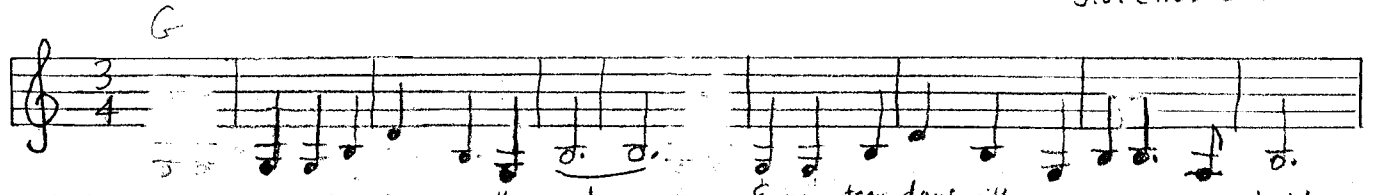


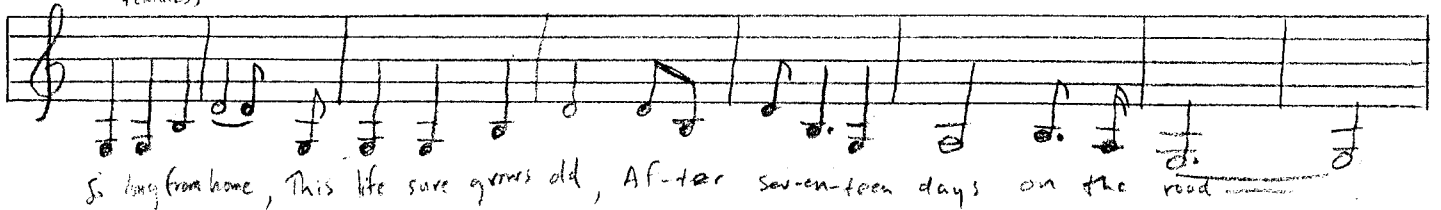
# After Seventeen Days on the Road

Words and Music by  
J.G. CALDWELL

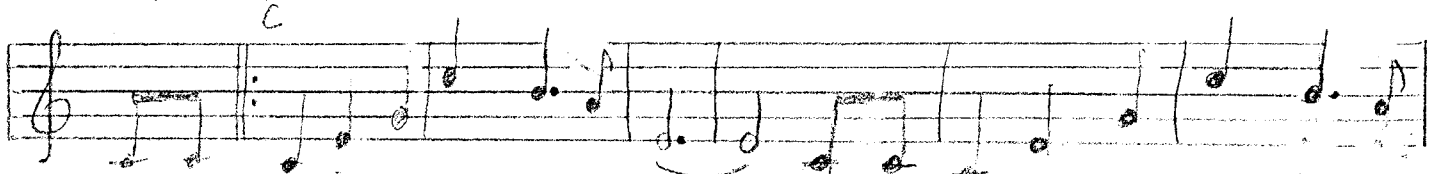


Chorus  
(Banjos,  
females)

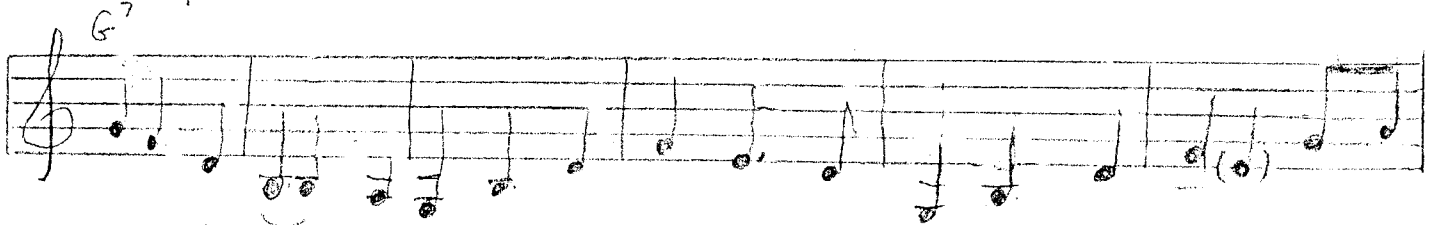
Se-ven-teen days on the road —, Af-ter Se-ven-teen days with no wo-man to hold,



