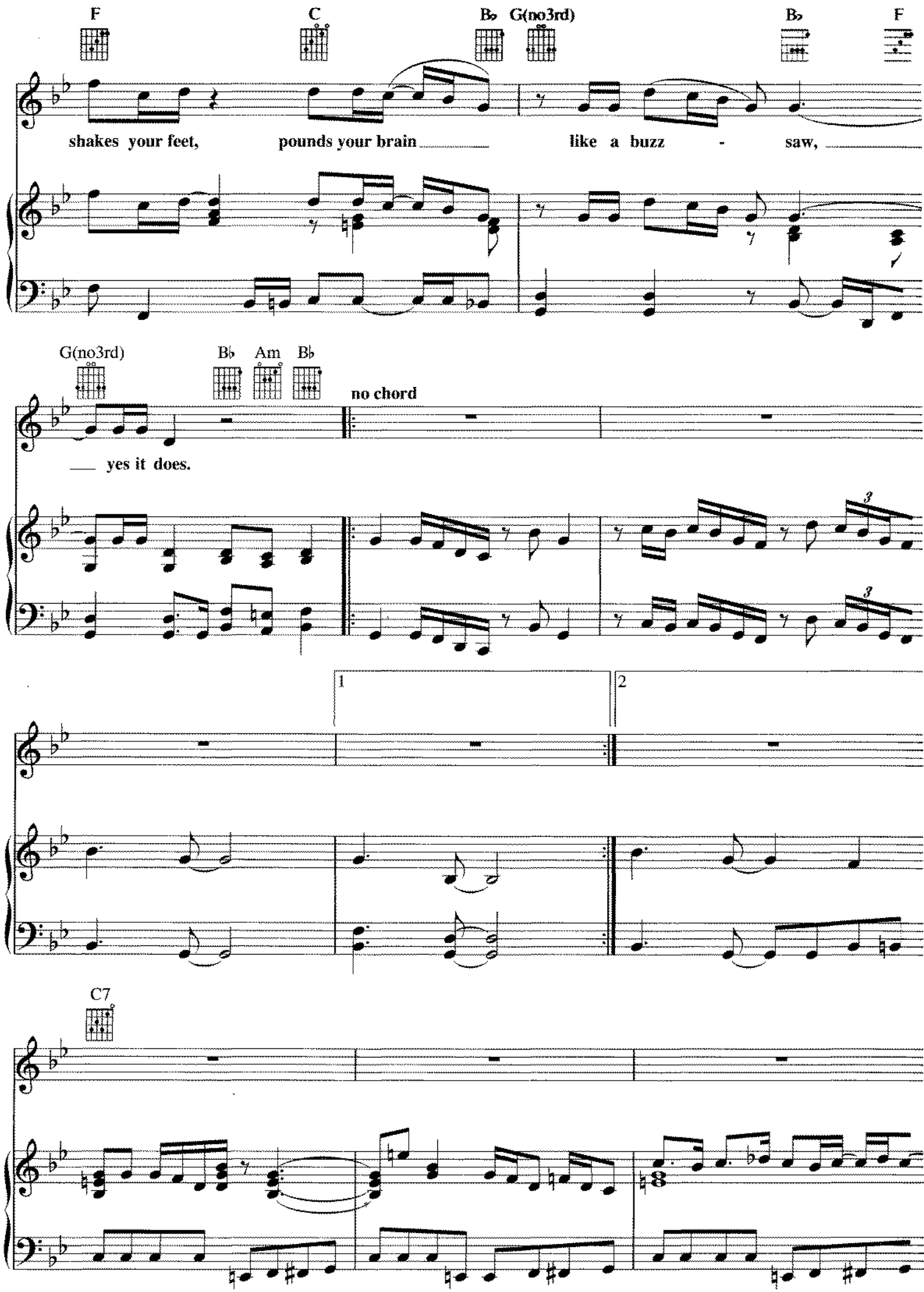
HOMESICK

