

PANIOLO COUNTRY

F Bb C7 F
PLACES I HAVE BEEN, CITIES I HAVE SEEN
Bb C7
WITH CONCRETE CANYONS RISING FROM THE GROUND
F Bb
MILES AND MILES OF ASPHALT TRAILS,
G7 C7
STRETCHED ACROSS THE LAND
Bb
STAMPEDING METAL PONIES
C7 C7/
LEAVING SMOKE ALONG THE WAY.

CHORUS:

F Bb
GOING BACK TO PANIOLO COUNTRY,
C7 F
STARS AT NIGHT, NO CITY LIGHTS
Bb C7 F
PANIOLO COUNTRY, MY HOME ON THE RANGE
Bb C7
PANIOLO COUNTRY, RAINDROPS FALL,
F
THE GRASS GROWS TALL
Bb C7 F [Back to top](#)
PANIOLO COUNTRY, (MY HOME ON THE RANGE) [end-tag, C7/F](#)
F Bb C7 F
I'VE MADE UP MY MIND, WON'T WASTE ANY TIME
Bb C7
I'M GOING BACK TO WHERE THE CLOUDS RISE HIGH
F Bb
TAKE MY WORD IT'S PRETTY,
G7 C7
NOT LIKE THE GREAT BIG CITY
Bb C7 C7/
THE WIND STILL BRINGS THAT COOL, CLEAN MOUNTAIN AIR

(CHORUS)