

WHERE I COME FROM – Alan Jackson (E)

GUITAR / KEYBOARD CHORDS:

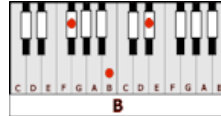
E = o221oo



A = xo222o



B = xx4442



D = xxo232



INTRO: E A B
E A B
E A B
D A E

Well, I was rollin' wheels and shiftin gears 'round that Jersey Turnpike
When Barney stopped me with his gun, ten minutes after midnight
Said sir, you broke the limit in this rusty ol' truck
I don't know about that accent son, just where did you come from?

CHORUS1: I said where I come from, it's cornbread and chicken
Where I come from, a lotta front porch sittin'
Where I come from, tryin' to make a livin'
And workin' hard to get to heaven, where I come from.

Well, I was south of Detroit City, I pulled in this country kitchen
To try their brand of barbecue, the sign said finger-lickin'
Well, I paid the tab and the lady asked me how'd I like my biscuit
I'll be honest with you ma'am, it ain't like mama fixed it.

CHORUS2: 'Cause where I come from, it's cornbread and chicken
Where I come from, a lotta front porch pickin'
Where I come from, tryin' to make a livin'
And workin' hard to get to heaven, where I come from.

BREAK: E A B
E A B
E A B
D A E

E A B
I was chasin' sun on 101 somewhere around Ventura
E A B
I lost a universal joint and I had to use my finger
E A B
This tall lady stopped and asked if I had plans for dinner
A B N.C.
Said no thanks ma'am, back home we like the girls that sing soprano.

E A B
CHORUS3: 'Cause where I come from, it's cornbread and chicken
E A B
Where I come from, a lotta front porch sittin'
E A B
Where I come from, tryin' to make a livin';
D A E
And workin' hard to get to heaven, where I come from.

REPEAT BREAK

E A B
Well, I was headed home on 65 somewhere around Kentucky
E A B
The CB rang for the bobtail rig that's rollin on like thunder
E A B
Well, I answered him and he asked me, aren't you from out in Tulsa
A B N.C.
No, but you mighta seen me there, I just dropped a load of salsa.

E A B
ENDING CHORUS: Where I come from, it's cornbread and chicken
E A B
Where I come from, a lotta front porch pickin'
E A B
Where I come from, tryin' to make a livin'
D A
And workin' hard to get to heaven, where I come -

E A B
Where I come from, it's cornbread and chicken
E A B
Where I come from, a lotta back porch pickin'
E A B
Where I come from, tryin' to make a livin'
D A E
And workin' hard to get to heaven, where I come from.

A B E
Where I come from.

A B E
Yeah, where I come from.

 A B D
A lotta front porch sittin'

D A E
Starin' up at heaven, where I come from.

A B E
Where I come from.

A B (fade out) E A B
Tryin' to make a livin'