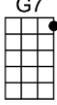
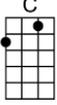
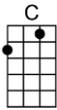


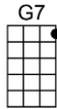
DETOUR (BAR)-Paul Westmoreland

4/4 1234 12 (without intro)

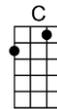
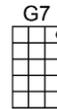
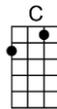
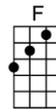
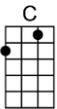
Intro: |  |  |



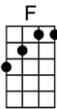
Headed down life's crooked road, lots of things I never knowed



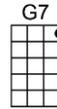
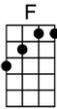
And, because of me not knowin', I now pine



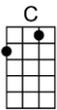
Trouble got in the trail, spent the next five years in jail, should have read that detour sign



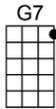
De-tour, there's a muddy road ahead, de-tour, paid no mind to what it said



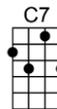
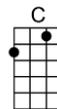
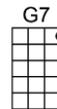
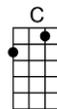
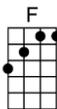
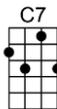
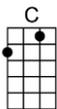
De-tour, oh these bitter things I find, should have read that detour sign



When I got right to the place, where it said, "About face!"

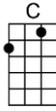
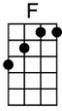


I thought that all my worries were be-hind

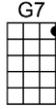
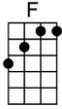


But the farther I go, the more sorrow I know, should have read that detour sign

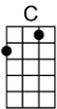
p.2. Detour



De-tour, there's a muddy road ahead, de-tour, paid no mind to what it said



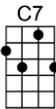
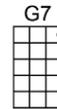
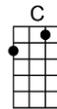
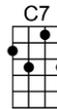
De-tour, oh these bitter things I find, should have read that detour sign



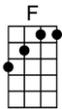
When I got stuck in the mud, all my hopes dropped with a thud



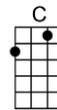
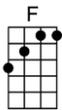
And I reckoned my heart strings were made of twine



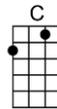
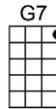
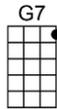
Have no willpower to get from the hole that I'm in yet, should have read that detour sign



De-tour, there's a muddy road ahead, de-tour, paid no mind to what it said



De-tour, oh these bitter things I find, should have read that detour sign



Should have read that detour sign, I should have read that detour sign

DETOUR-Paul Westmoreland

4/4 1234 12 (without intro)

Intro: | G7 | C |

C
Headed down life's crooked road, lots of things I never knowed

G7
And, because of me not knowin', I now pine

C C7 F C G7 C C7
Trouble got in the trail, spent the next five years in jail, should have read that detour sign

F C
De-tour, there's a muddy road ahead, de-tour, paid no mind to what it said
F G7 C
De-tour, oh these bitter things I find, should have read that detour sign

C
When I got right to the place, where it said, "About face!"

G7
I thought that all my worries were be-hind

C C7 F C G7 C C7
But the farther I go, the more sorrow I know, should have read that detour sign

F C
De-tour, there's a muddy road ahead, de-tour, paid no mind to what it said
F G7 C
De-tour, oh these bitter things I find, should have read that detour sign

C
When I got stuck in the mud, all my hopes dropped with a thud

G7
And I reckoned my heart strings were made of twine

C C7 F C G7 C C7
Have no willpower to get from the hole that I'm in yet, should have read that detour sign

F C
De-tour, there's a muddy road ahead, de-tour, paid no mind to what it said
F G7 C
De-tour, oh these bitter things I find, should have read that detour sign
G7 C G7 F C
Should have read that detour sign, I should have read that detour sign