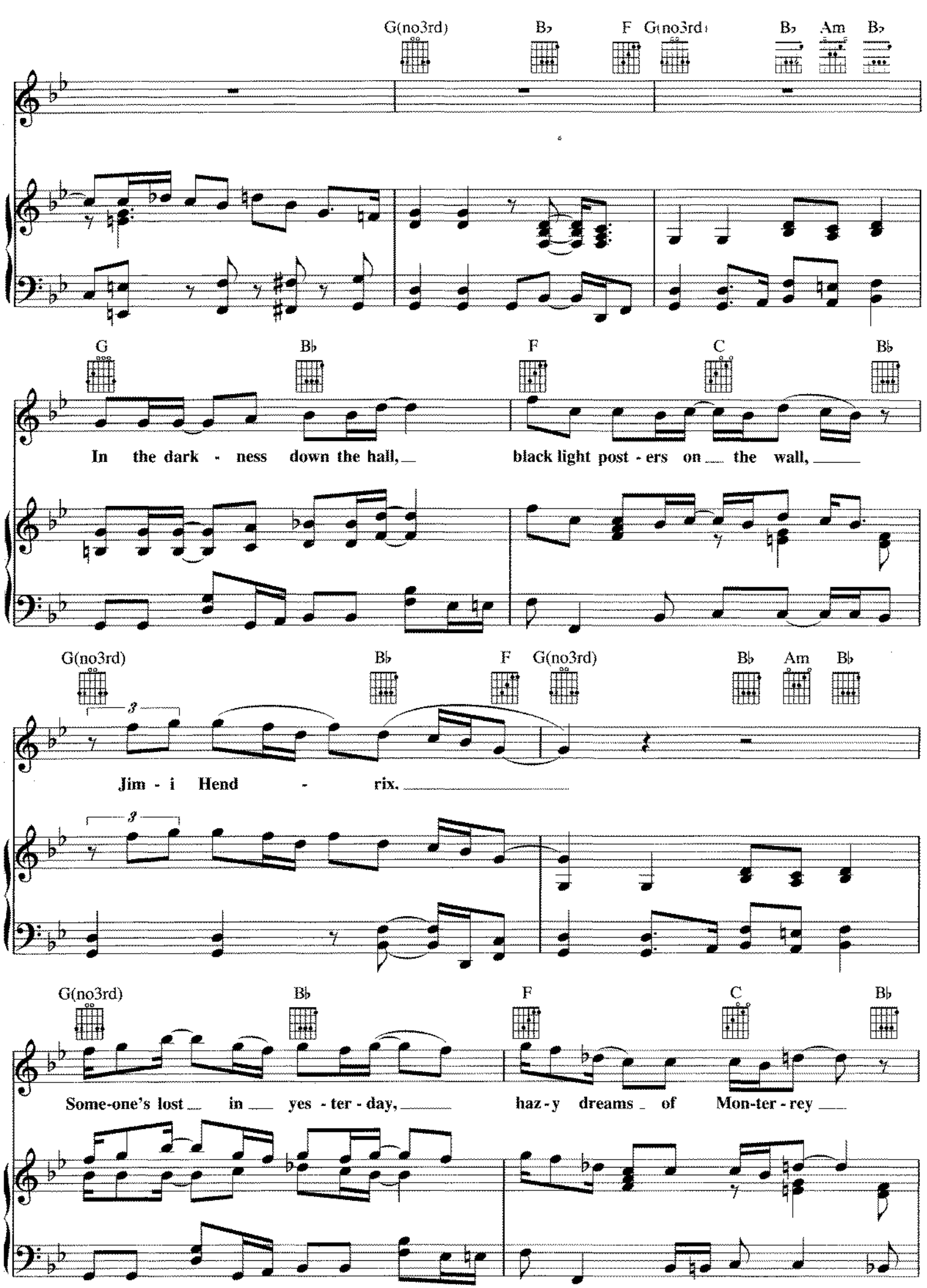
Words and Music by BUDDY BUIE
and J.R. COBB

