

A Westbound Train                  capo 2<sup>nd</sup>                  SURFING THE AMERICAN DUST BOWL

C                                  c/g                  f                                  g  
 C                                  c/g                  f                                  g  
 Took the train out West last Winter    Could not Believe my eyes

C                                  c/g                  f                                  g  
 There were shades of romance          Dust bowl winds passed us by

Am                                  c                                  g  
 Worked the fields    right from the very start

C                                  c/g          f                                  g  
 In the days since you left me    worked like a dog all the time

C                                  c/g                  f                                  g  
 Little school house in a distant town    bells chiming    pulsating my mind

C                                  c/g                  f                                  g  
 There were shades of romance          the Dust bowl winds passed us by

Am                                  c                                  g  
 Worked the fields    right from the very start

C                                  c/g                  f                                  g  
 Windswept dreams    of fertile land    Immigrants would come to mind

C    c/g                  f                                  g  
 Split lunch with my horse on a blue sky day    from the hilltops looking down

C                                  c/g                  f                                  g  
 There were shades of romance          the Dust bowl winds passed us by

Am                                  c                                  g  
 Worked the fields    right from the very start

C    c/g    f    g                  c    c/g    f    g    am    c    g