

Summer Wages

Recorded J.D. Crowe

Written by Ian Tyson

^G Never ^C hit seventeen when you play against the dealer

^G For you know that the odds won't ride with you ^{Am} ^{D7}

^G And never leave your woman alone

^C When your friends are out to steal her

^G Here's a gamble and lost like summer wa-ges ^{Am} ^{D7} ^G

^C And we'll keep rollin' on till we get to Vancouver

^G And the woman that I love is living there ^{Am} ^{D7}

^G Its been six long months and more since I've seen her ^C

^G She may be gambled and gone like summer wa-ges ^{Am} ^{D7} ^G

^{D7} And all the beer taverns all down along Young Street ^C ^G

^{G7} The dreams of the season are all spilled down on the floor ^C ^G

^{D7} All the big stands of timber just waitin' for fallin' ^C ^G

^{G7} And the hustlers sit and watchfully as they wait there by the door ^C ^{D7}

^G So I'll work on them towboats in my slippery city shoes ^C

^G Which I swore I would never do again ^{Am} ^{D7}

^G Through the gray fog bound straights

^C Where the cedars stand watchin'

^G I'll be far off and gone like summer wa-ges ^{Am} ^{D7} ^G

^C She's a woman so fine I may never try to find her

^G For good memories are what we had before ^{Am} ^{D7}

^G They should never be changed

^C For they're all that I'll take with me

^G Now I've gambled and lost my summer wa-ges ^{Am} ^{D7} ^G

^C Years are gambled and lost like summer wa-ges ^G ^{Am} ^{D7} ^G