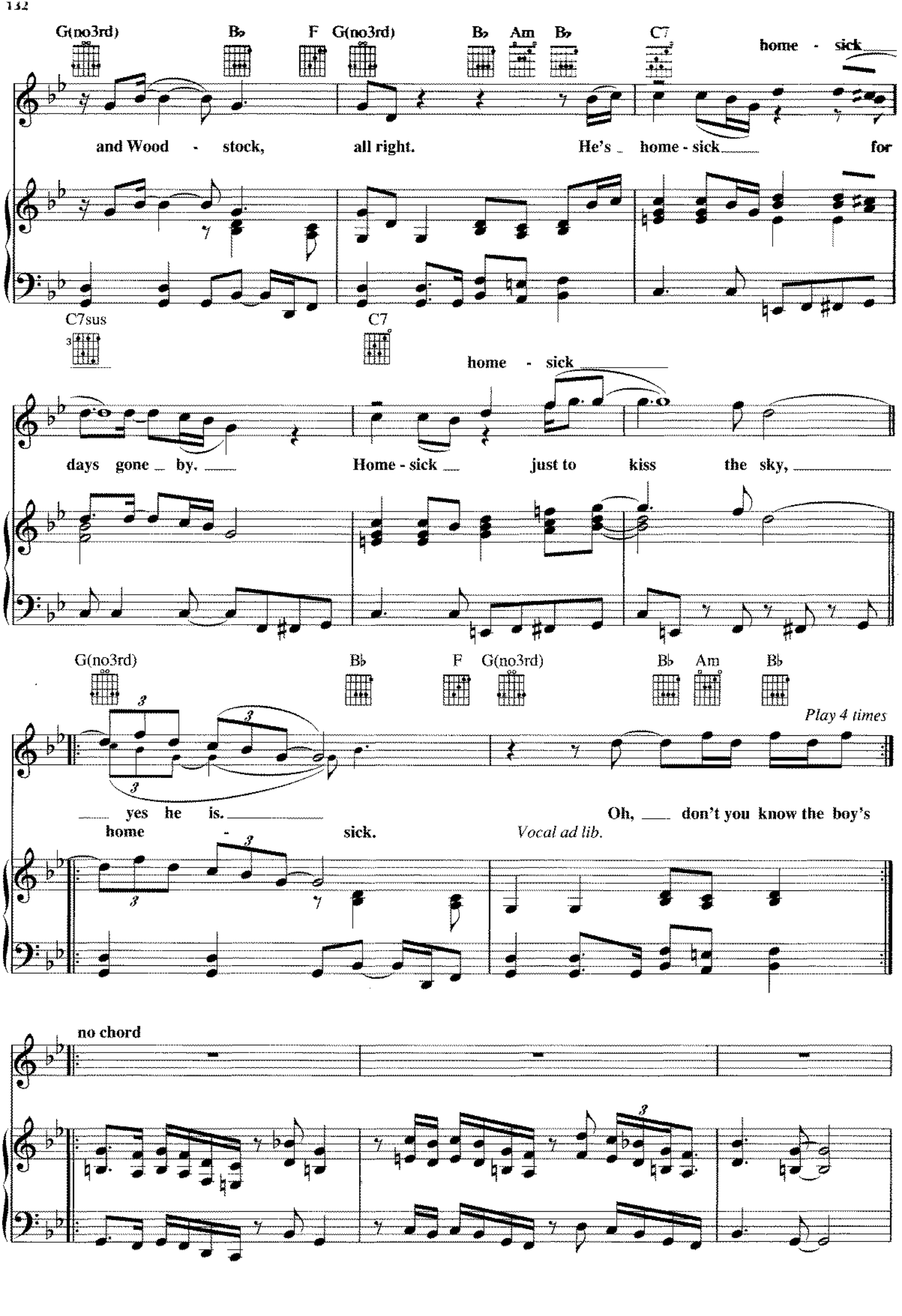


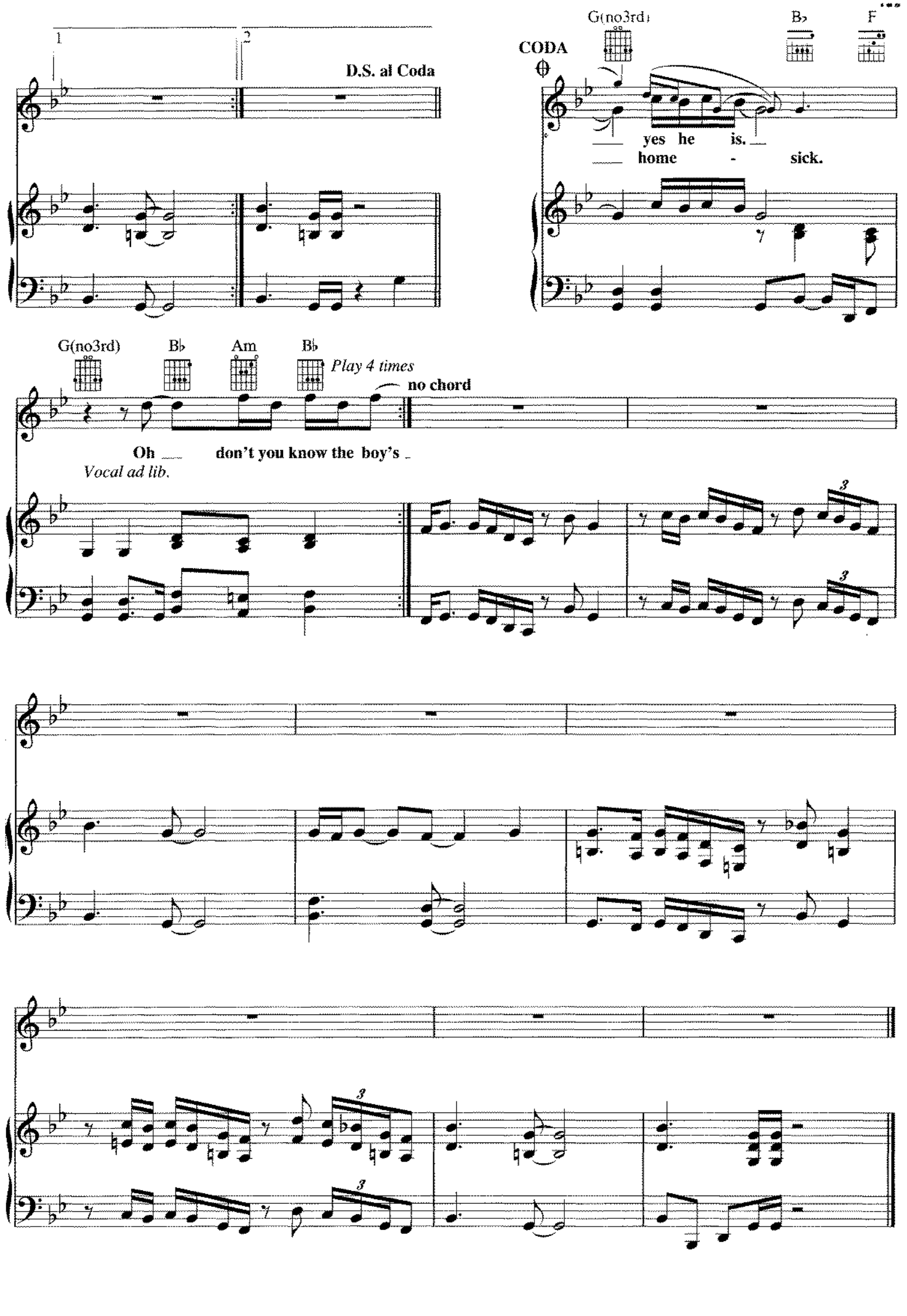

G(no3rd) B♭ F G(no3rd) B♭ Am B♭
It makes you home - sick.
Makes you home - sick.
G(no3rd) B♭ F C B♭
Lis-ten close to the gui-tar man, na - tive son in a for - eign land.
G(no3rd) B♭ F G(no3rd) B♭ Am B♭
The boy's home - sick, yeah. He's
C7 C7sus
home - sick
home - sick, for days by - gone,


C7
home - sick
To Coda
G(no3rd)
B♭
F
home - sick, for home, sweet home, yes he is.
G(no3rd)
B♭
Am
B♭
G
B♭
Where were you in 'Six - ty - nine?
F
C
B♭
G(no3rd)
B♭
F
Smok-in' dope and drink in' wine, just an out - law,
G(no3rd)
B♭
Am
B♭
G
B♭
right.
Dis - tant drums beat an old re - frain,


F
C
B♭
G(no3rd)
B♭
F
shakes your feet,
pounds your brain
like a buzz - saw,
G(no3rd)
B♭
Am
B♭
no chord
yes it does.
1
2
C7


G(no3rd) B♭ F G(no3rd) B♭ Am B♭
G Bb F C Bb
In the dark - ness down the hall, black light post - ers on the wall,
G(no3rd) Bb F G(no3rd) Bb Am Bb
3
Jim - i Hend - rix.
3
G(no3rd) Bb F C Bb
Some-one's lost in yes - ter - day, haz - y dreams of Mon-ter - rey


G(no3rd) B♭ F G(no3rd) B♭ Am B♭ C7
home - sick
and Wood - stock, all right. He's home - sick for
C7sus C7
home - sick
days gone by. Home - sick just to kiss the sky,
G(no3rd) B♭ F G(no3rd) B♭ Am B♭
Play 4 times
yes he is.
home - sick.
Oh, don't you know the boy's
Vocal ad lib.
no chord


1
2
D.S. al Coda
G(no3rd)
B♭
F
CODA
yes he is.
home - sick.
G(no3rd)
B♭
Am
B♭
Play 4 times
no chord
Oh don't you know the boy's
Vocal ad lib.