

Key: C

Roots and Boots
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The Finca, Guatemala
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Intro - in 3/4: F G C F G C F G C E7 F G C C4 C

4/4 C Em F G C
Whenever I see those old movies of cowboys and women of the west,
C Em F G C C7
It makes me remember my family tree, and those kind of roots grow the best.
F G C Em7 Am7 Am7/G F G C
Cause Grandpa, he was a cowboy the genuine article kind,
F G C E7 F G C
And Dad rode the rails, that Rock Island Line . . . and their blood's a lot like mine.

C Em F G C
My great grandpa, he was a sheriff in the Wyoming territory,
C Em F G C C7
He lived on the edge of the western frontier with my great grandma and their family,
F G C Em7 Am7 Am7/G F G C
And they loved the peace of the country they loved those wide open skies
F G C E7 F G C
Worked hard to be free and they got along fine . . . and their blood's a lot like mine.

Chorus in 3/4 (Cause Grandpa, he was a cowboy . . .) Then, back to 4/4

And my grandpa, he was a builder, and he sang those old-time cowboy songs,
He played his guitar and he blew his harmonica, and yodeled as I sang along,
And he taught me the love of the mountains, and he untangled my fishin' line,
And everyone said he and grandma were kind . . . and their blood's a lot like mine.

Chorus in 3/4 (Cause Grandpa, he was a cowboy . . .) Then, back to 4/4

Instrumental (verse structure)

And my Daddy, he was a traveler, yeah he loved to get up and go,
A laugher, a practical joker he was, a jewel and I loved him so,
And he taught me much more than he'll ever know, and he was a good friend of mine,
Like his Daddy before him, and back down the line, their blood's a lot like mine.

Repeat first verse

Chorus in 3/4 (Cause Grandpa, he was a cowboy . . .)
A7 D7 G C F Am7 D7+9 C G C
Yeah, their blood's a lot . . . like mine