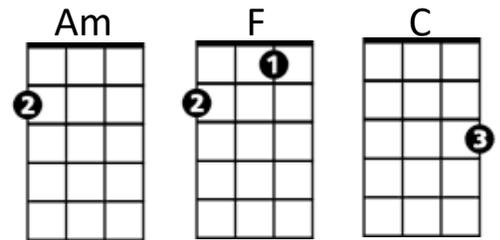


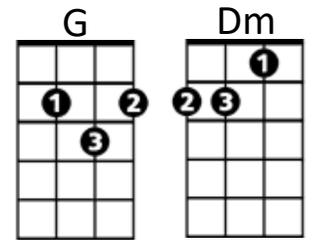
Fire on The Mountain (George McCorkle/Marshall Tucker Band) Key Am

Am F C
 Took my fam'ly away from my Carolina home
 Am F Am
 Had dreams about the West and started to roam
 F C
 Six long months on a dust covered trail
 Am F Am
 They say heaven's at the end but so far it's been hell



CHORUS:

C G
 And there's fire on the mountain, lightnin' in the air
 Dm F Am
 Gold in them hills and it's waitin' for me there

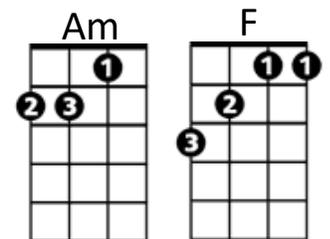


Am F C
 We were diggin' and siftin' from five to five
 Am F Am
 Sellin' everything we found just to stay alive
 F C
 Gold flowed free like the whiskey in the bars
 Am F Am (CHORUS)
 Sinnin' was the big thing, Lord and Satan was his star

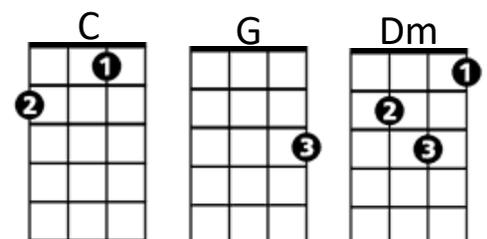
Am F C
 Dance hall girls were the evenin' treat
 Am F Am
 Empty cartridges and blood lined the gutters of the street

F C
 Men were shot down for the sake of fun
 Am F Am (CHORUS)
 Or just to hear the noise of their forty-four guns

BARITONE



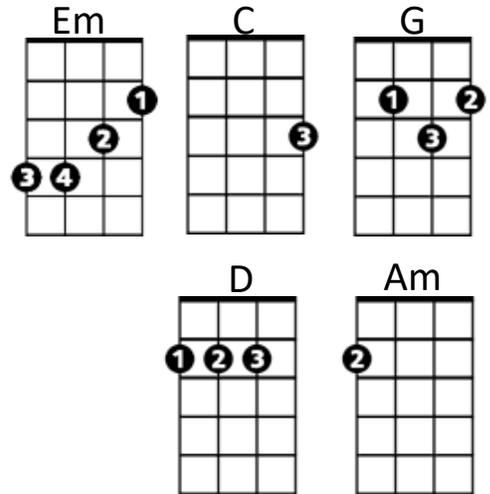
Am F C
 Now my widow she weeps by my grave
 Am F Am
 Tears flow free for her man she couldn't save
 F C
 Shot down in cold blood by a gun that carried fame
 Am F Am
 All for a useless and no good worthless claim



(CHORUS) 2x (end on C instead of Am)

Fire on The Mountain (George McCorkle/Marshall Tucker Band) Key Em

Em **C** **G**
 Took my fam'ly away from my Carolina home
Em **C** **Em**
 Had dreams about the West and started to roam
C **G**
 Six long months on a dust covered trail
Em **C** **Em**
 They say heaven's at the end but so far it's been hell



CHORUS:

G **D**
 And there's fire on the mountain, lightnin' in the air
Am **C** **Em**
 Gold in them hills and it's waitin' for me there

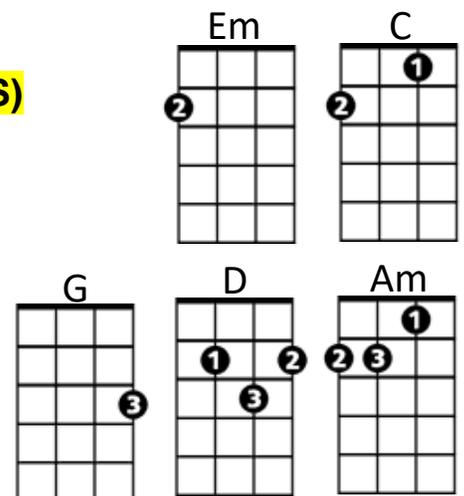
Em **C** **G**
 We were diggin' and siftin' from five to five
Em **C** **Em**
 Sellin' everything we found just to stay alive
C **G**
 Gold flowed free like the whiskey in the bars
Em **C** **Em** **(CHORUS)**
 Sinnin' was the big thing, Lord and Satan was his star

Em **C** **G**
 Dance hall girls were the evenin' treat
Em **C** **Em**
 Empty cartridges and blood lined the gutters of the street

C **G**
 Men were shot down for the sake of fun
Em **C** **Em** **(CHORUS)**
 Or just to hear the noise of their forty-four guns

Em **C** **G**
 Now my widow she weeps by my grave
Em **C** **Em**
 Tears flow free for her man she couldn't save
C **G**
 Shot down in cold blood by a gun that carried fame
Em **C** **Em**
 All for a useless and no good worthless claim

BARITONE



(CHORUS) 2x (end on G instead of Em)