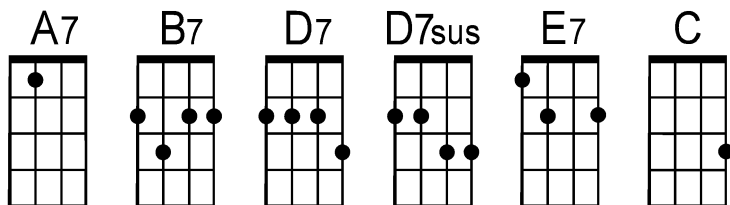


Amos Moses

by Jerry Reed (1970)



A7
A -----0-3-0-----0-3-0-----0-3-0-----0-3-0-
E -3-----3-----3-----3-----

| A7 | B7 | D7 |
Now Amos Moses was a Cajun. He lived by him-self in the swamp.

| D7sus\ |
He hunted alli-gator for a living. He'd just knock 'em in the head with a stump.

| A7 |
The Louisiana law's gonna get you, Amos. A -----0-3-0-----0-3-0-
E -3-----3-----

| A7 |
It ain't legal huntin' alligator down in the swamp, boy. A -----0-3-0-----0-3-0-
E -3-----3-----

| A7 | B7 | D7 |
Now everyone blamed his old man for making him mean as a snake.

| D7sus\ |
When Amos Moses was a boy his daddy would use him for alligator bait.

| A7 |
Tie a rope around his waist and throw him in the swamp. A -----0-3-0-----0-3-0-
E -3-----3-----

| A7 |
Alligator bait in the Lou- isiana bayou. A -----0-3-0-----0-3-0-
E -3-----3-----

| E7 | D7 | A7 |
Chorus: About forty-five minutes south east of Thibo-deaux, Louisi -ana

| E7 | D7 | A7 |
Lived a man called Doc Mil-sap and his pretty wife, Hanna.

| E7 | C | D7\ |
They raised up a son who could eat up his weight in groceries

riff: A -----7-5-3-----0----- (Tacit)
E -----3-----
C -----2-----
G -----

(spoken) Named him after a man of the cloth, called him Amos Moses.

A7 . . . | . . .
 A -----0-3-0-----0-3-0-----0-3-0-----0-3-0--
 E --3-----3-----3-----3-----

| A7 . . . | B7 . . . D7 .
 Now the folks around south Louisiana, said Amos was a hell of a man.

| . . . | . . . D7sus\
 He could trap the biggest, meanest alligator and he'd just use one hand.

| A7 . . . | . . . |
 That's all he got left cuz the alligator bit it. A -----0-3-0-----0-3-0--
 E --3-----3-----

. . . | . . .
 Left arm gone clear up to the elbow. A -----0-3-0-----0-3-0--
 E --3-----3-----

| A7 . . . | B7 . . . D7 .
 Well, the sheriff caught wind that Amos was up in the swamp trading skins.

| . . . | . . . D7sus\
 So he snuck in the swamp, gonna get that boy, but he never come out a-gain. Well,

| A7 . . . | . . . |
 I wonder where the Louisiana sheriff went to. A -----0-3-0-----0-3-0--
 E --3-----3-----

| . . . | . . .
 Well you can sure get lost in the Louisiana bayou. A -----0-3-0-----0-3-0--
 E --3-----3-----

| E7 . . . D7 . . . | A7 . . .
Chorus: About forty-five minutes south east of Thibodeaux, Louisiana

| E7 . . . D7 . . . | A7 . . .
 Lived a man called Doc Mil-sap and his pretty wife, Hanna.

| E7 . . . C . . . | D7\
 They raised up a son who could eat up his weight in groceries

riff: A -----7-5-3-----0----- (Tacit)
 E -----3-----
 C -----2-----
 G -----

(spoken) Named him after a man of the cloth, called him Amos Moses.

A7 . . . | A7\
 A -----0-3-0-----0-3-0-----0-3-0-----0-3-0--
 E --3-----3-----3-----3-----