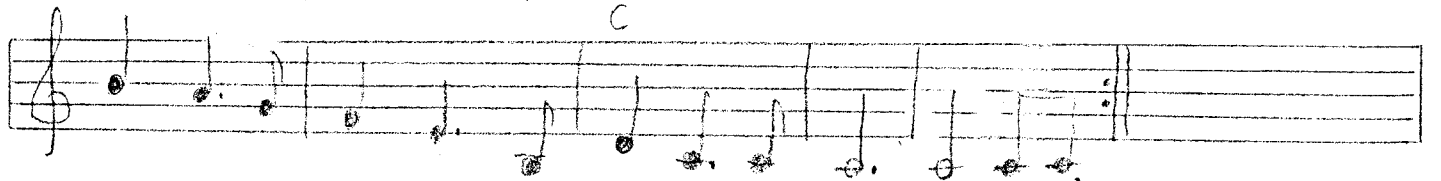
So long from home, This life sure grows old, Af-ter Se-ven-teen days on the road



(Guitar) 1. When you're se-ven-teen days on the road —, when you're sev-en-teen days from the

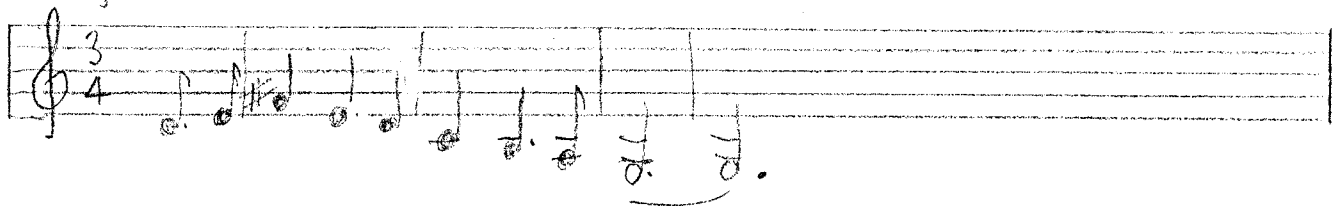


woman at home, from Mon-day thru Fri-day the days pass just fine, but the



nights and the week-ends are lone-ly at times —. 2. —

Lead-in segment:



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After Seventeen Days on the Road  
words and music by J. Gary Caldwell  
(written during trip to Haiti - Fall, 1975)

Ch. After seventeen days on the road

After seventeen days with no woman to hold

So long from home, this life sure grows old

After seventeen days on the road

1. When you're seventeen days on the road

When you're thousands of miles from the woman from home

From Monday to Friday, the days pass just fine

But the nights and the weekends are lovely at times

2. Travel is fine when it's new

When there's plenty to see and there's plenty to do

But in time days pass slowly, the nights become lonely

You're too long from home to spend an evening alone

3. Last Sunday I rose about ten

Had some coffee, then I read through the paper again

Looked for something to do, for an hour or two

On a beautiful Sunday alone, far from home

4. Took a ride in the late afternoon

To the hills overlooking the city below

The clear air was cool, got to thinking of you

As the shadows grew long in the soft evening sun

5. Dropped into a neighborhood bar  
Shared a couple of drinks with a man named Ben  
As I started to leave, caught a glance meant for me  
She was pretty, she smiled, and she stopped me

6. I asked, was she busy tonight  
She nodded, and said, "Why don't we talk for a while?"  
The music was low, the dancing was slow  
And I needed someone to talk to

7. I asked, did she live here alone  
She said, no, there was four-year-old Molly at home  
They moved here last May, she was planning to stay  
The work wasn't steady, but the weather was fine

8. She asked me what brought me this way  
I talked for a while, there was plenty to say  
Where I was from, what I had done  
And the places I'd seen through the years

9. She said, her apartment was near  
The night sky was clear, we could walk there from here  
She thought about fixing some pizza and beer  
It sure beat an evening alone

10. Next morning I left about nine  
She asked if I'd be back to see her sometime  
I smiled and I told her that I couldn't tell  
Maybe I'd be back next spring for a spell

11. As I headed for town, planned my week  
I had places to go, appointments to keep  
The time should pass quickly, there was plenty to do  
And I'd be back home by next Saturday noon

16. After seventeen days on the road  
After seventeen days with no women to hold  
So long from home, this life sure grows old  
After seventeen days on the road